Indian Gup:

Untold Stories of the Indian Mutiny.

BY THE

Rev. J. R. Baldwin,

Indian Chaplain, retired.

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To "M. H. G." and "A. M."

For whose helpful co-operation in the production of this book the Author is truly grateful.

ERRATA.

Page 32,	line 2.	For Yemendar *read* Zemindar.
„ 47,	„ 7.	After afraid *read* of.
„ 56,	„ 18.	For insufficient *read* inefficient.
„ 125,	„ 16.	For have *read* leave
„ 141,	„ 23.	For a *read* the.
„ 160.		The last line should be the last line of page 161.
„ 180,	„ 7,	For repetitions *read* refutations.
„ 193,	„ 17.	For Magle and Mela *read* Magh Mela.
„ 205,	„ 17.	For Bligh *read* Blyth.
„ 240,	„ 17.	For in *read* interesting.
„ 243,	„ 4.	For President *read* Resident.
„ 260,	„ 23.	For £20,000 *read* £8,000.
„ 262,	„ 1.	For manners *read* meanness.
„ 309,	„ 16.	For amount *read* account.
„ 328,	„ 14.	For Keptcha *read* Leptcha.

TO THE READER.

When telling some of these stories of my life in India to my friends, they have often said "Why don't you publish a book."

What seemed of interest to them I now present to a larger audience, with the hope that it may be equally interested and appreciative.

I cannot pretend to any literary grace or style, but as far as my memory serves me the incidents related are absolutely true.

If I had kept notes or a diary no doubt these reminiscences would have been more accurate.

I have adopted the spelling of Indian names current at the time of my residence in India, and I have no doubt that they represent the sound of the words as well as the modern style.

The title "Gup," which I have given to the book, is the Indian name for gossiping talk ; such, and such only, does the book pretend to be.

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MAIDSTONE.

Contents.

CHAP.		PAGE.
I.	My Appointment. Startling Rumours. Questions of Outfit	9
II.	Panic at Calcutta. The Causes of the Mutiny Strange Reception. Stories of the Bishop	13
III.	The Peculiarities of Raneegunge. First Acquaintance with Cholera. Travelling by Bullock Train. Strange Stories ...	27
IV.	Up Country to Lucknow. Peculiarities of Dak Travelling and Dak Bungalows ...	40
V.	First Impressions of Lucknow. Anxious Times. My First Official Row	49
VI.	How I Won the Victoria Cross	58
VII.	My Cook marries a Princess. Morganatic Marriages and the Eurasians. The Loafer Element	79
VIII.	Missionary Work in Lucknow, and the difficulties with the Educated Natives...	90

CONTENTS.

CHAP.		PAGE.
IX.	Attempt to establish an Aristocracy in Oude. I arrange a Marriage	97
X.	Agitation against the Income Tax. Military v. Civilians	106
XI.	A Remarkable Marriage. Exchanging Wives. A Local Parliament	115
XII.	Life on the Hills. My first Bereavement. An Interesting Tour	128
XIII.	Pleasures of Life in the Hills. Death of Lord Elgin. Missionary Success... ...	143
XIV.	More about Missionary Work and of Journeyings over the Hills. Tea Plantations	164
XV.	Pilgrims to the Ganges, and Cholera. Child Wives. A Church Paper	192
XVI.	Chaplains and Commanding Officers. Some Editorial Experiences. Duties of a Chaplain	207
XVII.	A Midnight Marriage and a Mid-day Funeral. A visit from Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen	219
XVIII.	Appointment to Cashmere. The Nautch Dance. An Interesting Journey	229
XIX.	Characteristics of the Punjaubis. Worship in an old Tomb. Incidents of my Work at Lahore	252

CONTENTS.

CHAP.		PAGE
XX.	An Out Station. Incidents of the Visit of the Prince of Wales. Lahore Missionaries	275
XXI.	The Imperial Durbar. My Friends at Lahore. Incidents of our Daily Life...	298
XXII.	Experiences at Darjiling. Tours among the Tea Plantations. A Buddhist Monastery...	324
XXIII.	A Tiger Hunting Experience. My Farewell to India	343

Indian Gup

Or Stories Untold of the Mutiny and Since.

CHAPTER I.

MY APPOINTMENT. — STARTLING RUMOURS. — QUESTIONS OF OUTFIT.

ONE day early in 1857, when I was Curate in a fashionable Church in London, I received a note from Sir James Weir Hogg, asking me to call upon him. Upon doing so, to my great surprise, he offered me an Indian Chaplaincy, which, after some consideration, I accepted. In due time I received a formal letter requesting my attendance at the offices of the East India Company to obtain my covenant.

The India Office was then in Leadenhall Street; it had dark, dingy windows, and in its small antiquated

rooms, hung with paintings of Rajahs and Chiefs, many a sovereign had been dispossessed, and many a kingdom annexed. Around an old horse-shoe shaped table sat the twenty-four all powerful Directors, in whose gift these chaplaincies were. In a very formal and solemn manner I was introduced, and I received my covenant and commission as an Assistant Chaplain on the Bengal establishment.

Here let me pause to say a few words on Indian outfits, for my experience teaches me that almost every traveller either gets quite useless things, or stocks himself with far too many of those which are really needed. It must be remembered that India is a very large country, embracing a great variety of climates, and until you know where you are to be stationed it is almost impossible to decide what you may need.

Besides, India is so unlike any other country that no description, verbal or otherwise, can give any adequate idea of its climates and their requirements. These you must realise for yourself. My general advice to the traveller is to order as little as possible in the way of outfit. Let him leave his measure for boots and clothes, etc., with his tradesmen at home. Much of the outfit usually ordered is quite unnecessary. You can now get washing done on the way out, so that you do not require so many changes

and for the most part you can get all the clothes you want a great deal cheaper and better in India.

With my commission I received £150 for outfit, and orders to be ready to sail on the 4th of September, it being then the middle of the month of May, 1857. These were critical times for India. One morning I saw in the *Times*, in very large print, "Mutiny in India! Horrible Massacre of Officers at Delhi!" an intimation that made me more than half repent my acceptance of the chaplaincy. I was, indeed, very near resigning it. However, before doing so, I deemed it prudent to make some enquiries, so I went to the offices of one of the most eminent of the Directors, saying frankly that I did not like the reports in the papers. The kindly old gentleman laughed my fears to scorn, and said, "My dear young man, believe me, it is nothing. Long before you reach India this *flash in the pan* (these were the words he used) will be put out, and we shall hear no more of it. We have," he added, "known one or two things like this, as, for instance, the Mutiny at Vellore, but they were soon subdued.

These and other confident assertions naturally reassured me. Notwithstanding, the Mutiny was *not* put down for two years, and cost us hundreds of valuable lives and millions of money; in fact, it nearly lost us India. Thus it will appear that the wisest and most experienced may sometimes be at fault.

But all this was hidden from us at the time. We had broken up our English home, parting visits were paid to friends and relations, but *one* final parting was yet to come. I had to bid farewell to a beloved mother, well stricken in years, whose failing voice and silvery locks forbade the trembling hope of ever meeting again in this world.

What is there in our own country which makes it so inexpressibly dear? Why should this bit of land be to us so much better than any other bit of land, and why should leaving it for a new, richer, and more promising life be so utterably miserable, I cannot tell.

A thousand confused thoughts surge over me—I see my brother waving his hat from the shore, which recedes from our view. We are now on our way to India.

CHAPTER II.

PANIC AT CALCUTTA.—THE CAUSES OF THE MUTINY.—STRANGE RECEPTION.—STORIES OF THE BISHOP.

NOTHING of importance on the overland route happened, though rumours of the Mutiny greeted us several times by the way. At Calcutta we found considerable alarm prevailing. The reports of the behaviour of certain regiments up country rendered many officers doubtful of the loyalty of the rest. Most of the native Bengal Regiments had been disarmed, still some had not been, and many mutinous and disaffected bodies of Sepoys and others were known to be prowling about in various parts of the country, ready for mischief. The Mutiny was in some parts taking the form of civil rebellion, and with almost the whole population against us the position of Europeans was very insecure. Yet surely the attitude of

merchants and others, who sent their wives and children home, and lived themselves on board ship in the river, in nightly dread of an attack, was not such as might have been expected from our enterprising and courageous countrymen.

Of course there were exceptions to this panic-stricken state. The most notable was Lord Canning, who was as brave and fine a spirit as he was a great statesman. He preserved amid the most disheartening reverses and thrilling tales of massacres, a great and dignified calm, worthy of his name and position.

It was a sight to do one good to see him driving out in state, having for his guard, both at Government House and by his carriage, Sepoys (native soldiers), very probably relatives of those who had murdered their officers. He would not allow them to be disarmed, nor would he show any distrust of them. And this calm, statesman-like attitude had its effect, probably as great an effect on the minds of impressionable natives as the presence of many regiments of Europeans. But for him there would very probably have been an outbreak at Calcutta, where wealth and insecurity tempted attack.

Various are the explanations which have been given of the cause, or, to speak more accurately, the causes of the Mutiny—that most terrible and dramatic

incident in the annals of the British Empire. The military man will assign one reason and civilian another. Some of the reasons given, such as the absence of authority in the hands of Commanding Officers, the laxity of military discipline, or the greasing of cartridges, which is perhaps the most commonly accepted cause, were not causes at all in any proper sense of that word, but circumstances taken advantage of by leaders of the faction of discontent.

It has been my good fortune to be on intimate terms with some of the ablest and most experienced officers, civil and military, of the Indian Service, and moreover with natives of all ranks and castes in the hills and plains in our own territories, as well as in those of independent Rajahs. They have talked to me quite confidently (and as I think they would not have talked to members of the Civil Service), of their hopes, fears, complaints, and grievances. It was not therefore difficult, by the simple method of putting two and two together, to arrive at an approximate explanation of this terrible rebellion.

It would be quite impossible to obtain from any native, if he were questioned directly on the subject, any explanation of the Mutiny, chiefly because the native seems to have a rooted objection to telling the truth, and will only say what he thinks his questioner would like to hear. He prefers not to speak of the

Mutiny at all, and would account it a breach of courtesy if you were to do so. It is to him a very painful reminiscence of loss in a variety of forms—loss of relations, friends, property, and position.

I remember once in Lucknow, during the time of the Mutiny Comet as it was called, a native, not more superstitious than his brethren, said to me in reference to that phenomena, "You see Brahm is angry with us for the murder of women and children, and after the plague of the sword, is now going to send us pestilence and famine." It was generally believed by the natives that the appearance of the comet foreboded these evils, and this explanation was usually accepted. From this I conclude that, had no massacres been committed, the Mutiny would, in the opinion of the native, have succeeded.

Probably the natives, taken as a whole, never did know the real cause of the Mutiny; or more probably there never was any one distinct cause, but a number of causes, which operated simultaneously, one might almost say spontaneously, to create the panic which culminated in the Mutiny.

It may be mentioned in this connection, as showing how impossible it is for an Englishman to understand the native mind, that just before the Mutiny, while all native society was seething with feelings of revolt, British officers were quite ignorant of what was going

on, and lived on terms of complete friendliness with the men who a few days, or even hours, later, joined the attack on them.

An officer once told me that some native officers of his regiment were at his bungalow playing with the children and conversing in their usual friendly manner with himself and his wife, on the very day on parade that they shot their British officers and marched off to join the rest of the Mutineers at Delhi. So impossible is it for a European to fathom or understand native character.

It is for this reason that I say that, putting together the complaints and grievances of the natives, heard from time to time, rather than from any expression of native opinion. I am able to suggest the causes of the Mutiny. I should put it thus, as Mahomedan discontent with the English Rajahs, making use of every cause of complaint, or pretended cause of complaint, in all parts of the country, to foment rebellion by every possible means.

It ought not to surprise us that the Mahomedans, who are the most warlike race in India, and far more capable of government than the Bengalee Hindoos, would not quietly acquiesce in the continual conquests of the English, as the latter had done. When these conquests extended northward, and included the deposition of the kings of Delhi, the deprivation of

of Mahomedan families of all the offices and emoluments once held by them, interested as well as patriotic feelings of hatred to the foreigner grew and increased. It was the heretic, he would say, who had not only conquered his country, but dispossessed her sons of their heritage and openings in life, civil and military. Nor was this all. Many opportunities for peculation, which these appointments afforded, were thus rudely taken away, and if these old Mussulman families were not quietly to allow themselves to fall into poverty and obscurity while the hated Englishman, and the no less hated Hindoo Sepoy and Bengalee Baboo, took his place and his gains, he must rise in rebellion, like the bad angel, or be for ever fallen.

While the leading Mahomedan spirits were intriguing with discontented chieftains, or fanning into flame the personal grievances of men like Nana Sahib, the superstitions and prejudices of the Hindoo soldiery were played upon, and they were diligently taught that the English had determined to destroy their caste, and with it the salvation and glory of the race. What the exact moment and the precise occasion was when it was decided to strike the first blow, or what caused Meerut to be chosen for the catastrophe, it is perhaps difficult to say. But given such an inflamed feeling of general discontent as I

have indicated, and we can well understand that a very little cause, almost no cause at all, might be sufficient to praduce the outbreak.

When once the blow was struck by mutinous soldiery at Meerut, urged on to madness by the malicious story of danger to their caste, the whole nation in arms would feel themselves committed, and and so the Mutiny became general. I have the best reasons for knowing that the Mutiny did not include, except in a few instances, the civil population, and this, aided by a lack of union amongst the leaders, saved the Empire.

The great body of the peasantry, the tenant farmers, and the tradesmen, were only in a very few cases interested or implicated in the rebellion. They realised fully the security of life and property that had resulted from the enlightened and liberal rule of the English. Taxes were light and not oppressively collected, justice was meted out to all alike, and the character of an Englishman for truth and honour captivated the Hindoo mind, and reconciled them to their change of masters. So much was this the case that during the whole period of the Mutiny supplies of food, etc., for the army were readily provided, and ladies and children were often secreted and fed by the villagers, until they could make their way to Calcutta.

On reaching Calcutta, after I had reported myself at Fort William to an officer called the Fort Major

and to the Bishop at the Palace, I went to seek "mine Inn," which I had some difficulty in finding, as in consequence of the flight of the civilians from up country, all the hotels and boarding-houses were crowded.

The Bishop of Calcutta was a man of much force of character, and considerable scholarship. He was the well-known Daniel Wilson, of Islington, father of the evangelical vicar of that parish. When I was introduced to him he was more than 70 years of age, and was held in great respect by the Government, and the European and native population alike for his exemplary life and munificent generosity. To him we are indebted for the cathedral, on which he spent more than three-fourths of his income, which, if not a very handsome example of Victorian architecture (it is rather like an immense railway station), was at any rate spacious, capable of holding many thousands, and a very striking object on the Maidan. The spire, it is true, must be excepted from this criticism. It was said to have been copied from Salisbury, and redeemed the cathedral from the charge of being altogether hideous. Being very large and lofty, after the manner of railway stations, and with no pillars to break the echo, its acoustic properties are simply atrocious, and no one except the Bishop himself ever quite succeeded in being heard there. The echo was so great that it

used to be said of one of his successors (the devout Milman) that his voice was like the roaring of many waters, and to hear him you must stand outside.

Chouringhee, on which the Bishop's palace was situated, was an extensive plain, in the cold weather covered with grass, intersected with boulevards, and beautiful with may trees and shrubs. On one side flowed the River Hooglie, on whose waters fine ships were anchored. At sunset the rank and fashion of Calcutta, native and European, in every variety of equipage, drove along the broad road that skirts the river, to " eat the air " as it is called. A very curious and varied sight it is. Great Princes, Rajahs, and wealthy Baboos, in all the pomp of barbaric splendour mingled with military men in rich uniforms, fair ladies and children in elegant carriages, and the ever-present " Dum-dummer " (a sort of rickety Dak carriage) with the rag tag and bob-tail of an Eastern city. At one end of Chouringhee is Government House, a very stately building, on the tall pillars of whose gates stand, usually on one leg, as solemn and as motionless as statues, the adjutant birds, or large storks of Calcutta. At the other end is the Cathedral, while at some distance from the river bank and parallel with it, are a succession of splendid mansions, with broad verandahs or balconies, supported by massive pillars, which give the stranger on his first arrival an idea of

marble palaces, till a nearer view reveals stucco and much plaster. In one of these the Bishop lived.

His Lordship's menage was curious. Besides himself and the Archdeacon and his wife, there was included an aged lady equally benevolent and equally as eccentric as the Bishop. It is to this lady that Calcutta is indebted for many excellent institutions, which bear her name, and commemorate her benevolence and foresight. This lady, with her favourite cat, lived on the landing above the Bishop, and often held long conversations with his Lordship over the bannisters.

The good Bishop in later years may be said to have lived in his library, a fine spacious apartment lined with bookcases and filled with books, of which he was a great reader. This library by his will he left to his succcssor. A long handsome table of carved teak wood ran down the centre of the room, at which the clergy sat for conferences. At one end of this table, in his high-backed arm-chair, sat the Bishop, whose finely chiselled features, stiff angular figure, and tall stately presence were more conducive to reverence and awe, than love.

I had brought a letter of introduction to the Bishop from his son, the late Vicar of Islington, which I imagined might be of some use to me in my new dioccse. Vain imagining! The Bishop, having care-

fully read the letter through, began to say, in a kind of metropolitan "charge voice," "Young man, you have come to India at a most critical time. Whether you will live through it I cannot foretell (a pleasant suggestion for a new-comer). But so long as it may please Providence to prolong your unimportant life you must do your duty."

Here the Bishop paused and coughed, and looking significantly at the Archdeacon, continued, "You will, of course, have to go up country, probably to the front, where our poor soldiers are fighting and dying. When you are ordered by your Bishop to go to Kamschatka (a place, by the way, not in his Lordship's diocese, but intended, I suppose. by its distance to show that the Bishop meant business, and would stand no nonsense), you are not to write and excuse yourself on the score that your wife expects her confinement, or that you have built a cook-house (Bobbatchie-Khana) and could not afford to move."

This extraordinary prelatical utterance, the Archdeacon, explained, was in consequence of many letters received by the Bishop from chaplains, who pleaded to be excused from active service.

After a pause the Bishop continued, "Young man, remember you are not to think you have done your work when you have preached two stupid sermons on a Sunday. The Lord's Day is not the only day on which to do the Lord's work, but every day."

The Archdeacon, who was standing by very much amused, here interfered, and wishing to save me pain or embarrassment, said, "Mr. Baldwin has been in Holy Orders for some years, and has, of course, experience." But the Bishop quickly cut him short, saying "Yes, yes, Mr. Archdeacon, but it is well for Mr. Baldwin to know his Bishop's mind on these matters."

After this the Bishop became more friendly, and giving me two rather dry but scholarly volumns of commentaries on the Epistle to the Colossians, his usual gift to a new Chaplain, invited me to breakfast for the following day, and wished me good-morning, after which I took my leave.

The next morning we went to the Palace, and were shown first of all into the Chapel, where others also had taken their seats, waiting for the arrival of the Bishop and his Chaplain, to conduct the morning prayer, which precedes breakfast. It was a very small but neat-looking Chapel, with very few ecclesiastical fittings, such as would be seen to-day, but had a solemn, grave and homely appearance. The Bishop himself conducted the service, which was one on his own lines' in which an extempore prayer, very topical, was always introduced. These prayers of the good Bishop were not always comforting, or perhaps intended to be so. On this occasion the

prayer had plain reference, so I thought, to my wife's bonnet, and raised, as may be imagined, feelings the reverse of devout in the wearer's mind. The bonnet, just fresh from Paris, may have struck the Bishop, who was more of a recluse than a man of the world, as rather gay. But the reproof contained in the following words, uttered in a tone of pained displeasure, was little called for: "And we also pray for our young friend, that her mind may not be given up to the vanities of this wicked world, etc." It may be imagined that this kind of thing was a poor introduction to our pleasent breakfast.

Here is another story of the same kind. Ritualism as it is now understood, was as unknown at this time, as the phonograph, or any other discovery of the *fin de siecle*. But the good Bishop chose to discover the mark of the beast in any departure from the old Evangelical methods, and resented such innovations by no half measures. Just before the Mutiny the story was told me of a Chaplain who lived at Peshawur, a most distant station in the Punjaub, and who was cited by the Bishop of Calcutta to give explanations for his conduct. What his offence was, or what explanations he gave, I never knew. He was like the rest of us invited to breakfast, and while in the Chapel he heard for the first time his sentence and destination, thus: "And we also pray for our young

friend, who is about to start on a long voyage to Rangoon (just the opposite end of this immense diocese), that Thou would'st keep him in all his ways." His feelings may be imagined.

Many are the anecdotes told of this excellent but eccentric Bishop. These must suffice.

Shortly after my arrival in India his Lordship was taken suddenly ill and died. Thus closed an active life, full of good works and splendid benevolences, to which numerous institutions in Calcutta bear testimony. A very excellent monument to him has been erected in his own Cathedral, being a life-size recumbent figure, and a good likeness of the Bishop.

CHAPTER III.

THE PECULIARITIES OF RANEEGUNGE.—FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH COLERA.—TRAVELLING BY BULLOCK TRAIN.– STRANGE STORIES.

AFTER a few days in Calcutta, where there was much to be seen, and many purchases to be made in that babel of marts, the bazaar, I was ordered up country to Raneegunge, which was then the terminus of the line of railway, and where temporary barracks and huts for officers had been erected, to serve as a shelter for troops on their way to the front. It was a very dreary and unhealthy place. Even at that season (October) we were never without cases of cholera, that dread disease which "begins in death." Here soldiers just landed were sent to rest after the voyage, and many of them, indeed, sleep there, to toil no more.

I had sometimes as many as ten funerals a day principally from cholera. The men were sheltered in

long mat barracks, the officers in mat houses, up and down the sides of which large rats played many games and fought many battles. The Hospital and the Church were of the same construction as the Barracks. The Church (made of bamboo mats) held 500 persons, and cost £50.

My duties here were to attend the sick in Hospital every day, and see the troops as they were despatched up country.

The bullock train started about 3 p.m., travelling at the rate of two and a half miles an hour, and resting little till it reached its destination, Cawnpore, whence the men were forwarded to Lucknow and Delhi. This train left every day, Sundays included, the stage for each pair of bullocks being eight to ten miles. After a while it was found that the poor beasts got lame. One of the Commissariat Officers, reporting on the state of affairs, suggested that the bullocks should rest every tenth day. "Why not every seventh day?" said the Officer in charge, a very able God-fearing man. "As you order," said the Sergeant. The train was never again delayed by lame bullocks, a seventh day's rest being a physical necessity for all creatures.

I had prayer books and tracts given me to distribute among the men, so I was enabled to say some

words of encouragement to the poor fellows, many of whom were never to return.

On my way to the Hospital it was not an uncommon thing to see a poor emaciated old native man woman carried out half dead by cruel relations, and left with a lump of clay in their mouths to hasten the end. A death taking place under a roof makes the house unclean, and involves expense—gifts of money and food to Brahmins—to restore its purity. Those who had means contrived to get wood enough to burn the bodies of the dead, others were buried, and many I am afraid, were devoured by jackalls even before life was extinct.

At this time there were three huts at Raneegunge, standing together, each containing two good rooms, with smaller ones at the sides. One was for the Brigade Major, one for the Doctor, and the other for the Chaplain. Here I first became acquainted with the friendliness and hospitality so characteristic of India, to be met with on the same scale nowhere else. The reasons are not far to seek. All are exiles, as a rule all *are*, or *were*, of the same station in life, and all are in comfortable circumstances, and not tormented by debt, or the necessity of considering every rupee.

Here, in this dull dreary cholera-stricken place, I made my first friends—one still remains my fast friend, and death alone severed the bond with the

other two. As our huts were close together we generally dined together, and were in each other's houses every day. There was little to be done except duty, and that was not very heavy. There was only one road on which we could drive or walk, and that, treeless and shrubless, grew monotonous. At sunset our usual stroll was to the one hotel in the place or to the station to watch the troops come in. Occasionally Officers passing through would call, and were, of course, asked to stay.

One day I got a telegram from Calcutta from a Chaplain, a perfect stranger to me, which said "Myself and Mrs. B. are passing through Raneegunge to-day. Send buggy to meet train at six. Shall be glad to dine with you." At the time I thought it rather cool but afterwards I got used to it. Often when I got up in the morning I was told by my bearer that a strange sahib was in the spare room, who had arrived by dak late. In most cases it was a brother Chaplain who took this liberty (as we should call it in England) sometimes it was an Officer—but whoever came was welcome, and was asked to stay as long as he would.

Here my first six months in India were passed. My first care was to collect money to construct our neat little Church, and then I set to work to visit my "parish," if such a word can be used to describe all Christians within one's reach in a foreign country. In

the neighbourhood were many European gentlemen, Managers, Assistant Managers, and Engineers of the numerous coal mines. Of these gentlemen I heard many strange tales, specially of their oppression of the natives. It was then (1857) the common practice to get land for coal-pits in any way that was possible, generally these ways were the reverse of honest, and some of them oppressive and cruel. The coalmasters kept a regiment of bullies, who were the terror of the neighbouring land-owners and ryots.

The following story, which I have no reason to doubt the truth, was told me at Raneegunge, where the events had recently occurred. The senior coal-manager of one of the largest and most successful mines, was also, I am sorry to say, the most unscrupulous in his transactions with the natives. A piece of land was wanted for mining purposes. The native owner was sent for, but he was unwilling to sell his patrimony. He was taken down the mine, ostensibly to see the works, and there locked up in some den at the extremity of the galleries, where his cries could not be heard, and here was fed on parched grain and water until he consented to sign away his land.

In other cases men were severely tortured by the paid agents of these so-called Christian sahibs. Some-

times they were employed to threaten by fire or stick some unfortunate Yemendar, to make him find labour or material required, or to attack and destroy the plant of some neighbouring rival works, or capture hands for forced labour in the older mines.

I remember one story of violence, which has some redeeming touch of humour in it. A high caste Brahmin was in the habit of calling and extorting money from his fellow-religionists, who were very superstitious, and durst not refuse alms. On one occasion the manager saw the religious mendicant, and calling him said if he would take a note to the engineer in charge he would receive permission to go down the pit, where he could collect alms from the coolies working there. Delighted with the idea of doing business in this way, he carried to the engineer the note, which contained these words: "Send the beggar down the mine, make him work twelve hours, and then pay him a day's wages." Great was the disgust of the idle fellow, whose caste, pride, and nature forbid that work should pollute his hands, when he found himself in such a plight. However, necessity knows no law, and he was obliged to do his work or get well beaten. I need not add he never repeated his visit to this coal-pit.

I visited, I think, all the mines, talked with the managers and assistants, and did what I could to

mitigate the evils of the situation. In the difficulty of obtaining servants for officers going up country (all natives were afraid to go with Europeans into the districts held by the Mutineers), the Government had obtained the services of a number of Madrasses, who are excellent attendants when sober, and have no caste, being for the most part Roman Catholics. These men were hutted by themselves in one part of the cantonment, and were drafted off as required by the Officers going to the front. Passing one day through their little village I saw a small hut with a cross on it, and looking in observed an altar decorated with a cross, image of the Virgin Mary and child, candles, and flowers, and I confess I was pleased to find that these poor fellows, so far from home, had not forgotten their religion, and had erected a place to serve for worship, even during the temporary residence there. My surprise, however, was equally great a few days after, when, seeing a crowd of natives round the rude little chapel, and thinking it was the celebration of a Saints' Day unknown to my calendar, I found them engaged, even close to the image of the Virgin, in cockfighting.

Besides myself there was stationed at Raneegunge and paid by the Government, a Roman Catholic priest. This man was a pervert, and a very rabid and bigoted one. His ministrations, for some reason or

other, were very distasteful to the men, and several of them came to me and said they wished to change their religion—a matter of routine in the army. I, of course, asked their reasons, and they were quite prepared to give them. After some conversation seeing they were in earnest, I said I would speak to the Colonel, and get their names entered as members of the Church of England, and receive them the following Sunday. This I did. When the Romish priest, with whom I was on friendly terms (he was a very accomplised man, played well on the piano, but was eccentric), met me he said, "I am so much obliged to you for relieving me of these men. They were the scum of the Regiment, and a disgrace to my Church!"

I think it is almost impossible for the present generation who did not know India before the Mutiny to understand the extent to which caste and some other Indian customs influenced English society, and, in fact, the actions of Government itself. It is a far cry now to those days, and marvellous are the changes which have taken place since the Mutiny, changes contemporaneous with the introduction of the railroad, the influx of more Europeans unconnected with the Government, and the spread of education. One such prejudice I may mention. I had occasion one day to send a note to the Doctor, who was down at the

Hospital. Not having any other person to send, and knowing nothing of caste and its disabilities, I gave the note to my sweeper (a respectably well-dressed man), *but a sweeper*. Now a sweeper is one of the lowest castes, and his work of the lowest and most disagreeable kind, but one would think him capable, at any rate, of carrying a note. This was not the case, however, as will be seen. In the evening I thought the Doctor's manner when I met him was somewhat cold and unfriendly, and I was not surprised when he began to say "that he did not suppose I meant to insult him, but I had done so."

Quite unconscious of any such intention, I said, "What, in the name of the Prophet, do you mean?"

"Don't you know," he said, "that if one man wishes to insult another, he does exactly what you did this morning. He sends a note to him or a message by the sweeper, who is one of the most loathsome of mankind, does all manner of dirty work, and eats all sorts of filth."

I expressed my surprise, declared my ignorance, and the incident passed over without any further unpleasantness.

In those days no man who had any respect for himself would walk behind a sweeper, sit in the same room with him, or hold any communication with him whatsoever. Now all is changed. Men of all castes

are obliged to travel in the same railway carriage, sit on the same committee, while their children attend the same school. It may be added that no class has supplied so many converts to Christianity as the sweeper caste, and since no distinction is made at the Lord's Table between the various castes, Christianity may be said to have greatly improved the social status of the sweeper.

Another example of caste may be mentioned here. One day I was passing the "lines" of a Sepoy Regiment, near to some men who were cooking their dinners on small gipsy fires in the open air. Suddenly I was ordered to stop. A Subhadar Major came up to me and told me that I had destroyed the *food* of all the men, and that they were obliged to *throw* it away, and provide more. When questioned as to this misadventure of mine, I found that the mere walking of a European amongst the men whilst they were cooking, and chiefly by my shadow falling on their food, I had produced this mischief. At any rate I was told so, and had to pay five rupees.

Another day I went into my bearer's hut to see him, as I was told that he was too ill to do do his duties. After talking to the dear old man (a very fine specimen of his class, and surely there never were such servants in the world as the old class of Hindoo bearer), I offered to bring him some medicine. This

he politely declined, and no doubt he would rather have died than taken the English stuff, which in his honest belief would imperil his salvation. After I left him I heard a great crash of crockery, and on enquiry found that my person, having only touched some of his water vessels, had thereby polluted them, and they were therefore obliged to be destroyed.

Many are the quaint and pretty legends common amongst the Hindoos, though it is to be feared that many, if not lost, are corrupted by recent additions, made by the priests to serve their own ends. Here is one. In Calcutta and its neighbourhood are hosts of fire-flies, which glitter and flash over tree and shrub in the evening air. If you ask a native the meaning of these beautiful and lively flies he will tell you quite gravely "That once there was a great burglary in heaven, that the burglars were cast down to earth, but obliged, as a sign of their disgrace, to carry a a lantern in their tail."

It is also a pretty fancy of the native, who, if you ask him what he thinks the stars are, or what the native savants consider them, will say, "Well sir, you see, we say amongst ourselves that these are the holes through which the rain comes."

It was at Raneegunge that I was first to be made acquainted with that scourge of India, the cholera,

and to notice the alarm which its presence created. Many of the residents left at once, and took ship to England.

India has been attacked year after year by cholera, and it surprises me, who for many years became as familiar with this plague as with small pox, typhoid, or any other epidemic, to read of the panic which it has caused in many European capitals. I admit it is a serious enemy of the human race, but not more so than many others. What makes it so alarming is that, as someone has said, it begins in death. That is to say, though it may not carry off more victims than many others, it runs its course more rapidly, and the deaths from it are more painful to witness. In my experience it is neither contagious nor infectious, but its germs seem to be sometimes carried in the air and sometimes in the water. It is altogether capricious in its attacks. I have seen one side of a barrack seized and the other left. The removal of the troops a few miles into the country usually checks the outbreak, but neither youth nor age, sobriety nor intemperance, affect it. All alike fall victims to this scourge, nor has any remedy been found, though many have been tried.

I remember an interesting experiment made during a violent outbreak of cholera at Raneegunge. The Medical Officers attached to the Hospital, having selected a number of cases, decided to treat each case

with a separate remedy. Some cases (with the exception of doses of soda water), were left to nature, and yet strange as it may appear the average results were the same, that is to say, that as many cases recovered under one kind of treatment as under another. Many men who came into the Hospital in the morning were buried by me in the evening, and though I sat on their beds, rubbed their poor cramped legs and hands, and had to bend down close to catch the messages they desired me to send to their relatives, I never contracted the disease.

Fear, or nervousness, seems to render the subject suspectible. I remember a German Officer saying at mess that if the cholera came to A, where he lived, he should be sure to be attacked and die. He was attacked, and died, and this though the cholera had not visited the station, nor was any case known within a range of 20 miles.

CHAPTER IV.

Up Country to Lucknow.—Peculiarities of Dak Travelling and Dak Bungalows.



IN March, 1858, just after the city of Lucknow had been relieved by the heroic force under Sir Colin Campbell, I received an order from the Archdeacon, acting for the Bishop of Calcutta, to go forward to Lucknow to take up my duties as garrison Chaplain in that city. It appears that Sir R. Montgomery, Chief Commissioner of Oude, had written to the Government desiring that a Chaplain should be sent at once to minister to the sick and the dying.

Travelling was dangerous in those days. The whole country was infested with bands of rebels, who burned and pillaged all they could lay their hands on, and robbed and murdered any travellers who were not escorted by troops. But I was glad of the opportunity of seeing service, and also of escaping

from a place which had become dreary and uninteresting. I was not long in making my preparations, and having said good-bye to my friends I laid my dak (mode of travelling in India).

At the time I am writing of the only mode of travelling was by carriage dak, the carriage being a heavy, lumbering, though not altogether uncomfortable, conveyance, rather like a bathing machine. It was arranged like a bed, travelling being done chiefly at night, in consequence of the heat. At the head and foot, as well as the sides of the carriage, are shelves and pockets; under the seat is the "well," as it is called, where the traveller may stow away his various packages. On the top is the luggage, often very varied and very heavy.

The following story *apropos* of luggage was told to me at Lahore. A certain lady had taken her dak, and the carriage had been sent round to her bungalow to be packed. When the coachman came with the horses he discovered a donkey strapped on with the luggage. He remonstrated, but the lady was firm insisting that it was required for her baby. The coachman went back to the Post Office (where the best daks were to be obtained), and reported the matter to Mr. George, the Post Master. That official could not allow such an innovation, and came down in haste to tell her so. "Why, Mr. George," said the

lady, "I need the donkey for my child as much as Mrs. B, and you allowed *her* to take a goat on the top of her carriage." "Yes, Madam," replied the obsequious Post Master, but Daks are not Noah's Arks. I must draw the line somewhere, and I draw it at donkeys."

My narrative would be incomplete if I did not explain, as briefly as I can, the nature of a dak bungalow. It is a rough kind of wayside inn. In the good old days of John Company the Government erected all along the Grand Trunk Road, at distances of 20 or 30 miles, four-roomed buildings, with out-houses. These rooms contained the minimum of furniture, viz., a bed, a table, and a few chairs. Each traveller was entitled to one room for the day or night, on payment of 1s. for three hours, 2s. for 24 hours. If there were many parties travelling the ladies took one side of the house and the gentlemen the other.

Attached to each house were a cook and one or two other servants. Some of the dak bungalows near large towns were fairly well supplied with provisions, including beer and wine, but for the most part it was very difficult to get anything but eggs, rice, fowl (to be caught, killed, and cooked while you waited), chappaties (a kind of cake), milk, and, of course, the

inevitable brandy and soda. And yet I have never had such good curries, or enjoyed my dinner more than at some of these dak bungalows.

But to return to my first journey up country. There were in those days several rival companies, whose horses were posted from Raneegunge to Lucknow, perhaps further, about every six miles under a rude shelter of thatch, or perhaps only under a tope of trees. These horses, mere bags of bones they were, we posted, for the poor brutes had no rest, so many officers were posting forward, and impatient of delay. I was often obliged to go three stages with the same tired horses, no relays being available.

Some of the horses were young colts which had never been broken. They were yoked to the heavy carriages with coarse but strong harness, much of it iron and rope, galling their backs and necks. I pitied them, but had no time to wait and report. It was very difficult to get them to start, and various were the cruelties practiced. Often a nose pincher was used, a strong noose twisted on the nose, till the torture compelled the poor beast to move. Sometimes a rope was tied to the foreleg, by which he was hauled along, the coachman belabouring both horses the while, and once, *at least*, I was witness to a small fire of straw and sticks being lighted under the horse's stomach, which soon induced him to start

Then off with a bang the wild beast would go, the carriage swaying from side to side, sometimes leaving the road altogether and dashing down an embankment. I wonder more accidents did not occur. Occur they did in every long journey, more or less. Now a wheel off, now the harness broken, or a capsize, but on the whole, considering the cattle, the carriages, and the harness, the casualties were few and unimportant. The Grand Trunk Road, by which I travelled, is a magificent piece of engineering, which, with the canals and railways, must ever remain a monument of British enterprise and skill. It used to be said that empty beer bottles would be the only remains of English rule when we left the country. This will not be the case now, for roads, canals, colleges, schools, hospitals, churches, and other public buildings, will long mark our strong, and on the whole, beneficent government. The Grand Trunk Road, for more than 1,500 miles, from Calcutta to Peshawar, is almost level, wide, and well kept, being macadamized with kunker, a sort of nodule of carbonate of lime, found almost everywhere in India. This, when watered and beaten down, makes as good a road as I have ever seen.

When my dak was packed with all that was required for the road, off we started. I was informed by the Magistrate that I was only to go as far as

Shergotti, as the road further up was unsafe. Arrived at Shergotti the Magistrate of that place, who had made for himself a kind of fort, informed me that I could not proceed, as news had just come in that the enemy's cavalry were in the neighbourhood, and had the day before shot Major Fanshaw, who was proceeding to join his regiment at Cawnpore. It appears that when the rebels sighted Major Fanshaw's dak they started to intercept it. The Major left the dak, and climbed a tree on the roadside, where he was discovered and shot.

This was unpleasant news, but I had orders to proceed, and I was anxious to be at my post. The kind Magistrate remonstrated, and did all he could to dissuade me, and said at last that if I went I did so on my own responsibility, and against his warning. Late in the evening I started, after hearing many stories of planters' bungalows and factories having been burnt, and of Europeans outraged and killed. Most of them, I think, were untrue or exaggerated. I tried in vain to sleep in the lumbering, jolting, springless vehicle. At intervals my coachman, to keep up his pluck and frighten away the wild beasts, would blow a wild and most unmusical blast on his horn.

The first incident was the unmistakeable and no very distant roar of a tiger, and the remark of the

coachman "that this was a very bad place for tigers, as a man had been killed by one the night before," did not do much towards removing my alarm. I saw no tiger, but something very much worse. Before the sun had risen a dust cloud was visible, and soon a troop of the enemy's cavalry crossed the road at full gallop. They seemed not to notice my dak. Prompted by the instinct of self-preservation I opened all the windows, threatened my coachman with death if he blew his horn to attract attention, or did not drive straight on. Then I lay down quite flat out of sight to give the appearance of an empty carriage. Fortunately I escaped, and without further incident completed my journey to Cawnpore.

The sight of the town at that time I shall never forget. Some of the houses which had been thatched were burnt, and all were gutted. The compounds were strewn with torn and broken articles of all kinds showing the madness of the infuriated rebels. With trembling steps I bent my way to the scene of the massacre. There, still visible on the walls, were clotted blood and hair. The children, it is said, were brained by dashing them against the wall. That place is now the site of a beautiful garden and a monument representing an Angel of Mercy, or Grief, with folded hands, looking, as it were, into the well where so many of our countrymen and countrywomen

were thrown by order of the Nana Sahib—a man who had been feted in England, and who lived on most friendly terms with our people. After the Mutiny a price was set on his head, but from that day to this no trace of him has been discovered.

I had hardly reached Cawnpore when I heard that small-pox had broken out. I confess I am more afraid it than of any other infectious disease. Not knowing where to turn, and assured that I should find shelter for the night at the house of the Chaplain, a noble fellow, who out of the battle of Cawnpore carried a wounded man on his back under heavy fire, I ordered my dak to proceed to his bungalow. My old Manchester friend (the Chaplain was once my fellow curate at Manchester) came to the door, and said, "I hope you are not afraid of small-pox, for that brave fellow, Sir W. Peel, has just died of it here." Declining his hospitality I pressed on the same night in a mail cart over what was once a road, but was now a berutted track cut up by artillery. I at length arrived, more dead than alive, at the Residency of Sir Robert Montgomery, the Chief Commissioner, who had kindly invited me to be his guest. A more excruciating journey than the midnight drive of 40 miles from Cawnpore to Lucknow I never undertook, and I hope never again to renew the terrible experience.

I have said that the road cut up by the passage of artillery, and further injured by the late rains, was a succession of holes and ruts, into and out of which we bumped in the most unpleasant and bone-shaking manner. Add to this, we went at full gallop all the way which, in a two-wheeled cart, with indifferents prings and a horse too small for the shafts, had the effect of a constant see-saw, which threatened momentarily to cut you in two. Then the seat was as hard as the proverbial twopenny nail, and the only rest for the back was an iron bar. The condition of the traveller after four hours of the jolting, jarring, and see-sawing may be imagined. Fortunately an experienced officer had warned me of the discomfort, if not danger, of this kind of locomotion, and I had taken the precaution of tying myself in by a rope, placing a pillow before me and at my back, without which (as I was dead tired, and dozed off to sleep now and again), I should certainly have fallen out. However, all's well that ends well.

CHAPTER V.

First Impressions of Lucknow.—Anxious Times.—My First Official Row.



UCKNOW, seen in the early morning, or at sunset, and at a proper distance, was certainly a very imposing city. It displayed everywhere beautiful palaces, splendid public buildings, stately mosques, and glittering minarets, set off by fine trees and many extensive gardens, the resort of wealthy Mahomedans. I thought, as I drew near just at sunrise, that it quite realised my idea of an oriental city.

When I traversed its streets I found it bore all the marks of the terrible struggle, and of the punishment which we had inflicted. Almost every public building, and notably the Residency, in which the brave Havelock died, was riddled or marked with cannon shot and bullets. It was in ruins, the only thing

standing being the tower of the little Residency Church. The city proper was only a mass of broken and tottering walls, among which were seen groups of natives, who had fled before the seige, and were now weeping over their homesteads, or digging for the treasures which they had hidden.

On all sides of the Fort for a distance of 500 yards houses of all description, regardless of ownership, had been rased to the ground, to form a glacis over which our artillery could play. The troops were distributed in every building capable of receiving them. The Officers were quartered in the late King's Palace, the Kaiserbagh, the work of some Frenchman, decorated in a very debased manner by some French and English artists. In and around this extensive building were scattered, and broken into atoms by our infuriated and careless soldiery the most valuable articles of furniture, mirrors, china, bijouterie, and articles of vertu.

Queer, and not very edifying stories were told of some Officers, specially a Quarter-Master and interpreter of a certain regiment, who followed the soldiers in their looting expeditions, and bought the most valuable gems and gold ornaments for bottles of rum or bundles of cigars. But most righteous was it that war's stern ploughshare should pass over the accursed city. The very walls, in painted story, bore

testimony to the festering corruption of the Court, and the abominable wickedness to which the place was given up. It would be difficult to imagine and impossible to describe the shameless wickedness of the Court of Oude, which the city had copied to the best of its ability.

To return, however, to my personal narrative. I found at Banks House, which was then the Residency of Sir R. Montgomery (Chief Commissioner of Oude), very comfortable apartments reserved for me. As soon as I had rested and dressed, I sent a message to say I should be glad to pay my respects to my host The magnificent Sikh Peon, in all the glory of his gorgeous uniform, informed me as he departed with my message that his master was at prayers, and he spoke of him as "Such Adme" (which means a man of untarnished reputation, good, brave, and true). I have heard the words applied to several of our distinguished Indian administrators, but never I think was it more deserved than by this officer, who had won his spurs in the Punjaub, and was now to add fresh lustre to his fame.

Sir Robert was essentially a man to inspire trust, confidence, and I had almost said love, in Europeans and natives alike. He had won his way to his present high post by sheer force of character, in which almost every virtue shone. In appearance he was the model

of a very prosperous, happy, easy-going country gentleman, and no one at first sight would imagine that the merry twinkle of those clear blue eyes hid promptitude, energy, power, and a grand daring to be true to God and man. Why I do not know, but his nickname was "Figs."

These were anxious times. On the relief of Lucknow by Sir Colin Campbell, in pursuance of the lenient policy of the Governor General, the enemy had been allowed to escape with arms, artillery, and cavalry, when it would have been comparatively easy to destroy or take them prisoners. Now, with the same object in view, viz., that they might disperse to their homes, and the Mutiny die as suddenly as it had arisen, the Commander in Chief, Sir Crawling Camel (Sir Colin Campbell), as he was called, under the orders of Clemency Canning, was following the rebels at long distances, after every day's march finding them a march further off, to the great annoyance of officers eager to avenge the wrongs of Delhi and Cawnpore. Throughout the district, not only disbanded Sepoys, but men who had been guilty of every crime, were with several regiments still in arms, hovering about.

Nightly we were alarmed by the sound of guns, and continually officers and spies would come in with important and disquieting reports, to which Sir Robert would listen, and then give his orders as

promptly and coolly as if he were arranging a picnic. In all circumstances he showed the same energy and the same calm and unpreturbed outward demeanour.

Among Sir Robert's counsellors was a man who was quite a study. He belonged to the Bombay service, but found his way to our side, and when the Mutiny occasioned gaps in the staff he, by great interest, got an appointment in Oude. He was great in the Intelligence Department, had raised a regiment, was organiser of the Police, and counsellor general in every emergency. I have seen him often, and knew him well. He scarcely ever opened his mouth, he would only nod or shake his head. If he knew more than his neighbour he kept it to himself, and abounded in eloquent silences. It used to be said of him that no man could be as wise as he looked. Most men trusted him, and not a few liked him much.

There were as regular residents in Government House at this time Sir Robert Montgomery, his Military Secretary, his Private Secretary, and a young civilian, a rather pious prig, son of a missionary whom Sir Robert had known and respected years ago, and myself. We had dinner parties very often (consisting only of men), for there were only two ladies in the station, and they were perdue, it being directly against Government order for any wives to have come up

country. But two had dared. What will not love and devotion dare ?

Notwithstanding incessant work the society at the Residency was very happy. My share of the work consisted of the charge of a large place called the Field Hospital, to which were sent all soldiers wounded or sick from the army in the field. There were about 400 patients under charge of a Surgeon Major of the old Company's service, who had never had charge of Europeans, and some young surgeons. The Hospital was on the Chutter Munzil, one of the palaces of the Kings of Oude. The mutineers had used it as a barrack, and before leaving it had destroyed all the doors and windows, and every appliance for keeping it cool. Here it was my duty, morning and evening, to minister to the men, write at their dictation letters home, and do what else I could for the poor fellows. In the early morning, and after evening service, I had to attend at the Cemetery whenever there was a funeral, which was very often. Besides this, there were residents to visit, and sermons to prepare for Sunday, etc.

As April wore on, and the heat became more intense, the deaths from sunstroke, or heat apoplexy, increased in the Hospital as well as in the field, and Sir Robert was much distressed on more than one

occasion at the account I gave him of the mortality from these causes. Several times I had spoken myself to the Surgeon about the want of punkahs, tattics, doors, and windows, at well as coolies to keep off the flies, whose name was legion,but of course in vain. At last Sir Robert volunteered to go with me, and one morning we rode off, he on his hill pony, smiling all over, the picture of health and happiness—arrived at the hot, dirty, and neglected place, where hundreds of our men lay suffering intense pain from heat and lack of almost every comfort. There was no need of a word; he went away looking as angry as he could. Directly he arrived at the Residency he sent a note, officially called a memo, directing attention to the state of the Hospital, and desiring that the necessary furniture should be supplied without delay. Days and weeks passed and nothing was done; the heat increased, and the deaths were more frequent. One day, being rather late for dinner, Sir Robert looked up in his merry way through his spectacles, and said, "Well, Padre (the name given to all clergy in India), where have you been to to-day, and what makes you so late?" I then told him that I had had several funerals, and the deaths were increasing at a fearful rate. After dinner he took me aside, and said, "I wish you, as Chaplain, would write me a short report of the number and causes of the

deaths that have occurred, adding any remarks that you like," which accordingly I did with right good will.

One Sunday, about ten days after this conversation with Sir Robert, I saw my old friend Dr. Douglas standing on the steps of the Mosque where we had service, and going up to him he said "What is this you have been doing? All the doctors are mad at you." I did not at first comprehend what he meant, but I soon learnt that my report, sent with a strong letter from Sir Robert to the Commander-in-Chief, had brought down from head-quarters a tremendous "wigging." They were very indignant, and even my medical friends fought shy of me as a dangerous person for a long time. It is but fair to state that the cause of the neglect, besides the incapacity of the principal medical officer (who knew nothing of European Hospitals), was the insufficient character of the executive engineer. About a fortnight after this carpenters and joiners were busy, and soon the Hospital began to look as it ought.

Then fell the following shell; One morning Sir Robert sent into my room a long official document, in which were presented in two columns, "Mr. B——'s Charges and the Doctor's Refutations." It was a terrible indictment, and besides denying all my statements, and adding that the Hospital was supplied

CHAPTER VI.



AS an example of native ideas of honour, I may relate the following incident, which occurred while I was a member of Sir Robert Montgomery's household.

There was at Lucknow at that time a noted spy, who had very bravely carried despatches, and done important service during the siege, for which he had been liberally rewarded. But "much would have more;" he was not satisfied, but longed to have a share in some contracts, which in India, as elsewhere, are often very lucrative. I do not know whether he had tried any other person before he came to me, or whether he imagined that as Chaplain I had some influence with the God-fearing Burra Sahib, but one day, meeting me in the compound, he took me aside, and after many flatteries and enquiries about the Christian religion, he gently intimated that he wanted me to speak a word for him to the Chief

Commissioner, that the contract for a certain road should be given to him, adding that he would give me 1,000 rupees if I would only speak a word. I was very angry, but considering that it was the way of all natives, and that he really had done good service for us, I answered, "You are making a mistake in trying to bribe an Englishman, and doing yourself an injustice. I have no influence with the Chief Commissioner or any one else in this matter. Go to him yourself. He knows what you have done, and will not refuse any reasonable request you may make." Off he went, and Sir Robert at once gave him the contract. This is not intended to disparage the spy who was a very able man, but it shows how ideas of honour and right vary according to race and country I am quite sure he did not see any harm in making the proposition to me.

This man must not be mistaken for "Lucknow Kavanagh," as he was called, who, though he did a brave deed, and brought himself to the notice of the authorities, was one of the most conceited persons I ever knew, vide "How I won the Victoria Cross." I remember seeing V.C. on his slippers, as well as on all other articles in ordinary use.

In the time of the last King of Oude it was commonly reported that the resident or his wife

received bribes ingeniously enclosed in the mouths of fishes, or in flowers or fruit brought as presents, and the practice of trying to gain favour still continues in the "dallies," or baskets of fruit and vegetables which rich natives send in advance when coming to call—as Jacob tried to propitiate Esau by an offering. One very muddle-headed officer, General A., when commanding at Lucknow, made a rule that native gentlemen when calling should send their cards only, and discontinue dallies. This was considered a very insulting order. I have constantly been told that in cases before native Judges (whom Lord Ripon would have multiplied), both sides bribe. The Judge accepts the bribe from the winning side. He may decide the case according to its merits, but the successful man will always believe that his bribe carried the day, and the loser will think that his bribe was not large enough. No English Officers or civil servants of any standing will accept a bribe, but natives, from the highest to the lowest, do so as a rule, and these are the men to whom the "Ilbert Bill" would give jurisdiction over Englishmen.

I may here tell a story which was told to me by Judge Fraser, that very excellent officer, uncovenanted though he was, who, in spite of red tape and the prestige of the covenanted service, rose by his own

ability and uprightness of character to be Judge of the Civil Court of Lucknow.

He was sitting in his pleasant verandah across the River Goomtee, writing his judgment in a case, and I, tired after my visit to the Hospital, was enjoying a feed of mangeos (par excellence the fruit of India), and listening to his jokes and tales of Indian officialism. "I have just," he said, "run to earth, and I hope soon to catch and punish, as nice a lot of scoundrels forgers, thieves, perjurers, and seal-makers, as any one need ask for in a sensational novel. And the worst of it is, they make use of our courts and law proceedings to carry out their villainy. I had lately before me the following case, which I have just unravelled," and avoiding technical details this is what he told me.

A band of robbers, very impecunious since they had lost the rich harvest of the corrupt Court of Lucknow, planned a very complicated swindle. Two of them, A and B, saw a good substantial house with land attached, known to belong to a defenceless widow and child. Not being able to get hold of the title deeds, A got pen and paper, and let the house to B, drawing out the lease in proper form. This done they both went to the Cutcherry, or Magistrate's Office, to sign before witnesses and register the lease. Some time

after A sued B for the rent. Both came into court; A proved his case; B admitted it to be right, but pleaded poverty, and asked time, which was granted The evidence and decision were docketted, and put in a pigeon-hole for reference. After another interval A took out a warrant of execution to turn out B, who had still paid no rent. A obtained an immediate decision, and also a officer of the court to carry it out A now went to a banker, showed him the whole case and the deeds, etc., told him he had had a great deal of bother about the property, and as he was much in want of ready money he would be ready to sell it to the banker at about half its value. He got the money and, of course, bolted. The purchaser then went to take possession with the powers which the law had given him. Then for the first time the real owners, the widow and child, heard that they must turn out unless they had money and friends to fight the case in Court.

Too often in similar cases the proprietors have not the money, sometimes the English official is misled by his subordinates, or the native Vakheel (who may or may not know of the swindle), is bribed to defeat justice, and so great wrongs are suffered by unprotected orphans or widows. The Indian Judge, if he is not a perfect Urdu scholar is almost sure to do much injustice, though quite unintentionally.

One of the pleasantest parts of my duty was to visit every morning some officers who were invalided, and were living in one of the best parts of the Kaiserbagh. Very jolly they were, and they certainly made the best of their sufferings, which in some cases were severe.

Amongst the nicest and cleverest of the lot was the well-known gambler S. O. He had been all through the siege, he was as brave as he was eccentric, and with his racy Irish humour he could tell the simplest story so as to set the fellows in a roar. One day I found him sitting in bed in the scantiest of drapery playing on a guitar, singing snatches of songs, and telling how Sir John Ingles sent him on inspection duty to report how the enemy's mining operations under the Residency were progressing, and how dreadfully afraid he was of being blown up. "Fancy," he said (with many grimaces), "S. O. creeping down a nasty, dirty, slimy, white ant-beriddled passage, listening to the picking and hammering of the miners, and all at once to be blown up, and nothing of S. O. appears or remains for posterity but his spurs!"

I have said this officer was a persistent and consummate gambler. I ought to add that he was one of the most honourable, as he was one of the most successful. He would not play until the money

was on the table. "No I.O.U's.," he would say, "when we have finished all the money it is time to go." On one occasion he had neglected this very prudent rule, and had won a very considerable sum of money from a young Artillery officer, paid in "I.O.U's." Next morning when I was going my rounds he said, "Padre, I want you to go with me to call on young Lieut.——." Off we went, and found the Lieutenant looking rather depressed. Taking the "I.O.U's." out of his pocket and laying them on the table, S. O. jokingly said, "Now young fellow, I won these from you last night, and if you will promise never to give another "I.O.U." as long as you live I will burn them" (they were to the amount of several hundreds of pounds).

The young officer got very red and angry, and said, "Major O——, I hope you do not mean to insult me. I can easily pay these sums, and I can also easily mind my own affairs, which I hope you also will do." S. O. very coolly pocketed the papers, saying "Oh very well, I shall be glad to receive the money at your earliest convenience." Not very long after this I heard that Lieutenant —— was obliged to leave the service ruined, by no means a rare occurrence from the same cause.

The old East India Company had in its service besides Sepoys, or Pandies, as they were called, a certain number of Europeans, enlisted for long service in India only. Their pay and their rations were good, and their cooking was better than in the Queen's Regiments. They were a fine hardy set of men. They drank hard, swore hard, and it must be added fought hard, and most of them had a black woman in morganatic marriage. One morning an artilleryman of Old John Company, a fine, tall, handsome fellow, applied to me for a marriage licence. In India almost everybody is married by licence, which costs £5. Going down to the fort where he was stationed to make enquiries, I found his betrothed was a small, ugly, fat black woman. I ventured to remonstrate a little with him, and at last I asked "Why are you going to marry this woman?" "Why, you see, sir," he said quite seriously, "I likes my victuals hot." It appeared she was a very toothsome cook."

On another occasion, while Chaplain of the Civil Lines, a soldier from the Cantonments came to me for a licence to marry. I asked "Why don't you go to the Cantonment Chaplain?" Why, you see, sir," he said, "my young woman is rather shy, and she would like it private like, and if it was to take place at the Cantonments all the fellows would go, and may be

poking fun at her." "Then," I said, "you must bring me permission from your Commanding Officer." No soldier is allowed to marry without this consent in India, and only ten per cent. with it. A few days after the man returned with the document, bearing the well-known signature of Col. Wells. On looking at the paper I noticed it had been tampered with, and holding it up to the light I saw that the word *not* before sanctioned had been carefully erased. The culprit was in a terrible state and begged me to burn the paper, and not expose him. I found that he was a very bad character, and had told me a tissue of lies, and that the woman was of the same type, so I let the law take its course, and he was severely punished.

It was my duty to ride out 26 miles to Nawabgunge Baranbunh where the field force was then encamped a battle being eminent. It was just after the rains very hot and very moist. Dysentery and diarrhœa prevailed among the men who were in tents and deaths were frequent. The first part of the journey I did in the saddle, the latter part through rivers and flooded plains on an elephant. As I was galloping along with an escort of Sowars (a sort of mounted police), we came to a river, of which I did not know the ford. The Sowars saw, or pretended they saw, the enemy's cavalry, which was known to be in the

neighbourhood, and started to go back. Whip in hand I rode after them, and laying it on the leader I compelled him to find a ford, and go before me into camp. That evening I visited the hospital tent, and dined at mess, the guest of that fine soldier and perfect gentleman, Sir Alfred Horsford.

One evening while at Nawabgunge the conversation turned on the Ghazee Musselmen fanatics, who on foot, and armed only with a long sword, left their ranks and boldly challenged our men to single combat. My blood ran cold as I heard a young officer telling with glee how the brave fellows had been repelled, and at last overcome by repeated shots from the revolvers of the officers, how he had potted his man several times, but had been unable for a good while to stop him. These brave, chivalrous, but misguided fellows thought they were doing God service in destroying the Ferringhies. Next morning at about 5 a.m. I held open-air service, the soldiers standing in open square, my reading-desk a drum's head covered with the colours. Immediately after I galloped back to Lucknow for 11 a.m. service.

It was after one of these trying rides that I was told a buggy and horse were at the door for my inspection. I had been on the look-out for one for some time, so I drove out for a mile or two, and came

back much pleased with the turn-out. Turning to the Peon in charge I asked whose it was, and what was the price? Imagine my surprise when he told me it was a present. From whom? I enquired. The Peon either did not know or would not tell, so he left it, and right well it served me for many a day. It was not till several years afterwards that I heard from General Hutchinson (Military Secretary at Lucknow), that the buggy was the gift of Sir R. Montgomery, as a recognition of my energy and zeal as Chaplain. But there were other ways in those days of becoming possessed of a carriage and horses.

One of the most remarkable men I met in India (whose story as missionary in Chamba I hope afterwards to tell), was a Scotchman named F.; he was a tall, well-made man, with an excellent head and an abominable temper, as the Scotch Church knows to its cost. This man married *four* of the nicest women I ever knew, and he himself said, "Each one was better than the preceding, and the last was the best." He had entered Lucknow with the force under Sir Colin Campbell, as Chaplain of the 79th. On one of his looting expeditions he found a barouche in a yard and a pair of horses in a stable, with no one in charge of them. The city had been given over to three days' loot; this was the tenth day, but the worthy divine

had a right, as he worded it, for the Lord's service to annex the carriage and pair, which he accordingly did.

In consequence of repeated exposure to the sun and rain on my visits to Nawabgunge-Barabunki, I was attacked by that very terrible Indian disease, dysentery. For weeks I lay at death's door, too weak even to sit up, or to care about anything that was going on around me. I saw men and women come and go out of my sick-room as if they were spectres, scarcely, I fancy, recognizing them, and heard, as if in a dream, the consultation of doctors, and their despairing remarks as to my recovery. During these monotonous days Sir Robert and Lady Montgomery often came to see me, sat by me, sending from their better-appointed kitchen jellies and such delicacies as they thought I might fancy. Alas, I could enjoy none of these things, and was gradually slipping away from conscious existence. Often, no doubt, I was wholly unconscious, travelling in a new world, or in an old world in a new guise.

But when I was at the worst Providence sent to my bedside a certain Dr. Brougham, from Calcutta, who was on a visit to an old friend in Lucknow. He was brought into my sick-room by Sir John Brown, the senior surgeon, and Dr. Douglas, my own medical

man, for consultation on my case, in the remote hope that he might throw some light upon it, or at any rate confirm the local doctor's treatment. Dr. Brougham only looked at me for a moment, I remember, from the foot of the bed, and then went out. In the adjoining room, so I heard afterwards, he said "I think he is suffering from congested liver, try a hot acid bath." I do not know of what the bath was composed, but I do know that though I was obliged to be lifted in and out at first, I was soon able to do without assistance, and in a short time able to walk out.

Then came the curious part of my illness. I fancied I had died. Every night I imagined I was in some other more delightful world, and woke each morning to find, with a feeling of positive regret and disappointment, that I was to live and not die. How often since then have I felt the same! Though I was so far recovered as to be able to go out, I was too weak to do any duty, and the doctors recommended (as they always do) a voyage round the Cape. I think that a voyage less extended and less expensive, ay to the Sandheads, would have quite restored me to health. As a matter of fact this was the case, for before I had been many days at sea I was quite myself again.

In order to leave India I had to pass what is called a Medical Board to obtain sick leave, which, of course, I had not much difficulty in doing. As a rule the doctors in India are somewhat lenient in this matter and will always pass an officer who has been any time in India, if they think he would be benefitted by a trip to England, though he may not be very seriously ill at the time. The next step was to inform the Bishop of my proposed leave, in order to obtain a substitute during my year's absence in Europe. In due time the rather notorious protestant, Mr. Phelps was sent up to take my place. In those days (1859) the surplice was not so common in the pulpit as it is now, though most Chaplains, as much on account of the climate as anything else, never wore the black gown to preach in. When I suggested to my locum tenens that I should be much obliged if he would make as few alterations during my absence as possible his wife replied "I understand that you preach in the surplice, but William looks so well in his new black gown that I should not like him to give it up." What ritualist could refuse such a plea. During his incumbency only one thing of interest so far as I know occurred. Bishop Cotton came to Lucknow on visitation, and stayed, as the Indian Bishops usually do, with the Chaplain. My locum tenens, wishing

the Bishop to become acquainted with the residents, gave two large parties on successive days, which went afterwards by the name of the black and white parties for he had made the mistake of inviting all the upper ten, who were, of course, white, to the first, and all the Eurasians (half-caste), who had a touch of the tar brush, to the second. They never quite forgave him.

About this time (1860) a considerable change had taken place in the 2nd Dragoon Guards. The Colonel had gone on short leave, and the command had devolved on a very handsome young man of good family (Irish, I think), who went by the name of Cupid. He was very ambitious, and had a very high opinion of his own abilities, and being dissatisfied with the rather lax discipline of Colonel S., he determined to raise the character of the Regiment. In a short time a difference did indeed appear. I found the wretched military prison nearly full, and on enquiry was told that trifling cases which in former times would have been sufficiently punished by a few days in barracks, now required confinement to cells, and for exercise the accursed shot drill. A very considerable soreness, almost amounting to insubordination, prevailed in the regiment. This seemed to increase from week to week, and I thought it my duty to report the matter to the General commanding the

Division. As I did so he listened, but said nothing A few days afterwards two articles appeared in the local paper, reflecting very severely on the state of discipline in the 2nd Dragoon Guards, and saying that if some stop was not put to the antics of the monkey officer commanding, a mutiny would be the result, or something to that effect. At this time I was away on. my annual holiday in the Hills. On my return I found a very formidable document from the Governor of India, and a short note from that great statesman, Bishop Cotton.

The Bishop's note was as follows: "My dear B———, I forward you the enclosed for any remarks you may have to offer.....Calcutta."

The official ran thus: "The Governor-General in Council has been informed that the rev. Chaplain of Lucknow is the author of the enclosed articles marked C and D of the *Oude Gazette*. He is informed by the Governor-General in Council that if he does not cease from contributing such articles to the local papers he will be dismissed the service."

This precious piece of bluster was endorsed "Forward to Bishop of Calcutta for information and return." My answer to the Bishop was to this effect: "My Lord, I have the honour to acknowledge your letter, and in reply to say that I know nothing of the articles marked C and D. I have the honour, etc."

Great, I am told, was the dismay and annoyance when this reply reached the Governor-General in Council. Inquiry was made as to the source of information. It appeared that when the General commanding the Lucknow Division saw the articles, remembering my conversation with him on the subject, he talked the matter over with a certain clever woman in the station. She was sure I had written them—it was just my style, etc. On this the General sent a report to the Commander-in-Chief, and he sent it to the Governor-General in Council. This is the next communication I received: "The Governor General is glad to find that the Rev. Chaplain in Lucknow did not write the articles C and D, but as the Governor-General in Council is confidently informed that the rev. Chaplain is in the habit of writing articles unfavourable to the policy of Government in civil and military subjects, he is hereby informed that unless he desists from doing this he will be removed from his chaplaincy.

To this I replied, writing to the Bishop: "My Lord, in reply to the letter of the Governor-General in Council, I beg leave to say that, as I refuse to hold my chaplaincy on any such tenure, I resign it into your hands. Awaiting your orders, I am, etc."

The good Bishop wrote, "Do nothing rashly. No doubt the Secretary of State can remove you or any

of us, without giving any reason, but I don't think he will do so without consulting me, and I should not give my sanction if the articles were moderate in tone, so don't take any more notice of the matter?" Nor did I.

After some time Lord Canning, one of the greatest of Indian statesmen, came to Lucknow to meet the assembled Princes, and read to them the Queen's celebrated proclamation. Without going into the vexed political questions of that time, on which opinions differ widely, I may say that the state of the kingdom of Oude was such that Lord Dalhousie considered it necessary to annex it, which he did in 1855-6. It is generally believed that this annexation had much to do with the mutiny of the Sepoys, who were largely recruited from Oude. There was certainly much sympathy between the Sepoys and the landed proprietors, or Talookdars, who either overtly or covertly sided with the rebels, so that in Oude the rebellion was civil as well as military, chiefly because the Sepoys were largely enlisted from Oude families. As a punishment Lord Canning did what, I fancy, had never been done before. He boldly confiscated all the land, and made out new title deeds, by which all who were allowed to retain their lands were made to hold them directly and personally from the State. This created great consternation, but the power to

offer any effectual resistance was lacking, and probably most of the Talookdars were glad to be allowed to hold their lands on any terms, as all were more or less compromised.

In preparation for the visit of the Governor-General the city underwent an inside and outside spring cleaning on a most extensive scale ; a great deal of white-wash, and ochre-wash, and paint was expended under the decorating hands of skilled workmen. The result was surprising. The entrance into the city was a very grand affair. All the officers of state were in attendance. Cavalry and infantry lined the streets. The Princes and Rajahs of the province sat on gaily-caparisoned elephants, and the inhabitants of the houses showed their loyalty by flags and banners. Forts boomed at regular intervals the royal salutes. The great hall of the Chutter Munzil was arranged so that the Princes, chief Rajahs, and Talookdars should be marshalled in order of procedure, while on a raised dais Lord Canning (surrounded by a brilliant staff) stood for more than an hour as the great nobles of the conquered province filed in and took their places. A very fitting representative of the British Government he looked, as he stood calm, magestic, and motionless as a statue. When all were assembled he read (in English, and then an officer read in Hindoostani), Her Majesty's proclamation to her Indian subjects,

declaring that "all Europeans and natives should be equal in the eyes of the law. That, though she had a firm belief in the Christian religion, no man should suffer in any way for holding a different creed. All should be respected and protected in their own worship."

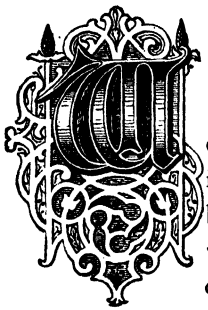
When the reading was ended Lord Canning spoke in a clear and impressive voice (the exact words I do not remember), but none who heard him can forget the impression of the stately dignity of manner, the tone of wounded pride of a Governor, whose subjects had rebelled, the severe look of authority with which he uttered the closing words, "*You* shall have protection and security, but *I* will have peace." The effect produced by his presence and speech were very great. The native Princes went out in fear.

That night there was a state dinner (to which I was invited) to meet the Viceroy. It was of course a very grand affair. After dinner he came up to me in the drawing-room, and said in the gentlest manner, "I am afraid we did you grave injustice, and gave you much anxiety, by our official letters on the subject of the articles in the *Oude Gazette*. I cannot understand how such a mistake could have arisen. However, I am sorry it happened. Now is there anything I can do for you?" Since the re-occupation of the city, all churches having been destroyed, Divine Service had

been performed in a mosque near the Kaiserbagh, which was, of course, not very suitable. For some time a new church had been in course of erection, but was now stopped for want of funds. A happy thought struck me while the Viceroy was speaking, and I said, "I want 5,000 rupees to finish the church." Shaking me cordially by the hand, he said, "You shall have it," and so the civil church was built, and on Lord Canning's next visit he formed part of the congregation.

CHAPER VII.

My Cook Marries a Princess.—Morganatic Marriages and the Eurasians.—The Loafer Element.



HEN the city was taken, a general exodus of the wealthier classes, including the Princesses and concubines from the Palace took place, who, gathering what valuables they could carry, fled, some on foot, some in covered bullock gharries, across the river into the interior. Many of these ladies were captured and annexed by the Sowars of the Sikh Irregular Cavalry and others. Perhaps, as they were nobodies' wives in particular, and generally held the marriage contract rather loosely, it did not much matter.

One day my table servant, who, though he was a good cook (when he was not drunk), was by no means of a noble or aristocratic bearing, came to me with a more than usually cringing manner to ask a favour.

"What is it Pir Buksh," said I.

He replied "I am going to bring my wife home, and as she is a princess I want permission to make a jaffrey hedge (wicker work) all round my house to insure privacy."

"A Princess," I said, looking at him with some astonishment, "how did you manage to catch her?"

Then he told me that in the flight of the Court from Lucknow he had rescued her (that was his way of putting it), and she in gratitude had consented to become his wife. Of course I gave permission, and the necessary screen fence was made. In the night closely veiled, the great lady came. I often saw her, indeed, she did not particularly seek to be hidden; she was a tall graceful woman no longer young; she had a daughter who in a short time was married from my cook's house in great state to a real Prince. So much more do the natives of India think of family and caste than of wealth and position. So far as I know the Princess made the cook a very good wife. He certainly was less frequently drunk after his fashionable marriage. In connection with this story I may add another, that came to my knowlege, of a nice English girl, who was taken captive by a native soldier, and carried to his home, and settled there as his wife. She refused to be rescued, or to leave her captor or protector.

The reports current at the time of the Mutiny of the outrages committed on English ladies were afterwards found to be exaggerated.

At the time of the Mutiny there were in Lucknow a great many adventurers, chiefly French, Italians, and Portuguese, who lived on the fat of the land by ministering to the corruption of the Court. Since the annexation they had had to shift for themselves, living on what they had made, or what they could still extort from the rich natives. All of them had one or two native wives. When I landed in India in 1857 (though even then the evil was diminishing), still officers and civilians alike not infrequently made quasi morganatic marriages with the native or half-caste women, and kept them and their dark offspring in small houses in the Zenana part of the compound, or enclosure, in which the bungalows were built. A large East Indian or Eurasian population was the result of this intercourse during the last 150 years. In almost every station there still exist native ladies, looked up to with some respect as Beebie So-and-So, the relict of General This, or Colonel That, who, having left a very sufficient allowance in house property, or the funds for his black wife to live on, has returned to England to repent and die.

Of these Eurasians at Lucknow (the descendants of Europeans and generally low caste native women),

the most respected and respectable was one Johannes a sort of Portuguese merchant, who traded in everything that could by any means bring in money. A most heterogeneous collection of articles his store rooms presented. There was nothing that could not be found there. Added to his reputation for wealth he had some curious influence with leading natives, and persons of all classes were to be found at his store morning and evening for consultation, probably ntrigue of some sort. This strange, odd-looking, yellow-faced little man as he was, became a considerable power in the Province, and when anything had to be done Johannes was frequently applied to, to do it. No doubt he was of great use to us after the Mutiny, but as his house, goods, and family had been respected during it, I suspect he had likewise been of use to the rebels. However, he was discreet, and said very little.

In two projects, in which I was consulted as a sort of go-between by the Chief Commissioner at this time Johannes played a considerable part. One was the promotion of a railway from Cawnpore to Lucknow and the other the purchase of the Lucknow newspaper, in order to put an end to the rabid articles which it usually contained. To this paper reference will be made hereafter. I shall say nothing more about the projected railway, except that the great

Princes and Bankers of Oude either did not see the necessity of it, or were afraid of losing their money, so only a few shares were taken by those who were anxious to stand well with Sir C. Wingfield, who desired to signalize his reign by promoting it. The said railway was not begun till some years afterwards, and then only when assisted by Government grant and guarantee. It has been in this manner that all the railways and other great works of utility in India have been accomplished. Natives have never yet had enterprise or confidence sufficient to undertake them alone. But I have introduced the name of my old friend Johannes, the general provider, a kind of Whitely of India, with his wonderful store, and his more wonderful domestic warren, in which dwelt, in a very primitive patriarchal fashion, and in apparent peace, a very tribe of Johannes. I have introduced his name, I say, for the purpose of saying something once for all of a large section of the population of India, who were now, and for the rest of my residence there, to form a considerable part of my congregation and parish. My duties as Chaplain lay for the most part with the civil residents of the stations to which I was appointed, though I sometimes had a garrison of soldiers at the fort to look after. Taking Lucknow, for instance, it may surprise my readers to be told that the civil population of English-speaking people

amounted to over 1,000; at Allahabad more than three times that number, and at Lahore it could not have been much less.

By civilians I mean all Englishmen, or Europeans not connected with the army. There were, of course, the covenanted civilians, those connected with the Magistracy, the Revenue, and the Police; then there were the Doctors, and those employed in Gaols, Hospitals, Dispensaries, and Lunatic Asylums, as well as clerks in the various offices. Add to these all the merchants, tradespeople, railway employees, and you have quite a small town. In a place like Lahore the upper ten amounted to more than 250, which made the Public Gardens and Mall, where the band played two or three times a week, quite gay. But at Lucknow the major part of the population were Eurasians, or half-castes—small, generally well-made men and women, with fine features, well-shaped hands and feet. Some were dark, some fair, but all showing the "tar brush" in knuckles and nails, and all speaking a detestable patois called Cheechee, saying "beg parding" at every sentence, affecting English airs in dress and speech, for the most part very imperfectly educated, and fit only for copying clerks. It is commonly said of them that as a class they inherit all the vices of both races and none of the virtues. This is not quite true, but after a rather extensive and

intimate acquaintance with them I am obliged to confess that they are a poor and contemptible race, with no backbone; devoid alike of veracity and purity. As a clergyman my complaint was that they seemed to lack all sense of *sin*, and no impression could be made on them by the most earnest appeal. They are, I am afraid, radically bad. Of course, there are glorious exceptions to this terrible indictment, but those who know India well must admit the general truth of the charge.

Some young half-castes of good means go on a visit to Europe, and sometimes return with nice young English wives, no doubt, who are attracted by the plausible address and what they mistake for the Spanish look of their Eastern admirers. When the voyage is over the poor bride, taken probably from a refined home, discovers to her disgust and sorrow that she is in no society but that of the Eurasian race, every habit and tradition of which is repulsive to her. The line which colour makes is well defined in India, and no Eurasian has, so far as I know, successfully crossed it, so his wife has to suffer in consequence.

For many years these half-castes have been employed as writers in the public offices, and Kerani, or writer, is the name by which they are most generally known. They often live in wretched hovels,

too crowded for decency, of which they have little notion, and subsist on the commonest food. Their pay averages from £36 to £180 a year.

Of course there are men, whose incomes rise from £500 to £1,000—men who have been better educated, and who have more brains and more English blood, but the rest—many thousands are now, and I fear will continue to be in a very wretched condition, looked down upon by both Europeans and natives, and likely to become still more degraded and miserable, as a late decree of Government practically gives all the offices lately held by them to natives.

One of the first things that attracted my attention in Lucknow was the number of people, dark indeed, but in dress, speech, and religion (if they could be said to have any religion) Christians like ourselves, who were living ignorant, debased, and wretched lives. It was to these people that I was sent to minister; indeed, part of my covenant engagement with the East India Company was to learn the Gentoo language, so as to be able to do so. This language I never did learn, and I never heard of anybody who did. The Gentoos I found to be Portuguese drummers and their families, attached to native regiments, who for the most part were ignorant of English. But if I had not Portuguese half-castes to

deal with, I had the same class as Keranis, and I laboured for many years, and at last, I am thankful to say with some success in bringing the condition of these poor people to the notice of Government, and obtaining educational grants.

In Allahabad and Lahore, I established for them large free schools, where a very fair education can be obtained, fitting them to fill Government Railway, and other offices which are open to them. It does seem hard that as they are on the soil, by our own fault, we should now make rules to debar them from gaining an honest livelihood. There was another evil which soon struck me. Almost every day some Englishman in rags and want would be found at my door asking relief. In England one would know what to do with such applications; but what was to be done in India? His story usually was, that he was going up country in search of work, and had not had a bite or a sup for the last two days, adding, "Would his Honour give him some food and his fare"! it might be to Cawnpore or Agra. What else could one do? One felt disgraced in the presence of the servants, or any native gentleman, who might be passing or calling at the time, if seen talking to one of the conquering race in such a plight. He would probably call on twenty other people, who feeling just as I did, would give four or five rupees to be rid of him; so the man

would net about four or five pounds before night. By this time, he would be madly drunk, abusing all who came in his way, especially natives.

Some ugly cases of serious assault and manslaughter, brought the matter forcibly under notice. At length on grounds of public morality, as well as of State policy, I drew up a scheme. that should put a stop to indiscriminate giving, and yet to provide adequate relief to beggars. The plan was very simple, and succeeded so well, that it was generally adopted in Bengal. It consisted, first of all, in setting apart a large Serai, or native hotel, for his sole use, in which the poor loafer conld be housed and fed, for such a period, as the relieving officer (usually the Chaplain) should think necessary. During the time of his resting at these Strangers' Homes, as they were called, the man had his clothes washed (if he had any), his hair cut, and tobacco, but no drink allowed him. Afterwards he was dispatched down country to the sea-port, or to some station where work was likely to be obtained.

My plan being thus successful, I received the thanks of the Government, which I valued highly, but was more flattered by an anecdote told me by a friend, who at a station above Allahabad, where I was then Chaplain, saw two well-known loafers, and overheard the following conversation :—

"What sort of a place is Allahabad, asked the one?"

"Damned dry," said the other, who had just left it "That devil of a Chaplain has spoilt the place, and you can't get the price of a drink from one end of it to the other."

CHAPTER VIII.

MISSIONARY WORK IN LUCKNOW—AND THE DIFFICULTIES WITH THE EDUCATED NATIVES.



IT is an interesting and consoling thought that after the din of war, with the sacrifice, suffering, and loss entailed thereby, there follows the tread of the missionary as the harbinger of peace. It has been so in almost every instance of English conquest, and it was so in the case of Lucknow. No sooner was the city taken, and order restored, than agents from two Missionary Societies were immediately on the spot, asking permission to settle in the province and carry on their operations. Their first difficulty was to obtain suitable houses, but by the kind favour of the Chief Commissioner, some of the forfeited palaces of the rich natives were (at any rate for a time) made over to them.

It was a period of almost indiscriminate loot. We had just conquered our rebel foes, and they had fled, and officers and men seemed to think that what had been left behind was forfeited. So it happened that many ladies of rank, widows, and children who had escaped in the days of the siege, and had been in hiding or living in some country house, and innocent of all share in the mutiny, found on their return that all their houses and goods were gone.

Some no doubt were recovered, but much was beyond the reach of the law The missionaries having obtained peaceable possession of the deserted palaces, the next step was to arrange their districts so that the two societies should not clash.

Sir Robert Montgomery asked the agents of the Missionary Societies to meet at his house to discuss the matter. I remember being struck with the earnestness and zeal of these men, contending as if for some purely selfish purpose, when they were really seeking who should have the largest share of the province alloted to them in which to preach the Gospel. At length a large map was brought, and looking at it Sir Robert said, "I think, gentlemen, you had better do as Abraham and Lot did. Let the river divide you. Let one take the left, and the other the right bank of the Gumtee, with the adjacent country, and live at peace." And thus it was settled,

It was my good fortune during part of my residence in Lucknow to be the guest of the C.M.S. They gave me rooms in the palace which had been allotted to them, and I had ample opportunity of seeing missionary work from the laying of the foundations to the careful building up of the structure.

It may not be uninteresting if I here give my readers some idea of the life of a missionary in India in those days. I must premise there were few of the hardships and sufferings that attend the work in other lands, and not much chance of martyrdom. There was a good house, good servants, a buggy and horse for each mission, and the entree into the society of the place, if they chose to avail themselves of it. Unthinking young men, seeing the Missionary driving about, and living in palaces, thought their lines had fallen in pleasant places, and that they lived in luxury, but those who knew them could testify how frugally they lived. They kept only what was necessary for their subsistance, took little care of health, were out early and late, unwearied in their all absorbing work. Besides preaching in the Bazaars, and teaching in the Schools, translating Scripture and other books for the use of the converts, which occupied the day until late into the night, there were earnest and long-continued talks with the numerous enquirers, who, like Nicodemus, came by night to hear and ask questions.

Then there were investigations into the character and motives of converts, before they were admitted to Baptism. And let no one suppose that any part of the work was easy; on the contrary it demanded, and still demands, the best ability, enthusiasm, and devotion which England can supply.

The natives of India, whether Hindoo or Mahomedan, are excellent controversialists, acute, deep thinkers, and able metaphysicians. They are often more than a match for the raw neophyte, who has not come duly prepared for the combat.

Sitting at home, convinced from childhood of the truth of revelation, it seems to him that nothing is so easy and delightful as to go and tell the poor heathen "the unsearchable things of God." But he finds the poor heathen as devoted, as earnest, as religious as himself, and a great deal further advanced in philosophical and theological speculation. He delights, the live-long night, to debate; and the young Missionary who has no idea of the subtilty of the Oriental mind, and is but little furnished with answers to such deep questions as the Eastern religions suggest, finds himself soon unequal to the war. Nothing, of course, is taken for granted. The very existence of God must be proved, and the reasonableness of the Incarnation.

I remember well a very worthy young member of the C.M.S., all zeal and devotion, arriving at Lucknow. He thought that very little else was wanted than to preach in the Bazaars, "Jesus Christ and Him crucified." He knew very little of the language; and to speak accurately on theological subjects takes long study, and gifts of no mean order. He had not mastered the Hindoo and Mahomedan systems of religion, and he could not sympathize with the intellectual difficulties of his audience. They laughed at his linguistic mistakes, they asked him questions which utterly posed him, and I am afraid, poor fellow, if he had remained they would have unsettled his mind in his own religion, as the Zulu did that of Bishop Colenso.

But this is a digression. In the cold weather there is itinerant work to be done. Some of the missionary staff go into camp, and make journeys through the Province, taking with them portions of the Scriptures, and tracts on some parts of the Mahomedan controversy for distribution; also they usually supply themselves with quinine, and some other simple remedies. The natives of the country have a great faith in the medicine man, and welcome the approach of the itinerant preacher to the village as the advent of a Man of God. They bring honey and milk, or anything they may have, and crowd round his tent

morning and evening to hear and discuss the Gospel Message.

It seemed to me that it was my duty as Chaplain of Lucknow to try to interest my congregation in missionary work, and this more especially as not a few were sceptical as to the work and its results. Remembering how interesting the meetings at Exeter Hall had been, and how materially they had helped to advance the cause, after some consultation I proposed to have missionary sermons preached in Church, and meetings afterwards, at which Sir R. Montgomery readily consented to take the chair. Imagine my surprise when I found that those men, who in England would have been found at Exeter Hall, and all over the country giving an account of their work, absolutely refusing to have anything to do with a missionary meeting in India. I think they felt the difficulty of talking on a subject in which the audience were as well versed as themselves; where statements could be verified, where no exaggeration or colouring of a story was possible. They knew, too, that most of the officers doubted the facts about their converts, and this was not an encouraging atmosphere in which to speak. Easy enough it is in dear old England to talk of converts and mission work, but on the spot, and before experts and unbelievers, the case was different.

However, I persisted. I could not or would not see the difficulty. I would accept no denial, and finally, though Sir Robert forsook me, I said if the others would not help me, I would have a missionary meeting without the missionaries, so I accordingly gave notice in Church, and advertised in the papers, and sent a polite letter to the missionaries (great friends of mine, remember) asking their co-operation. My dear friend, Sir George Campbell, said he would back me up, and at last the missionaries thought better of it, came and took part. It was a great success, and the subscriptions to the Society were forthwith doubled.

CHAPTER IX.

ATTEMPT TO ESTABLISH AN ARISTOCRACY IN OUDE.—I ARRANGE A MARRIAGE.

AMONGST the many interesting buildings still standing, though much injured during the siege, was the Martiniere College, founded some 50 years before the annexation by a General Martin or Martinier for native and Eurasian boys. The General was an enterprising Frenchman, a sort of free-lance who in the days of the King of Oude had taken service with their dissolute Majesties and therein amassed considerable wealth. When he died he left all his fortune (which had not already been seized by his concubines) to found a College in his native City of Lyons, and one in Lucknow, where he had made it. I have heard various estimates of

his wealth, but all agreed in these two particulars, that it was very great, and that the mode of its acquisition would not bear investigation.

There is a picture still existing, I fancy by Beachey, the painter, who was also one of the hangers-on of this disreputable Court. I saw very lately a spirited coloured print of this picture probably more than 150 years old. The subject is a great state cockfight, at which the King and all his Ministers of State were present. General Martinier, who was famous for his cocks, and for gambling, is represented with the other Europeans as taking part in it.

Apropos of gambling. There lived some ten years ago, in and amongst the ruins of Old Delhi, but chiefly, I think, near the Trootub, a number of relations, more or less distant, of the dethroned and exiled King, who went by the general name of Shazadas, or the Princes, and who received small pensions from the British Government. Their high estate, of course, prevented them from doing any sort of honest work but fighting quails from morning till night, lounging about the ruins, and jumping down the walls from a height of 60 or 70 feet for such sums as the visitors chose to give. A life of dissipation generally did not seem to them inconsistent with royalty. Each of these richly bedizened youths carried a small cage, and, if asked, would at once begin

the favourite sport. I may add that it certainly was very exciting; the quails, when hungry, are most pugnacious, and as plucky and game as bantams.

The Martiniere College, at the time I knew it, was under the charge of a very energetic man named Schilling, whose life was a romance.

After many ups and downs in various capacities, and in almost every quarter of the globe, he came to Lucknow, where he was appointed Principal of the College, with an income of about £1,000 a year. Very soon after this the Mutiny broke out, and the boys and masters had to take refuge in some very insecure buildings of the Residency, and here the pluck and energy of the man turned the place to account. By loopholing the walls he and the lads did as much execution as any of the civilian defenders. After the "relief," when order was restored, the work of the College recommenced, and from its members my choir was composed. Its principal and some of the masters, especially one Hanford, were my intimate friends, from whom I heard many tales of these stirring times.

At this period the question of land tenure in Oude was long and hotly disputed; the Zemindar, as opposed to the Talookdar system, had their respective advocates.

I have already said that Lord Canning had taken the extreme step (wisely or unwisely I do not pretend to determine) of confiscating the whole of the lands of the rebel State, and only re-establishing the great landed aristocracy as lesses for the Crown on something like feudal tenure.

This may be a fitting place to introduce an incident connected with Lord Canning's treatment of the Talookdars, which is characteristic of the man and of the times. I was at this time on a visit to my friend C. E., one of the ablest and most conscientious of the Competition Wallahs. Belonging to a talented family he had taken a scholarship at Trinity, Cambridge, and was considered a very rising man at College, but he gave this up, and accepted the offer of an Indian appointment. My friend was out in camp, which in the cold weather is a delightful way of seeing the country.

I remember well how, after our usual morning and evening gallop, the venerable grey beards of the village would gather round the tent, holding long converse with us, and especially with E., who was then collecting materials for his History of the Rajpoots of Oude.

The local poet would give us the legends, myths, and romances connected with some old castle, forest, or river, and never tired of listening in turn to stories

of England, and her Great Queen. One day the *Gazette* arrived, containing the order of the Governor General in Council, conferring magisterial powers on all the Talookdars by reason of their position. It was easy to see by what process of reasoning borrowed from Europe, Lord Canning had framed the order, purposing to flatter the landholders and introduce future self government, and at the same time save the natives vexation and expense in small cases by having them dealt with on the spot. But Oude Nobles were not, and could not be made into even a semblance of English landed gentry, who can be entrusted with such powers, and who, if they do not use them wisely, can easily be brought to book by public opinion. The Nobles of Oude at this time were ignorant and corrupt, and sure to use this or any other power to oppress the poor.

To place such a terrible engine in such hands was an "egregious mistake." These were the words in which the order was characterised in an article of the *Oude Gazette*. Immediately after it appeared, Lord C. telegraphed to the Chief Commissioner, asking who was the author of it. A secretary came to try to get the secret out of me, but I replied that I would not tell. Then an official letter was sent to my friend. He denied the right of the Government to ask the question, and politely declined to answer. But the

Government of India is necessarily despotic. My friend, an excellent officer, was removed and reduced, and did not recover his position till some years afterwards, when Sir George Campbell took him to assist in the administration of the Central Provinces, since which time he has risen steadily in his profession, and he seems now likely to attain the highest post the State can give him.

Among other schemes for the pacification and civilization of Oude in 1858-9 it was proposed to establish an English landed aristocracy. These gentlemen, to be ennbled by the State, were to be centres of information and strength to the Government, and of light and knowledge to the natives among whom they were to live. When this singularly romantic and Quixotic plan was determined on, Lord Canning was on a visit to Lucknow. Mr. Schilling happened to call on the Viceroy, who, struck with his straightforward carriage, and remembering his gallant conduct during the siege, said to Sir R. Montgomery, "Why should not we make Mr. S. a Talookdar?" Thus it came to pass that the Principal of the Martiniere College became a Noble of Oude. The estate which was given to him was worth about £30,000; the right of sale was eventually included, and on the proceeds thereof he is now living happily, and much respected in Upper Norwood.

It may not be without interest to mention the result, as far as I know it, of the attempt to plant an English feudal aristocracy in Oude.

The condition of permanent residence at first affixed to these grants was found so burdensome that it had to be relaxed. First came the petitions to be allowed to live on the hills part of the year, then to visit England, and finally to sell, and thus in a few years the lands came again into the possession of the natives, and the projects of colonization, even by valuable grants, utterly failed. Could it have been carried out I have no doubt it would have been of much use, but the plains of India, with only native society, are not suitable for colonization by Englishmen.

Amid many new experiences of this eventful period, I may be permitted to show myself for the first (and last) time as a match maker. I am not very proud of it, but I was the means of bringing two people together, who might not otherwise have met, and the result has been altogether happy. A gentleman (whose name, for obvious reasons, I am not at liberty to mention) was, in the cold weather of 1860, on a visit to me at Lucknow; he was a very clever fellow, but from want of opportunity he had not found his proper place in the world. He was an unsuccessful genius, very much hipped, and very desponding.

Sitting one evening, smoking the soothing cigar, he suddenly said, "I say, old fellow, I don't see what's the use of living. I have a good mind to open a vein and expire in a Socratic manner."

"Why don't you get married?" I asked.

"Married!" he said, bursting into an uncontrollable fit of laughter—and as I looked at him then, gaunt, sallow, and sickly—it did seem rather ridiculous.

When he had subsided he said, "I have never seen anyone I should like who would marry me, nor anybody who liked me whom I could marry."

"Have you ever thought of M.?" I said, mentioning the name of a common friend.

He looked steadily at me for a long time, and asked, "What makes you mention her?"

"I don't know," I said, "probably phophecy."

"Well, it is strange, but of all the women I have ever seen in this dreary world, and I have travelled nearly all over it, she is the only woman I should like, and perhaps she is the only woman who would like me."

"Well, propose to her," said I, carrying on the joke.

"What shall I say?" "I never wrote a love letter in my life," he said.

"Oh, nothing earsier, just a straightforward manly statement of the case, and depend upon it she will have you."

So a letter was concocted between us. It had to travel to Calcutta. Some few days elapsed, on which my friend somewhat profanely remarked, "the woman who hesitates is lost." At length the expected epistle arrived, giving him hopes, but very properly asking for time and opportunity to know him better. On this he went post haste to Calcutta, but the lady, though kind, would not say "yes" at once. Within a week I received a laconic note to this effect, "that he had told the lady's brother that if the completion of the business was long delayed he should consider the negotiation at an end."

To be brief, she did relent, they were married, and he went to Bombay to take up some duties there. I was amused one morning, about three months after, to get a note from him, with only these words: "Very unsatisfactory, not equal to sample," as if he was talking of a parcel of dry goods that had been consigned to him for sale. However, about a year after this I had a letter much longer and very cheerful, in which he said he was the happiest of men, his wife was an angel, and she had given him a daughter.

My friend has gone through many vicissitudes since, but through all this excellent woman has been more than a prize or a fortune; she has been to him all that is included in the words—"A true wife."

CHAPTER X.

AGITATION AGAINST THE INCOME TAX.—MILITARY V. CIVILIANS.

IT has already been mentioned that at Lucknow, and some other of the large cities of India, great destruction had been wrought by the Mutineers. The expenses contingent on putting down the Mutiny and repairing the damages were necessarily great. It was decided in order to obtain the needful funds, and to punish in a very practical manner the inhabitants, who had more or less sympathized with the Sepoys, to impose an income tax on the natives, or at any rate upon Lucknow.

Direct taxation in India is a matter of great difficulty, and it has never yet been successfully taken in hand. It has often been done in a rough and ready manner, involving, no doubt, considerable oppression and injustice. In native states, of course, a demand is

made in a perfectly arbitrary manner, and enforced at the point of the sword. In some state the taxes are farmed, which is the most offensive and oppressive form of collecting the revenue. An income tax was as novel as it was unwelcome to the Indian community; and I have the best reason for knowing that the great bankers and wealthy tradesmen in Calcutta, perhaps also in other towns, held secret but influential meetings to adopt measures whereby the obnoxious "tickus," as they called it, might be got rid of.

The immediate result of this conspiracy (as the agitation may well be called) was a combination to resist the tax. The *Oude Gazette* had informed the Government of the feeling of the natives on the subject, and of the difficulty of obtaining reliable returns, as well as of the expense and friction attending the collection. In society there were noticeably two very distinct parties, one in favour of the measure and the other opposed to it.

When it is remembered that the residents were at this time (1860) more or less in the employment of the Government, and ought to have been at one in assisting not in thwarting its action; that they were all, or nearly all, either military men or civilians; it will no doubt appear very remarkable that there should have been this division of opinion, or at any rate that it should have showed itself so strongly and adopted

such party tactics as it did. The explanation, singular as it may appear, is that a woman was at the bottom of it.

At the time of which I am speaking there was almost as wide a division between civil and military as between the black and white races, though, of course, for very different reasons ; and to such an extent did these animosities proceed, that the two classes were often not on speaking terms. This very absurd spirit arose from the precedence which the Government chose to give to civilians over military men ; just as there is often considerable ill feeling on board ship between naval and military men for the same cause. The soldiers, who considered that they had conquered and still held the country by force of the sword, felt it to be a wrong that they should rank below civilians, officers of experience and mature years ranking after young civil servants of a few years' standing.

In the present instance this animosity in Lucknow was aggravated by the fact that the Chief Civil Authority was an uncovenanted man, who did not even belong to the civil service. However, he was a man of very pronounced character, able and audacious, and his wife, who, like himself, had no particular standing, was pert, pretentious, and pretty. On the other hand the Chief Military Authority was son of one and

brother of another well-known Indian officer, and belonged to a family of fighting men. His wife was as pleasant as her rival was the reverse. These two ladies had for some reason quarrelled, their husbands, of course, taking part *con amore*, and this obnoxious tax gave the opportunity of doing an injury one to the other, when they ought to have combined for the purpose of their country's good.

It will probably astonish the reader to be told that two officers, *both* Englishmen, *both* in the employment of Government, *both* more or less responsible for the city and province, set spies on one another. Spies watched their homes, and took notice of what was done and said inside them. Spies watched their rides and drives, and knew what took place in all their consultations about natives. The wretchedness of such a state of things is enhanced in India by the fact that the natives, who are very keen observers soon detect any rivalry of this kind, and make capital of it by playing off the one against the other. It is the kind of diplomacy with which they are best acquainted.

I do not say the military man gave direct countenance to the agitation against the tax, but I am quite sure he approved of it, and that he inspired the articles against it in the *Oude Gazette*, and that he let

it be too plainly seen how glad he should be to see it fail.

Everything that the civilian did in order to carry it out was observed and reported at head quarters. The whole city was ordered to pay a certain sum, say £30,000, and to facilitate collection it was divided into what I should call parishes, and the head men of each parish, the richest and most influential, were appointed as assessors. Now it is very difficult even to guess at the wealth of a native. It may all be buried in an earthen jar, in the shape of rupees, or turned into jewelry, and likewise hidden, or it may be lent on mortgages.

Under such circumstances, natives being inveracious and unscrupulous, the head man of each parish divided the amount of the Income Taxes to be paid among all those whom they thought could be squeezed and made to pay, and let themselves off with as small an amount as possible.

The discontent was tremendous. Natives are a boastful and vain-glorious race. At a wedding or a funeral they will often ruin themselves by an ostentatious expenditure, and their style of living is therefore no guide to the amount of their income. It is absolutely deceptive, and intended to be so, and yet they are avaricious, and care so little for a reputation for truth that had they been asked to assess them-

selves, as we are in England, it would have astonished the Government to know how poor the Nobles were by whom they were surrounded.

The native official acting under the orders of the Civil Magistrate, or Deputy Commissioner, was a man called Ram Dial. He reported to his superiors that the natives could pay, and were only making excuses to evade the tax. His instructions were urgent and short: "Make them pay up." A very little time after this there appeared an article in the *Oude Gazette*, reporting horrid and unheard of oppression and cruelty on the part of the Civil Magistrate. The statement was that every day Ram Dial sentenced protesting taxpayers to stand in a shallow part of the river under the mid-day sun, each with a big stone on his head, watched by a native policeman till they should promise to pay. Such modes of punishment are not, or were not in my day, unknown in India, but I am rather inclined to think in this case the *Gazette* lied.

In order to levy the tax the Civil Magistrate permitted Ram Dial to distrain on the goods and chattels of those who refused to pay. When the Court was closed it was a *dies non* to the native, so accompanied by his myrmidons, and armed with all the powers which the law gave him, he went down on a quiet Sunday into the wealthiest and most

rebellious ward of the city. He was met by a rough refusal to pay the tax. Irritated perhaps, and not sorry to to show his brief authority, he ordered doors to be opened and houses ransacked for valuables, nor were the sacred chambers of the hirem, or the more sacred bodies of the native ladies proof against the demands of the officers of the law, who seized rings and jewels of various kinds, no doubt with some personal violence and insult. This was done probably with more violence than Ram Dial and his master intended, but wrong, of course, leads to further wrong, and what was intended to show that the Government was determined to be obeyed, and to overawe by one bold stroke the whole city, by its mismanagement brought about what, no doubt, the agitation intended, viz., the discontinuance of the tax.

The *Oude Gazettee* of next day was triumphant. It had an article denouncing the ruthless cruelty and oppressive administration of the law. It spoke of the insults offered to native ladies, and this done by English officials on the Lord's Day. It predicted nothing less than a second Mutiny, and asked for the removal of the officers who had disgraced the English name and fame.

The result was the one least to be expected. The Government refused to believe the statement of the

paper, upheld the action of the Civil Authorities, and ordered the removal, which was virtually the disgrace of the military man who who was in charge of the police of the city.

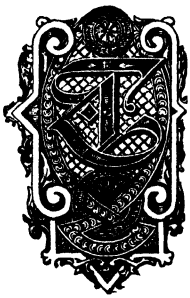
In a conversation some time after this with the Judicial Commissioner of Oude (an officer corresponding to that of our Chief Justice) the subject of these riots and the bad influence of the *Oude Gazette* came to be discussed. "It seems a pity," said the Judge, "that a local paper, which in local affairs is supposed to be correct, should be allowed to do so much mischief unsilenced and unanswered. I wish we could find some means of stopping this troublesome editor, and putting the rest of the Press of India on the right track." The subject was further discussed, and finding what the desire of the Government was I did my best to help them. I wrote a series of letters in the *Calcutta Journal*, exposing the animus and lies of the *Gazette*, and put the matter clearly and plainly before the public. Then I went to old Johannes, who, as I have before mentioned, was proprietor of the *Oude Gazette*, and proposed to him that either the *Gazette* should cease, he being paid, of course, for his property, or that the present editor should be dismissed, and the paper be edited by some impartial and right-minded Englishmen. All this was necessarily a matter of arrangement and money. The

old man, who had received many favours from Government, and hoped to receive many more, saw all the mischief such editing was likely to entail, and was not very unwilling to listen to my proposals. "But," said he, "who is to edit the paper?" I soon arranged that with him, and in half an hour we had reached the office, given the editor his month's pay, locked up the press proofs, and seen him off the premises, to the great delight of the Government, I believe, and of every right-minded man.

On Christmas Day mornlng I received a very kind letter from the Commissioner, saying that the Government, in return for my services, had much pleasure in presenting to me the "Muzzool" House, in which to live rent free for ever.

CHAPTER XI.

A Remarkable Marriage.—Exchanging Wives.—A Local Parliament.



HE time of the Indian Mutiny was, of course, the occasion of the increase of rascaldom throughout the country in every form. Order was then dethroned, and chaos set up in its place. The gaols were opened, and vice unfettered let loose upon the public. But plunder was not the worst form it took, for the cultivated and talented villainy which lives by its wits and preys on the defenceless and unsuspicious, is worse than that of mere brute force. It is well clothed and well housed rascaldom of which I am now to speak.

Many of the rich natives of Oude, as well as elsewhere, had invested their savings in Government paper, what we should call Government securities, three per cent. consols, etc. At the outbreak of the

mutiny a great deal of such paper was held by native gentlemen, bankers, widows, etc. This paper, like all other security, is subject to the fluctuations of the market and political complications, and now when the rebellion in one vast volume had broken over the Empire it seemed to the native that the Raj or rule of the British was at at an end, and the Government notes necessarily became depreciated in value. During the siege of Lucknow many notes for 1,000 rupees might have been had for an old song. Government officials, to whom these papers were brought, eagerly bought them up, as they said, to show confidence in the Government; but when order was restored it became a question how far they were right in using their official influence to obtain the paper, or, to put it at the lowest, how far they were indebted to that influence, and the hope of favour for obtaining the notes at that low rate. Later, when order was restored, some of the dispossessed holders of the notes came forward to claim them, alleging they had been stolen or obtained by fraudulent means or under false pretences. A court of enquiry was held, and those who had acquired these papers by any means were examined before it. There were four men at least whose cases looked very bad. One was dismissed the service, the rest ought also to have been dismissed, but they were only severely reprimanded.

Lucknow was gradually rebuilt. The residency associated with the noble name of Henry Lawrence, and showing on its battered walls the severity of the siege, was covered with creepers, and left a picturesque ruin, while the grounds were, at great expense, laid out as a public cemetery, and on the walls of the city, and on the walls of the ruined Church were placed tablets and monuments to the brave men and women who fell during the memorable siege.

It is very important, in India especially, that persons in influential positions should show due regard to religion. The natives are quick observers, and the indifference, and worse, of Englishmen in India has done more in times past to hinder the efforts of the Missionary than anything else.

Sir Robert Montgomery was most particular on this point, and so also were many of the leading officials of India, both civil and military.

An amusing story is told of one very puritanical Lieutenant Governor. His wife, who usually did his dirty work, was reproaching one of his A.D.C. for not attending Church, when His Excellency attended and said "It is an insult to the Lieutenant Governor and your God."

Sir George Yule was a ruler of the good school. He had been famous in Bengal as a pigsticker, and

had quite got out of the way of attending Church. I fancy in some of the places where he served there was no opportunity.

It grieved me so much to notice that he did not attend that after much hesitation I wrote to him, begging that he would for the sake of example (for I knew that in his private life he was a most excellent man) attend the services of the Church. In due time he replied in the most courteous manner, confessing his fault, regretting that I had been obliged to address him on such a subject, and promising never again to offend. He kept his word.

I have seen many curious courtships and marriages in India, but never one more remarkable than this—A well-known official, high in the service, with almost every quality that could render him attractive and endear him to the gentler sex, had resisted all their fascinations, and at over 50 years of age was still a bachelor and heart-whole. He might certainly have married all the nice English girls then in the station. But no—There was then living with her brother (an Executive Engineer) a lady, no longer in her first bloom—who in her most sanguine moments, I should suppose, never dreamed of marriage. It was upon this lowly and rather crumpled flowerthat the high official's favour fell, and never did young man pay to

beauty and youth such unstinted and gracious court as he of whom I write. He found in this neglected maiden, hidden under so unpleasant an exterior, all the virtues of mind and heart that adorn a woman. When they were married, and she became "my lady," it was to the great astonishment of the station, and the envy, no doubt, of many of her more favoured sisters. He gave me one of the largest fees I ever received for a marriage, £25.

Amongst the many pleasing debutantes of the season (1860) there was a young lady whose pretty manners and ingenious character attracted many admirers; she was about eighteen, and fresh from school. Observing that her carriage at the band-stand in the Public Gardens was constantly sur-surrounded by the mashers of that day, I asked her how she managed to find conversation for all these youths, to which she most naively replied "Well, to tell you the truth, I did find it very difficult at first. I did not know what to talk about, and I felt it so very dull and stupid to have nothing to say that I determined to write down on my ivory tablets which I carry with me, as you see, topics of conversation—sometimes about books, pictures, travels, music, or the latest news from England. so I get on very well, and find my retainers are fewer but more intelligent than they were at first. I much admired the good sense of

the girl. Some months after this, when she was was engaged to a very charming officer, whom she afterwards married, I said "Well, Ada, what is your topic for to-day." "Oh," said she, laughing, "I am now so practised a hand that I do not need any topics. I have quite overcome my nervousness, and talk now perhaps too much."

One of my duties as Chaplain was to pay the pensions of a number of so-called Christians who had been in the King of Oude's service, and which in the annexation we promised to continue. They certainly were a very awkward lot, as a Yorkshireman would say, and into their antecedents it would not be well too particularly to enquire. What struck me about them, as I visited from time to time the warrens in which they lived (for no other word would describe them), was the great number of women folk and children they supported. Some of the women were, no doubt, slaves, and the children were somewhat promiscuous.

One patriarch, who only received £2 16s. 0d. a month from the Government, was a great sinner in this respect. "How many children have you?" said I, seeing a small army around me.

"Let me see," he said, scratching his head and doing a sum of mental arithmetic. After enumerating

about 27, he suddenly ceased, saying, "Really, I connot tell, I have lost so many, and so many have left me."

"Well," said I, "Have you more wives than one?"

At this he laughed so much that I really was afraid the old sinner would expire (for he was very apopletic) or never recover sufficiently to hold intelligible conversation any more that day. "Bless you," he said. "One wife! why that is unknown in Oude, I must have had a score; some are dead, some are gone, two I exchanged."

"Exchanged," I said, more than astonished, "What do you mean?"

"Well," he said, "They were fairly good cooking women, but with too much temper for me, so a friend, taking a fancy to them, I let him have them for two suits of clothes and a dozen of brandy."

It was not of much use talking to such a dissolute old scamp, but I said, "How many wives have you now?"

"Only seven," he replied, with the faintest approach to regret, not indeed for his sins, but for the smallness of his harem.

But I said, "How do you manage to keep seven wives and all those children on £2 16s. od. a month.

"Well," said he, it is all bundobust (a common Indian term for systematic arrangement) you see I

live with each wife a week at a time, and give her one rupee a day for my food."

I was too disgusted to continue the conversation, and only tell the story here to show the condition of the poor whites or half castes about the Court of Oude at the time of annexation. But what could be expected of such a Court, whose King, unable to sleep, used to drive about at night, attended by a bevy of beautiful naked girls, who fanned the luxurious monarch or performed some form of sensuous massage.

And here it may not be out of place to refer for a moment to the charges often made by English writers against the fair fame of English ladies in India. No doubt there are instances of unfaithful women, and divorce cases are not unknown, but during my long experience in India of 21 years I never knew of as many cases as occur in a single season in London, indeed, I think I might say I could easily count them on my fingers. Of course India offers many opportunities for flirtation, especially in the hills, where grass-widows abound, and young officers are also on leave, with little else to do but to amuse themselves. We know the proverb about idle hands. Still it must be remembered, in extenuation of the admitted unconventional familiarity between the sexes, characteristic of India, that the stiff and severe

etiquette of our colder clime is unknown, and that from the very nature of the case. All are exiles from home and friends, where the last comer has the privilege of calling upon whomsoever he pleases, and where there is not only more hospitality and friendliness but also much more liberty permitted, and young women, whether wives or maidens, ride and walk with their gentlemen friends unchaperoned in a way that would compromise them in the old country.

After the siege great improvements were made in the appearance of the City of Lucknow. The Public Gardens, which are now called Wingfield Park, but which owed their origin to that ablest of Indian administrators, Sir George Campbell, were laid out; trees planted along the roads and on the banks of the river Goomtee; excellent houses were built and remodelled out of native palaces. For 500 yards round the fort a glacis for the play of cannon was made by the wholesale destruction of houses, among the ruins of which parties of diggers for hidden treasure were often to be seen. It became quite the mania of the day, and natives would often come and promise for a certain reward to show where fabulous amounts of money and jewels were buried by men who had joined the rebels, and fought against us, and fled never to return. It was commonly reported that the man who prepared (generally during the night) the

place for the treasure, was then murdered that he might not divulge the secret.

At the house where I lived treasure was said to be buried, and a native offered for 200 rupees to point it out to me. I need scarcely say I declined the offer.

Whilst the rebuilding of the city was going on the clerks in the various offices were lodged in the King's Palace, or Kaiserbagh, and in some of the sumptuous chambers, where Princes had revelled or royal ladies dwelt, these poor half caste clerks found a shelter.

When the country was more settled an idea occurred to the Chief Commissioner to establish a sort of local Parliament, consisting of certain nobles and leading men of the province, by whose discussion of political questions Government might be informed as to native opinion. To carry this out the King's Palace was divided into residences for the nobles, and the Clerks were turned out. Very near the Church there was a long and commodious building which the late King of Oude had used as stables, his horses being as numerous as his wives. This building it occurred to me could be easily divided and fitted up to accommodate all the Clerks. To my suggestion the Chief Commissioner kindly agreed, and the ground round it was laid out as a kind of Public Garden, and the building, fitted up for 32 families, was made over to my friends the Clerks, a fact which they did not

forget, when on my leaving Lucknow they presented me with a valuable testimonial.

While the beautification of the city was then proceeding other matters were taken in hand that tended to make Lucknow a most agreeable station to live in. It fell to my share to establish a Library, a club for the uncovenanted, a Volunteer Corps, and at regular periods a series of lectures, which were then much appreciated and well attended. One in particular I remember, delivered by Sir George Campbell, who has ever been in advance of his day. The subject was the reconstruction of the map of Europe, on the basis of nationality, and it is curious now to recall the fact, and note how far his foresight has been fulfilled (especially in the case of the German Empire). Then half in joke he proposed that the Sultan should have Turkey and betake himself to govern Egypt, and that Turkey be made over to Russia as part of that Empire, but to be governed by a separate ruler, who should introduce perfect equality and constitutional government.

The Pope was to be sent to the Holy Land and have his Cathedral at Jerusalem. At the time I am writing of, Sir George Campbell was Judicial Commissioner of Oude, a post for which he was eminently suited He told me that some of the rebel prisoners, whom he sentenced to be hanged or transported to the Andamans, said they would all turn Christians if

the Government would offer a pardon. There is no particular dislike to Christianity in the minds of any native, but there is great dread of the civil disabilities of being outcasted. One man said to me that if 500 of my Bhai-bund (Brotherhood) caste would turn Christian he and all his family would do the same. On another occasion, when a notorious rebel was under sentence of death, a very beautiful woman, no doubt his paramour, presented herself to Sir George and offered herself, and a very handsome bribe if he would let off the prisoner.

Nor is this the only instance in which I have heard of the same means taken to obtain undue influence. One of the most rising civilians in Oude was caught in this way. Every morning a very beautiful woman was paraded before him disguised as an ordinary Coolie working in the garden. Attracted by her goods looks he sent for her, and made her his mistress, to find out, too late, that her father, uncles, and cousins had very heavy law suits in his Court, and expected, of course, to succeed by her influence. To such a length were the intrigues carried that, but for the interposition of a powerful friend at Court, who suddenly ordered him to another station, the young man's prospects in life would have been utterly ruined.

I have spoken of the new Church, which was built in Lucknow from the design of that excellent man,

General Hutchinson, but before it was built we worshipped in a large Mosque in the Kaiserbagh, a very handsome building, but utterly unsuitable, specially in the hot weather, for such a purpose. Very strange it was to see our good Commissioner going up to the improvised lectern to read the lessons in full military uniform, and with revolvers stuck in his belt.

CHAPTER XII.

LIFE ON THE HILLS.—MY FIRST BEREAVEMENT. AN INTERESTING TOUR.

ABOUT this time I took privilege leave to the hills. The nearest hill station to Lucknow was the lovely sanitarium of Nyneetal, where there is a charming lake, some 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, surrounded by well wooded hills, sloping down to the waters' edge. Here villas, picturesquely situated amongst the trees, offer just that restful feeling which, with pure air and romantic scenery, is so necessary to the weary toiler from the plains. To Nyneetal I went regularly for three or four years, and no doubt to my habit of taking privilege leave every year I owe, in a great measure, the excellent health which I now enjoy.

Nyneetal has some hundred villas, some built like Swiss chalets, and some like English mansions, which may be rented furnished for the season or by the

month. Hither officers, civil and military, with their wives and children, wend their way about the 15th April for a residence of six months. There are also many gentlemen, including the Chaplain, the doctor, and the officer commanding the convalescent depot, as well as some retired officers, who live there all the year round. Boating and fishing in the lake, balls, picnics, and badminton pleasantly fill up the time while mothers and their children gather health and strength before returning to the plains.

Besides the prettty Church in the woods, dedicated to S. John (on one of whose bells runs the inscription: "Vox clamans in deserto," thought by a Purist Governor to be almost profane), there are large schools for boys and girls of the upper classes, greatly expanded by the energy of the present Bishop in Jerusalem and the East. Here in this lovely retreat, so calm, so beautiful, the lake reflecting both heaven and earth in its seldom ruffled surface, rest the remains of my youngest child, a victim to the carelessness of a native nurse, who, more concerned with her admirers than her charge, kept the poor child out too late. A noxious malarious vapour rises from the lake at sunset, and is the fruitful cause of croup, to which my child succumbed.

It was the first bereavement in my own family, and parents who have suffered like I did will understand

my feelings when I read the telegram—"Willie died this morning, funeral to morrow." Hurriedly, without asking leave from anyone, simply making arrangements for my duty, I hurried to the hills, a two days' journey, only to look, not on the face, but on the newly covered grave of my child.

How altered those hills were to me; they seemed to have lost their friendly appearance and happy look, and to partake of my own wretchedness.

I do not propose to weary my reader with the oft told tale of these hill stations, whose beauty is no where excelled, as I think, in Switzerland or Italy. I shall only, after my own gossiping fashion, try to recall some incidents which occurred during my residence in Nyneetal.

Near Nyneetal (near, that is for India, where the distances are, of course, immense) there is a scene much visited, known as the Pindari Glacier. One of the most charming circumstances connected with a residence in the hills is that it affords the visitor (who in the plains is debarred from walking exercise on account of the heat) an opportunity of making many short tours in a climate so bracing, so exhilarating, so cool that it is a positive joy to be abroad. In all directions a paternal Government has made good roads in the hills, with easy gradients for men and ponies. Dak bungalows are placed about every 20

miles (a four hours' journey), affording shelter and homely accommodation for the nights. Of course, you take your own bedding (not much is required) and provisions, with servants, and thus are quite independent. The whole tour is a picnic, and provided the party is a pleasant one, of the most agreeable kind.

Having made up such a party, consisting of a doctor, an old civilian, a young competition wallah, and myself, we made arrangements for the tour, which we estimated would last about 20 days. I shall not describe the journey, which is done much better in the local guide book. I will only say that my readers are to follow me through valley after valley, clothed with the most lovely flowers, fragrant trees in all the glory of spring, high hills on every side, with sometimes a vista of the snow clad peaks in the distance.

At many a turn might be heard, and sometimes seen, the gay peacock, or the noisy jungle fowl, a kind of pheasant, crowing just like a barndoor fowl in the highest trees. Here we passed a gigantic creeper, itself as large as a tree, encircling and overtopping the loftiest king of the forests. On every side from mossy branches we gazed with wonder at the many-coloured orchids, not so fine, perhaps, as those of Brazil, but still lovely in form and brilliant in

colour. As we passed the whirr and glitter of the golden pheasant, or his more sober-hued cousin, would be heard as they darted down the hill-side, too brisk even for a snapshot, while squirrels and hoopoo, and many splendidly-plumaged birds (but without song) broke the silence with their own particular calls. Anon cascade and cataract made music and light as they leapt down the rocky side of the hill, on which they scooped their way. Nor need I add to the ever-varying flowers of spring, which met us in that delightful march, the innumerable species of ferns, which we gathered as we passed. I think there were 135 in all. Then the road went over steep mountain passes into the next valley, and so on for some ten days. The path lay for the most part along the winding Pindari, now a placid silvery varied stream, and anon a roaring cataract. In this stream, icy cold from its glacier source, we usually bathed before breakfast, after which we walked some ten miles to a halting place, cunningly chosen by our head table servant close to a stream, or under some wide spreading plane tree. Here we had lunch. Rollicking stories and jokes, a sketch, a pipe, maybe a short siesta, occupied the heat of the day, and allowed time for the camp to go forward.

After a two hours' rest the party would move on, and arrive about sunset to find tents pitched, every-

thing in its right place, just as it had been the night before. A table spread with its white appetising cloth, and in the distance a savoury dinner that would not have disgraced a London club, getting ready for us. How it was ever done out in the open air, with no fireplace save a few stones, with the fewest possible appliances, probably only a frying-pan, a grid-iron, two pots, and a kettle, no coals, and wood as green as grass, without a fault or hitch it passes (to use a well worn phrase) the wit of man to divine.

And in those tents—in those lovely hills, with air as pure and fragrant as Paradise, no men slept better, or were more rested after their day's march. These marches, it must be admitted, were not always free from difficulty, of broken bridges, over torrents, through which ponies, laden animals, Coolies with provisions had to be driven, or, worse still, across landslips perilous to the unstable and uncanny to contemplate. Sometimes, also, a surly native would refuse for a time to furnish us (notwithstanding our Government Purwannahs) with milk and grain and other necessaries for the road. I said "for a time" because usually loud talking and the silver key would unlock the hardest heart. Once I was very much diverted to find that my bearer, a very shrewd Mahomedan, unscrupulous where my interests were concerned, calmly told the local Whiteleys of that part of the

hills that I was none other than the Lieutenant Governor's private secretary, and to refuse me would be as much as his post was worth.

On another occasion when our supplies had run short, and the nearest butcher's shop about 100 miles distant, I heard my worthy cook, Pir Buksh, bargaining for a sheep (the natives do not like to sell their sheep, making their profits out of the wool, and their food from the milk). His mode of bargaining was certainly characteristic ; he began by pulling the shepherd's beard with a violence which threatened its divorce from his chin, and then when the man yelled as only one drawn and quartered may be supposed to do, they both sat down like brothers side by side, and began to smoke the pipe of peace in apparent amity. The truce seemed of short duration, again the tumult of voices rent the air, and loud talk for some time went on, till in the distance one of our men was seen bringing a captured sheep, certainly not a prize one, and Pir Busksh deposited one rupee on a stone hard by, and without any more fuss proceeded to lead away the sheep to the slaughter.

Our way to the glacier passed through very varied scenery, the flora changing in character as we ascended, till at last having passed the zone of trees and flowers usually met with in Europe, or more correctly in the Alps, we found ourselves at last with only shrubs of

juniper, &c., and for the last encampment we had to carry our fuel. On our way we came quite suddenly upon a Brahmin funeral party wending their way with songs the reverse of sad to the burning ghat. The party was large, and evidently connected with persons of position—probably landowners. One of the attendants came towards us (as we sat on a knoll over against them watching their arrangements), with a polite request that we would continue our journey or withdraw out of sight, as the funeral was that of a high caste Brahmin, and his caste might be prejudiced. Anxious to be a witness of this unique ceremonial I announced that I also was a priest, and, like himself, of high caste, an English Brahmin in fact, and begged that we might remain where we were and reverently witness the ceremony. So we remained. The corpse had been laid in the ground close to a small brook. The rites commenced with washing the deceased, and putting on him a new shroud. They then placed sprigs of rice in his hand, and some other things which we could not well distinguish. Whilst certain of the mourners were engaged in this process, which, no doubt, had some symbolic meaning, the others were busy building in the water a framework of wood to be used as the pyre. Meanwhile the priests and female mourners and children continued the service, which

(besides portions recited from their sacred books) consisted chiefly of chants that bore a very singular resemblance to the lugubrious Gregorians. All seemed most earnest, most distressed, and the wail of the weepers, added to the weird music of the chant as it mingled with the noise of the gurgling brook, became in that sequestered valley quite pathetic.

When the preliminary arrangements were finished, and the pyre built some few inches above the water, a thin iron plate was placed on the top, in which the body might rest, and on which the ashes would be retained. When the body was placed in position the pyre was again commenced, and above and around the body the interlacing wood was carried for some three or four feet.

Then began the solemn moment of cremation, in which, according to the belief of the Hindoos, the salvation and ultimate destiny of the soul depends. This portion of the funeral rite must be performed by a son, or by a near blood relation, or, in some instances, by an adopted son. Unless these rites are duly performed the salvation of the deceased is more than doubtful. Hence the intense desire of the Hindoo for a son, and the practice so much more common in India than amongst us of the custom of adoption. In this instance the chief actor in this sad ceremony was a little boy, the only son of the

deceased. It was his right and duty, as the procession walked in the water (flowing round the pyre), to light the wood at the feet of the deceased, then at the head. As the flames rose and enshrouded the body the chant grew higher and higher, and in a very short time nothing was left but a few ashes. These were reverently collected and placed in an urn, and would, in due time, be conveyed to the Ganges, on whose bosom they are supposed to be conveyed to Brahim. I noticed, not only how quickly the cremation took place, a consequence partly of the amount of ghee, or clarified butter, poured over the wood, and partly, no doubt, from the exceeding dryness of the wood, but also there was no smell, nothing in the least disagreeable, so that I confess that after seeing this form of burial my prejudices were quite removed when I remembered how this particularly had been the end for thousands of the holy army of martyrs.

At the burning ghat at Benares (so called from being the place where the bodies of Hindoos of high caste are cremated) may be seen almost any day a singular picturesque and symbolic scene. The friends of a deceased man journey to the ghat with his funeral song, bringing his ashes (if he has been cremated at a distanee), or gathering them together if cremated at the ghat. They are then consigned, with

many prayers and hopes, to a small earthen vessel, in which is placed an oil lamp. The little ark is then floated on the river, which carries it down to the sea.

It is understood that if the watchers can discern the little vessel with its light till it is out of their sight the soul of the deceased is safe, but if, by an accident, the vessel is upset or the light goes out it is all over with the said soul.

On our way to the glacier, on the narrow road cut along the scarped face of a hillside, with a precipice some 1,000 feet below, my pony, which I drove before me when not riding it, meeting some others, was pushed off the path, and to my horror fell down the rock-side. I certainly expected nothing less than to see its mangled remains at the bottom. Strange to say, just at the place where it fell a tree grew out of the hillside, and with its forked branches just broke the animals fall. There it lay quite still, dazed by the shock and helpless to move one way or another. Though it was alive, and apparently not injured, it seemed to me not much better than if it had been dead, for I could conceive no plan by which a weight of that kind could be lifted some eight feet (the depth of the fall from our narrow foot-path). Moreover, we had no appliances at hand by which such a feat could be performed. My Mahomedan servants looked on in silence for some

time, as if considering the matter. Presently after a talk amongst themselves, they shouted to the village in the valley below, which seemed about two miles distant. Had I not known that in these valleys the voice carries both far and distinctly, I should have been more surprised at their doing so. In about an hour, however, some men with stout ropes and poles were observed climbing the hill. To make a long story short. My pony was at last extricated from its perilous position. Then a very remarkable thing occurred. Instead of importuning me for buckshish they simply said "By the grace of God the animal is saved."

This reminded me of S. Paul's statement in the account given of his shipwreck, Acts XXVII. 21. My readers will remember that S. Paul had recommended that the ship should winter in the harbour of the fair havens, saying, I perceive that this voyage will be with hurt and much damage, not only of the lading of the ship, but also of our lives. The Captain thought otherwise, and put to sea, with the result which we all know. However, when the storm was at its worst, S. Paul stated (verse 22), "There shall be no loss of any man's life, but only of the ship." Later on (verse 30), when the sailors in a cowardly manner were about to leave the ship, and swim on shore, to save their own lives, S. Paul said, "Except these

abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved," in other words, though the safety of the lives of the passengers had been promised, it was made to depend on human agency. In both instances, viz., in the case of the lives of the passengers and the successful rescue of my pony, it was understood by S. Paul, and these poor Mahomedans, that though it was of the grace of God, human instrumentality was a factor in the salvation of both.

Talking one day with my bearer (a very intelligent Mahomedan) on the subject of snakes and the various superstitions which the natives held about them, he said that if I liked he could show me a snake temple, where at the present time, as in the past, the worship still continued.

Remembering that I had read somewhere, I think in Ferguson's Architecture of India, that the worship of snakes, which was once very prevalent in India as in most other countries in early times, had now quite ceased, I signified my desire to see the place. It turned out that the temple (if such it can be called) was some way distant from our route, and what was more disagreeable quite a mile up a very steep hill. This hill, the scene of many a pilgrimage in days long past, was ascended by means of stone steps (of course of a very primitive character), which had been so worn by the feet of the pilgrims as to make the ascent very

difficult. There must have been some thousands of them. Partly for the sake of a joke, and partly to save myself the exertion of this interminable stone ladder, I rode my pony (a good hill ghoont) all the way up. The steps led to a perfect wall of rock, on which were inscribed and engraved sacred texts and symbolical figures. Prominent among these groups, telling, I suppose, in stone some legend or story, were the figures of the serpents and a woman, and almost in every one of these rock pictures was a tree, and, not unfrequently, a serpent in it. The serpents which we were soon to see, were not at all of the beautiful small kind, known as tree snakes. At the base of the sculptured rock was another that jutted out over the mountain side, and formed the platform on which the pilgrims stood to perform their Poojah or worship. About mid-way, at the foot of the rock, was a large hole before which, as evidenced by the remains of rice, milk, cakes, and flowers, offerings were placed for the snakes. Whilst I was examining and making a note of the inscriptions and sculptures on the rock, my bearer was summoning from the valley below, by modes well-known in a district, the voice being pitched in a particular key which carries so far, the priest or attendant at the temple, whose office I believe was an endowed and hereditary appointment. After some little time a tall and very

distinguished white-robed priest appeared. After asking what our wish was, and hearing that we desired to see the ancient snake Poojah, he commenced to call the attention of the gods. First he deposited in front of their hole rice and milk, which he had brought with him, and next he invoked the presence of their Holinesses by prayers, chants, and prostrations, very curious for a High Churchman to notice. Not many minutes elapsed before a hissing sound was heard, and then the snakes, apparently inextricably mixed up like a ball of wool, rolled out, when the priest again made more prostrations, and the milk and rice were soon devoured by the " gods."

and for some Chaplains this is not possible, no Chaplain being available to take his place. Placed as I was at large stations, where there were Church of England missionaries who could act as my substitute, I was always able to take my leave, and I beg here to acknowledge my obligations, in these and many circumstances, to the C.M.S.

These Hill Stations are quite of recent creation; in the beginning of the century there were none. Our forefathers were satisfied to remain in the plains, and it must be confessed made themselves exceedingly comfortable there, with large houses, cool rooms, and quite princely luxuries. Few of them, indeed, returned to the old country except at long intervals, the voyage being long, tedious, and expensive. But all this is changed now. With steam, the Suez Canal, and many ladies resident in India, the whole conditions of life are altered.

The slopes of the Himalayas from Cashmere to Chitagong are covered with stations from 5,000 to 7,000 feet above the level of the sea, well wooded and watered, and amidst scenery of unequalled beauty. Here are built castles, houses, chalets of every size and description, and with all the comforts and conveniences of an English country house, villa, or cottage. Here people live and have their being much as they would do in a European summer resort, for

five or six months in the year. Here there are balls, races, theatricals, concerts, picnics, Badminton, and numerous excursions into the interior; and this in a climate like England at its best, so that with six months in the hills during the hot weather, and the remainder of the year during the cold weather in the plains, the English lady and her children and those who can manage to obtain leave, may be said to make the best of both worlds. As to education, there are in the hills excellent schools, both private and public, with masters from the Universities, and certificated mistresses; of medical men there are no lack.

To one of these hill stations (Dhurmsala) I wended my weary steps. I say weary, because after five years' residence in Lucknow, I was weary both in body and mind, and like a schoolboy going home was exceeding glad of the change. Dhurmsala, with the adjacent Fort of Kangra, and its beautiful valley covered with tea-gardens, chiefly managed by Englishmen, fell into our hands by the conquest of the Punjaub. The lower slope of the spur of the hill, on which the station of Dhurmsala is built, was occupied by the 1st Gourka Regiment, a very fine body of men, permanently cantoned there. The upper part, covered with rhododendron, oaks, ilex, and firs was at the time I knew it the residence of the Commissioner,

Deputy-Commissioner, and numerous officials, with many private families. Here on the hill-side were the Government Offices and a very pretty Church. The pass at the top of the ridge, which was always covered with snow, is 13,000 feet high. It was the first time that I had been to the hills, or had seen them, except at a distance, and I shall never forget the delight and relief that I felt when in the early morning (for I had travelled during the night) I got out of my palkey and saw above me the eternal snows and below me the wide spreading plains.

The first thing I did was to draw in a long breath of the cool fresh air, so different from that of the plains, and to thank God that he had made such a beautiful world. The house secured for the Chaplain had the advantage of a high situation amongst the woods, and the disadvantage of being the happy hunting ground of bears and leopards. A friend of mine was nearly frightened to death by seeing one of these brown gentlemen quietly walking before him on the path, as if he also was going to pay an afternoon call. Near the house was an engaging group of monkeys. They were not very honest, but they had a strange sense of humour, which perhaps atoned for their misdeeds. In my garden were planted many rows of potatoes and some beds of strawberries. The strawberries they gathered just as well as I should

have done, smacked their lips, and laughed at me as they ate them when they saw me coming. The potatoes they threw at me from the trees with considerable force when I attempted to drive them off.

The Chaplaincy of Dhurmsala included duties at the out stations of Kangra and Dalhousie, which were performed as follows :—I rode down to Kangra every Saturday night, a distance of twenty miles, part of which passed along what was called the gallery, a ledge on the rock-side, about twelve feet wide, overhanging at a great height a rapid stream flowing below. It was rather a dangerous ride, for it was not uncommon to meet on the ledge droves of entire horses laden with merchandise, who would sometimes stop and attack my horse, and I had more than once to dismount in order to avoid an accident. The Fort of Kangra was a strong hill fortress, belonging to the Rajpoots of Kangra, one of the oldest and highest castes in India. It had been conquered from them in the wars of the Punjaub. And robbed of their former glory the Rajpoots were living somewhat obscurely in the valley. Two of the former Rajah's daughters, for whom suitable high caste husbands could not be found, had eloped with two common shepherds (the Guddees of the hills), and so far as I know were as happy as in a palace.

The 19th Regiment and some Artillery were stationed in the fort with due complement of officers. I dined with them in the evening, and after morning parade service at six o'clock galloped back to Dhurmsala for breakfast and morning service at eleven a.m.

Part of my duty also was to visit the various tea planters in the valley, whose welcome and hospitality was proverbial. I am not likely to forget their kindness, nor the delightful rides under shady trees, by fields of flowers, and clear streams of water flowing from the eternal hills. The Kangra tea is deservedly renowned.

Amongst the numerous inhabitants of Dhurmsala was a remarkable lady, usually known as the Burra Mehmsahib or the Big Lady. She was so-called being the oldest resident in the station, having considerable house property and influence. Her husband had been an old Indian officer, and her sons were also in the service. This lady's will was law, and, as she had considerable force of character, what she thought or wished came to be the thought and wish of the station. She was very hospitable, and, like all people with a dash of the tar-brush, superstitious, suspicious, and revengeful.

s One day, just as I was commencing service, the

clerk said to me, "You can't begin yet, *she* hasn't come."

"Who do you mean?" I asked.

"The Burra Mehmsahib," he replied, "she won't come if the service has commenced."

Unaccustomed to dictation I proceeded, and had scarcely got further with the introductory text, "When the wicked man," when I heard sound of voices at the door. I looked up, and saw the jaunpon (the Sedan chair of the hills), with the Burra Mehmsahib's head looking out, and a very angry visage it was. She gave some orders to the jaunponees, and, like Naaman, went away in a rage.

Some days after I called at her house, when she at once accosted me reproachfully, and said, "You began the service too early on Sunday morning; you will never find me absent from the Church when I am able to attend, but I cannot walk up the Church and take my place when the service has begun."

When she had finished I said, "How do you know I began the service too early?"

"By my clock," she answered, "which cannot err."

"What clock?" I said.

Then she described some sort of a sun-dial that she had made out of a bottle, but it would pass the wit of man to describe or understand it. With great respect I explained that if I waited for one lady I

ought to wait for all, and so the incident closed, and our relations from that date were never strained.

Another most interesting resident was the Commissioner of the district, a man who bore an honoured name, and was brave as a lion and gentle as a woman. It was he who led the besieging forces which conquered the Fort of Kangra, and was now beloved far and wide as the father of his people. He had married a beautiful Christian lady, and was full of good works amongst the soldiers and natives of the place. Whenever he came up to the Lord's Supper, I noticed his profound reverence, and that his eyes were not unfrequently filled with tears. When I knew him well I drew him on to speak of this, and with some diffidence he explained, "When I come up to the Lord's Supper I am so filled with thankfulness for all God's goodness to me that I can scarcely control my tears. I was once a wild and profligate young man, but it pleased Him to stop me in my downward career to give me the best of wives and higher promotion than I could have hoped for, and I am more than content." It is by the lives and work of such men as these that the peace and prosperity of the Indian Empire has been secured, and the Civil Service of India has won merited recognition as the best in the world.

Of sport of various kinds there was plenty at Dhurmsala, both big and little game of fur and feather. A bear drive was not an uncommon occurrence, and on the occasion of the visit of the Commander-in-Chief the station, in his honour, provided one on a large scale. Now Bruin is rather an awkward animal at close quarters, and it is necessary to have quite an army of beaters in order to drive him from the jungle and make him go in the direction of the guns.

On this occasion Bruin was not willing to be driven, and, turning upon one of the natives, folded him in his firm but not very fond embrace, and, putting his paw on his scalp, dragged the whole skin off his face. It was a dreadful sight which we saw as, attracted by the cries and screams of the natives, we drew near to the scene of the accident. The man was carried to the hospital, where his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief sent him a handsome douceur, about as much as would have kept the man for a year. It may serve to show the carelessness of life and limb, and the perfect *sang froid* with which the natives face danger and death (even walking with a calm elastic step to the gallows, or to be shot from guns) if I say that some time after this event the unfortunate man paid me a visit, and said "that he

wouldn't mind being scalped once a month for such a douceur. Such is the effect of the belief in Kismet.

Some time after this Lord Elgin, visiting the Bolan Pass, was attacked by a serious illness, and was detained at Dhurmsala. I may mention that his lordship, who was very fond of the good things of this life, carried with him an experienced *chef de cuisine*, who exclaimed as he saw the farm of the missionary, which contained sheep, pigs, ducks, fowls, pigeons, and quail, "*Mon Dieu*, what a paradise for a cook." I ought to explain, in justice to the missionary, that in a district far from markets it is necessary for every missionary's home to be self-supporting, or he would fare badly.

But to return to Lord Elgin. His illness increased rapidly, and became so serious that his medical men advised his lordship that his days were numbered. With the calmness and fortitude of a Christian philosopher, he began to set his house in order, and prepare for his end. Having made his will, and all arrangements for his wife's return to England, including the winding up of his vice-regal tenure, he sent a message to me to send him any plans or designs I might have for a monument for his grave, and the next day an aide-de-camp came to ask me to meet Lady Elgin, in order to choose a spot for it. During the last days of his illness I was unfortunately absent

at Dalhousie, and the missionary before referred to was sent for to minister to the dying nobleman. Every day he read to him Psalms (which Lord Elgin reverently followed), and finally administered the Last Supper. Never, said the missionary, have I seen a Christian more worthily meet his end. It was my duty to commit his body to the ground, and I shall not easily forget the impressive scene of that interment. In one of the loveliest nooks of that beautiful hill-side, under the inspiring awe of those snow-clad mountains the great statesman rests. On the same day Lady Elgin left for England. A very handsome monument now rests over his grave, in the picturesque churchyard of Dhurmsala.

The missionary above referred to was an energetic, earnest, and very business-like little German, who combined with his missionary work the more prosaic labours of making and saving money, and acquired some house property in Dhurmsala. How he did it with his small allowance and very large family, I cannot understand. I can only envy him. He had worked both in his station at Kangra and in itineration for about twenty years, and so far as I know had not made twenty converts. The sceptic will say, "not very successful." Not so fast, Mr. Sceptic. Family matters about this time obliged the missionary to turn to his beloved fatherland. A new missionary

was sent to take his place, a man in every way inferior to his predecessor. Immediately the seed which had been sown through long years by the patient and faithful missionary began to spring up, and hundreds of believers were joined to the Church, The only explanation I ever heard of this strange revival was given me by an old Rajpoot, who said, " I believe, sir, the pride of the old caste would not allow the old missionary to see that his words had produced conviction."

Another missionary who had laboured for fourteen years at Almora with like want of success once told me that he believed that all the young men in the district who had passed through his schools in hundreds were as much Christians as himself, but caste and family prejudices prevented them avowing themselves as such. It is within my knowledge that a high caste Rajah of the Punjaub, who had built Churches and supported missionaries, and was in heart a convinced Christian, deferred his baptism out of respect to his mother's prejudices, while some have done so from fear of being poisoned.

No one but those who have lived in India can understand the overwhelming weight of those disabilities which attach to the man who leaves the religion of his fathers and becomes a Christian. He is treated as a degraded outcast, and an alien from

the Commonwealth. His wife is not obliged to live with him, nay, in most cases would be obliged to leave him. His property is not secure, and no relations of a business or social kind would be entered into with him.

The success of missionary enterprise, therefore, must not be judged by the present number of converts. Broadly it may be said that the whole of the natives of India are as well instructed in the principles of Christianity as the children in our National Schools, and in God's good time a nation will be born in a day.

Sunday in India cannot be kept with the same strictness as in England, especially in the plains in the hot weather, but in the hills the attendance at Church leaves little to be desired. Officers and their wives with their subordinates (excepting always the lower Eurasians) being very regular. In Dhurmsala this was especially the case. In most Churches the choir is composed of ladies and gentlemen of the station. In large cities there are surpliced choirs. In all cases the service is rendered in a manner quite equal to the average at home. All public offices and shops are closed, and work of every description ceases, except that of an urgent kind.

The Governor General and the Lieutenant Governors of Provinces made annual tours during the cold

weather, calling a halt for their camp every Lord's Day. To this I remember one notable exception. One Governor General, whose memory is still regarded with admiration as a great statesman, notified in the *Public Gazette*, in the programme of his tour, that his camp would march on Sundays as on other days. This caused a great scandal. The Lieutenant Governor of the Punjaub of that date wrote a respectful but firm remonstrance to the Governor General, urging that such an innovation would cause widespread offence and do much mischief to missionary work. I am glad to relate that the obnoxious programme was amended.

During the course of my first summer in Dhurmsala, my old friend Sir George Campbell came to me on a visit. After remaining a few days we arranged to travel together to Dalhousie (my out station) on a visit to our mutual friend, Mr. Cust. Dalhousie is situated on the spur of the Himalayas, about 80 miles from Dhurmsala, across the hills. Having engaged coolies to carry our luggage, cooking arrangements, and commissariat, we sent them on in advance to the first halting-place, following at our leisure. On the march we talked of a case that had recently happened in Dhurmsala.

The case was this. A grass-widow and her children were spending the summer in the hills. For some

reason all her native servants deserted her, which, of course, caused her great trouble and distress; she had no one to look after the children, to cook the dinners, or attend to the house. I said the case was most distressing, and that a remedy ought to be found for it, suggesting that some summary punishment should be inflicted on native servants who broke their implied contract, and deserted a lady so dependent on their services. To this, Sir George in his most magnificent legal manner replied, "It is not by such means that a nation is civilized. Civilization is produced by the slow process of law, and when a nation finds that it is more to their advantage to be law-abiding, the civilization is complete." "What would you propose, then," said I, "to meet the case." I should issue summonses, and bring a civil suit in the Courts for breach of contract." I am afraid I very irreverently said "Bosh." Passing from this subject to others, we went on our way. Presently we arrived at the banks of a stream, over which was a small bridge. On this bridge we found that the Coolies had set down our luggage. "How is this," said Sir George. I suggested that the Coolies had gone to smoke a pipe or drink water, and that we had better do the same and await their return, so there we sat for some time. Growing impatient, Sir George said, "Where the devil are those Coolies?" The true

state of the case now flashed upon me. It was the time of the harvest, in which the Coolies who had been impressed for our service ought to have been engaged. Nearing their villages, they had taken French leave, and levanted. I told Sir George what I suspected. He was much put out, as might be supposed. That a high judicial authority should be treated in this way was monstrous, and he threatened to take vengeance. "Gently, Sir George," said I. "This is not the way to civilize a nation." Walking to a little distance, I slowly repeated his formulary, "Civilization must proceed by the slow process of law. I should propose to take out summonses in the Civil Court for breach of contract." "How ridiculous you are," he said. "How are we to get the luggage carried on?" "Ah! that is just it," I said. "You see, if the Courts administered a little summary punishment in cases of this kind these fellows would not have left us in the lurch." Growing impatient, he said "It is no use talking in that way. The practical question is, how are we to get this luggage taken on." Enjoying the situation, I said "You can either sit until the Coolies return, or you, and I, and the Chupprassie must go into those villages and compel the men to take up our luggage." "Monstrous," he said. "Fancy how well it would look in the newspapers to hear that the judicial Commissioner, paid to

carry out the law, and a clergyman also paid to enforce it, were seen running into a village, and hailing men and women to carry luggage against their consent." "Well, then," said I, "Sit upon your box." To make a long story short, we had to go into the village, and found the men hiding in their houses, and after a long talk and promise of buckshish they were persuaded to do our bidding. They laughed good good-naturedly when they took up their loads, pro bably thinking the whole thing a good joke. Sir George did not again revert to the slow process of law.

Mr. C. (at whose hospitable dwelling we arrived on the fourth day) was one of the most able and energetic officers of the Indian Civil Service, always a great student, and now one of the most eminent Orientalists in London, and engaged in every philanthropic work.

One day Mrs. C. arranged for us a pleasant picnic on one of the spurs overlooking the Ravee. After lunch our talk turned to the subject of Colenso's Essays, which were then attracting a good deal of attention, not so much for their intrinsic merits (for they were very weak in argument and illustration, and weaker still in knowledge of Hebrew and oriental customs), but rather from the ecclesiastical position and mathematical ability of the writer.

Sir George Campbell, born a Presbyterian, with a lawyer's proclivities, was inclined to be, or pretended to be, a sort of agnostic, and C., amongst his other qualifications, was no mean theologian. The controversy between them waxed warm and fierce, though all was good-tempered, and ended as most such controversies do, leaving the parties of the same opinion still. The point of interest was the view each man took of the book, Sir George C. accepted all the objections of the writer, whilst C. criticised them all. They were neither of them perfectly honest. Prejudice sometimes makes the best men dishonest.

Two of the objections brought against the authenticity of the Mosaic record I well remember, because both Sir George C. and C., being Indian officers, recognised their feebleness. The objections were these. In the Pentateuch it is recorded that the Israelites went out of Egypt with their tents. The objection of the Bishop is: "How could a nation of slaves obtain tents for so large a multitude?" the inference being that the story was the invention of a later writer. Just below us was an illustration of the folly and ignorance of such an inference. A tribe of natives, wandering with some sort of merchandise to sell, were in camp below in their tents, just such tents as the Israelites and all oriental nations, and even myself entered a decided protest, and C., outvoted

gipsies use in their encampments. But what sort of tents were these? A large shawl is stretched across a ridge pole, supported at either end by forked sticks. The shawl is pinned down to the ground to keep out the wind, and the tent so formed has an entrance at one end. Every Israelitish family could therefore easily provide themselves with tents.

Another objection of the Bishop's rested on the statement that the Israelites, 600,000 in number, besides a mixed multitude, went out in haste in a single night. The Bishop seemed to be thinking of the movement of a European army with its vast impedimenta when he urged the impossibility of the Israelites moving so rapidly and easily. The reader of eastern history remembers how rapidly the Tartar tribes have moved in vast hordes from one part of Asia to another, their tribal and patriarchal organisation enabling them to do so. During this conversation other objections were trotted out, which only the Bishop's ignorance of oriental customs could have started.

Dismissing our Coolies with the lunch basket we decided to return to Dalhousie by another route. The path, a mere sheep track, led to a mountain pass, some 8,000 or 9,000 feet high. As we proceeded Mr. C. noticed that the path some distance ahead was blocked up by a fallen rock. He therefore suggested that we should return. To this Sir George and

and abusing our obstinacy, was obliged to give in. The nearer we drew to the fallen rock the more apparent it was that C. was right that we should have to retrace our steps; still, we proceeded. When we came up to the rock, which had indeed fallen across the pathway, we found it was split, one part overlapping the other, but leaving an opening wide enough for us to pass through. It was a curious solution of the difficulty, and I seized it as an illustration pertinent to the Colenso controversy. "See," said I, "at a distance of two miles the pathway seemed blocked up and impassable. A closer view makes it all plain and provides a way out. So the narrator of the Old Testament, with its description of events which occurred 3,000 years ago, presents difficulties which would be none to those living in the time of Moses." The rest of the journey was occupied by amusing anecdotes and stories, which perhaps removed the impressions which the religious controversies would have given; so we returned to Dhurmsala.

One day Mr. E. Prinsess, one of the ablest settlement officers of the Punjaub, invited me and a certain house-agent (whose name I have forgotten) to a prayer meeting at his house, The house-agent, a discharged soldier, now a Plymouth Brother, refused, saying that he could not associate in public worship

with sinners. Not well pleased with the reply I said brusquely, "Not much like Christ; how do you distinguish the sinner from the saint? and who do you worship?" The congregation, it apppeared, was very select, consisting only of himself, his wife, and his wife's sister, which reminds one of the story of the good Presbyterian lady, who said, "There were only two guid Christians in her parish, herself and the parson, and she had some doots about the parson."

The end of this interesting Christian was not encouraging. As he grew richer he increased the sphere of his operations and bought a large hotel, where intoxicants were, of course, sold, and dancing and gambling not infrequent. The last I heard of him was that he had gone from bad to worse, and died of delirium tremens. Such high pressure piety is almost sure to blow up somewhere.

CHAPTER XIV.

More About Missionary Work and of Journeyings Over the Hills.—Tea Plantations.



NE of the most interesting figures at Dalhousie was that of the Presbyterian Chaplain of the Highlanders, a regiment which had taken part in most of the eventful scenes of the Mutiny. Mr. F's. services being no longer required as a Military Chaplain, he had come to Dalhousie, animated with a desire to do missionary work amongst the natives. There he met with Mrs. Princep, a lady of a good old Scotch family, a Presbyterian and enthusiast like himself. This lady heartily entered into his plans, promising to support him in his missionary enterprise. Looking out for an unoccupied sphere of labour, he pitched upon the Hill State of Chumba, a Principality of small extent, on the other side of the Ravee, consisting mainly of well wooded hills, and small patches of valley between.

The Rajah of this petty State, not much larger than many a English nobleman's domain, was sprung from one of the oldest families in the Punjaub, whose pedigree dated back, so it was said, to Noah. To this chieftain, or rather to the British officer in official charge as resident at the Court, Mr. F. made an application for permission to do missionary work.

Arrangements having been made to commence his mission, Mr. F., accompanied by his Catechist and myself, marched to Chumba, a day's journey from Dalhousie. Arrived at the bridge over the Ravee, Mr. F., robed in his Geneva gown and bands, preceded by his Catechist, and singing a hymn, took up his position on the Maidan or plain in front of the town, where the natives were busy playing polo. The hymn finished, Mr, F., in good broad Scotch, offered up a prayer for the conversion of Chumba, the Catechist interpreting for the benefit of the polo players and others who had assembled to stare at the strange missionary, whose tall figure, long beard, and prophetic appearance attracted their admiration. Next followed an address to the assembled multitude, also in broad Scotch· After this the missionary and his Catechist proceeded to the palace gates, where the Catechist presenting a Bible to the Rajah, who with his ministers was sitting in Durbar, asked permission for the introduction of the missionary.

It was quite an impressive scene. In front of us stood the palace, with a back-ground of eternal hills, the Rajah resplendently habited, surrounded by his ministers and great officers of State. Behind us a surging multitude, curious to know what the strange incident meant. In the centre a tall, erect figure of imposing presence, stood the simple minded missionary, who, with courteous obeisance to the Rajah and his Court, proceeded to say, "Honoured Rajah, great Chief of Chumba, I am come as a messenger from God to preach to you and your people the good tidings of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I await your commands."

This short speech was interpreted by the catechist. The Bible, written in the language of Chumba, which had been presented to the Rajah, was handed to one after another of the Ministers, After some consultation paper and ink were brought, and an order, signed by the Rajah, was handed to the missionary, in which was given to him (to the glory of God it was said) a house to live in and provisions for a whole year for himself and his Catechist. After some further speech and compliments on both sides the missionary withdrew.

The scene I have described strangely reminded me of some of S. Paul's missionary journeys. About a year afterwards I made it my business, on one of my

visits to Dalhousie, to pass through Chumba, and see how the good missionary fared. I found that his success had been very considerable, many of the lower castes, chiefly Chumars having become converts to the Christian faith.

The Presbyterian religion is not remarkable for being picturesque or æsthetic, but in the hands of this original missionary it was both. To see him conduct a service on that beautiful Maidan on the banks of the Ravee, surrounded by natives in their coloured dresses, was a scene not to be forgotten. His great earnestness and prophetic utterances carried conviction. The missionary's methods were as original as his appearance was impressive. Sometimes he would travel amongst the hills, preceded by the Catechist carrying a flag, and would blow himself what he called his Gospel Trumpet to call the natives from their villages to hear him. There, on the mountain-side, to the people collected round him, he would preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

One singular ceremony I remember. He arranged, as he could not personally give every dead body Christian burial (the converts being scattered in remote parts of the hills), that they should burn the bodies, and bring the ashes to the Public Cemetery for interment. There, with such pomp and circum-

stance as he could assume, he buried the urns in the presence of thousands of spectators.

One other incident I must not omit to mention. It was rumoured in the city that a high caste native had become a Christian, and intended publicly to abjure his idolatry. The missionary had the courage of his convictions. He knew nothing of expediency or compromise, and would make no concessions to native prejudices. His converts must give up the sacred thread, the shaving of the hair, and all idolatrous practices. On the occasion to which I refer, a small table was placed by the banks of the river, upon which were idols of every sort and size. Idols of stone, bronze, wood, and clay, idols of every god in the Hindoo Pantheon; hideous idols painted in fantastic colours. Near the table stood the missionary and the native convert. The proceedings commenced with the singing of the Old Hundredth Psalm, then the missionary addressed the multitude upon the folly of idolatry, and the dishonour done to God when His worship was given to a stone. Upon this the native Christian, turning to the crowd, said "Brothers, you know that I and my fathers have worshipped these idols for generations (pointing to those on the table), we have prayed to them for prosperity, and we have asked them to ward off evils. A thousand times we have prayed to them, and they have never heard us.

How could they? They are not gods, but only idols of wood and stone. Some you have made, some of them I have brought from other parts; they are false gods. Henceforth I abjure them, and will worship only the God of Heaven." With a rapid movement and before he could be stopped by the excited multitude (who certainly expected that the earth would open and swallow him up for such impiety), with his own hands he seized two of the chief deities and threw them into the river. An impressive silence stole over the multitude, who awaited trembling and breathless the expected catastrophe. When nothing happened a cry burst forth from the multitude "They are no gods!" and the proceedings terminated with a prayer.

Two other visits paid to me at Dhurmsala were full of interest. One was that of Bishop Cotton (who was so soon to meet his death by an accident), and Cowie his chaplain, now Bishop of Auckland. It seems to me that the various Bishops of India whom I have known, and others of whom I have heard, were specially fitted for the work, which, as it happened, was much required to be done at the date of their appointment. Bishop Cotton took a wider and more liberal view of his duties than any previous Bishop, and reminded one of the statesmen Bishops of former days. As a consequence he was highly esteemed by

the Government of the day, and constantly consulted by them on matters of importance.

He arrived in India (1858) at the time when the affairs of the East India Company were in confusion in consequence of the Mutiny, and a transfer of affairs was being made to the Queen. With that transfer has come about a complete change, not only in the method and character of the Governors, but in all conditions of Indian life. Before 1857, officers (civil and military) lived for the country, and very often died in it. With few opportunities of reaching England they settled down to make their home in India, and surrounded themselves with every luxury and comfort. There were no hotels out of Calcutta, and princely hospitality was everywhere accorded to the traveller. The officers, civil and military, were gentlemen, who lived on terms of the most cordial friendship with the natives of the country, both high and low, speaking their language, understanding their customs, and joining in all their sports and pastimes.

The old officers of the Civil Service (educated at Haileybury College) and the military officers at Addiscombe were amongst the most accomplished and able men I have ever met, all-round kind of men, as able in the field as in the office, and without passing any opinion on the present *regime*, I should doubt whether the prosperity of India has much

increased, yet there have been improvements, no doubt. At the time of which I am speaking there were no schools of any importance for the children of European parents. With the transfer of India to the Crown the number of European ladies and gentlemen with their children steadily increased. Bishop Cotton, who had been one of the masters at Rugby, and afterwards headmaster of Marlborough, at once saw the need of schools, and with his knowledge and experience was the right person to supply it.

By grants of money from the Government and public contributions, he succeeded in establishing in many of the hill stations of India Public Schools for both sexes, now known as Bishop Cotton's Schools. Bishop Cotton may therefore be called the Schoolmaster Bishop, as Bishop Milman will certainly be known as the Missionary Bishop.

The journey across the hills was performed either on foot or on pony-back. I placed one of my ponies at the disposal of the Bishop. But he, besides being awkward and short-sighted, was a very bad rider, and continually slipped off the saddle in the steep places and would, but for Cowie and myself, who held him on, have been over the pony's tail. The Bishop laughed as much as we did, and altogether getting up the hills (of which there were many) was rather a business.

These hills in the lower Sevalhic range are very steep and very hot. No one who has travelled in those regions will ever forget the thankfulness which he felt when, on reaching the top of a hill, foot-sore and almost dying with thirst, he discovered a thatched hut, at the door of which sat an old crone, whose business it was during the hot season to supply from a large earthen vessel within draughts of the purest and coolest water. It surely was the truest Christian consideration, though it was only the kindly act of a Hindoo Rajah which made him endow so many of these huts on the tops of the hills, in all parts of his domains for the supply of cool water; no payment was asked or would have been taken.

Arrived at the top of the hill Cowie and myself took off coat, waistcoat, and collar, and called a bheesty or water-carrier to pour water over our heads, which was delightful. Seeing us so engaged the Bishop came out of the bungalow and asked whether the result of the douche was successful, to which I replied, "Certainly for chaplains, but whether for the higher order of ecclesiastics I did not know." On this the Bishop stripped also, but being, as I said, rather awkward, he let all the water go down his neck and wet him to the skin. Whereupon he broke out into a Greek quotation, which was very funny, but did not, I am afraid, dry his shirt.

In the evening he told us many stories of Arnold in the Rugby days. In particular of a certain musical evening, during which a Greek play of his, with musical accompaniment, was performed. It may surprise those who know only the serious side of Bishop Cotton's character, if I say that in answer to an enquiry as to the subject of the play, he replied with evident enjoyment of the joke, "The birth, early life, and death throes of a pig." The next day, as we proceeded along a road cut out of the hillside, something passing over our heads brushed the Bishop's episcopal hat, which, to his horror, he learnt was a leopard. To Cowie and myself, accustomed to rough hill travel, this incident was not one at all unusual, but to the Bishop, more accustomed to Calcutta and civilization, it came as something more than a surprise.

The death of this good Bishop was very sad, and a great loss to India. He was sailing down the Bhurrampootra on his way to Calcutta from an episcopal visitation tour, when he visited a station on the banks of the river to consecrate a cemetery. The steamer was moored to the side, and two small planks were placed from the vessel to the shore for the landing of passengers. Mrs. Cotton and Cowie, the chaplain, went on in advance to meet the local clergyman, and see that the arrangements were complete. The Bishop followed; being short-sighted

he felt with his stick along the planks to guide his steps. About the middle his stick must have missed the plank; he fell overboard, and his body, carried away by the rapid stream, was never found.

The other of the two interesting visits mentioned above was that of Archdeacon Pratt, a man,who was in some respects, equally remarkable. Mr. Pratt had taken high honours at Cambridge, but gave up his fellowship and a promising career to join his friend, Bishop Wilson, of Calcutta, as Archdeacon. Mr. Pratt was a great mathematician, and was often consulted by the Government in matters of importance, notably in reference to the strength of material for bridges over the rapid rivers of India, and the influence of the Himalayas on the mariners' compass.

The Archdeacon had made one of those remarkable marriages wholly unsuitable, which very clever men are not unfrequently betrayed into. The result was eminently unsatisfactory. The husband and wife seldom lived together, and when they visited together, as they did on the occasion to which I am referring, very ingenious were the ruses by which she managed to obtain a separate room. Mrs. Pratt would inveigh in no measured terms against matrimony and all its works, and when I asked her "Why in the world she ever married?" she replied, "From admiration for the

Archdeacon, who had solved a most difficult mathematical problem which she had failed to do." I ought to say that in public they maintained the usual courtesies and amenities of life, and in all matters except the matrimonial, her admiration for the Archdeacon continued. She ended her days in the noble work of nursing the sick during the Commune of Paris, and refused, on the Archdeacon's death, to take any benefit under the will.

On our journey to Dalhousie, across the hills, she would start early with me in the morning in advance of the Archdeacon, and there, amidst the most beautiful scenery, would quote memoriter passages of the most exquisite poetry from ancient and modern authors in a sweet, melodious voice. I never knew anyone with such a repertoire or so excellent a memory. She was equally remarkable as a musician, and I presume her talents and accomplishments, no less than her beauty, first attracted the Archdeacon, who was some thirty years her senior.

Arrived at Dalhousie nothing less would satisfy her than that we should go down the Ravee on rafts. Against this I protested, but all in vain, the lady would have her way, to obtain, as she said, a new sensation. The Ravee is a turbulent river, with many rapids in its course, and rafts are not the most secure of vessels. They are made by lashing a light bed-

stead (such as are common in the east) to four inflated bullock-skins. On this the voyager sits, with a cushion at his back. This frail bark is guided on its course amidst the rocks by an *outrider* (if one can use such a word), who, on another skin, paddles by your side. Shooting the rapids was no easy matter, and when to this is added that Mrs. Archdeacon persisted in running a race with me, the danger was enhanced. Ever and anon we heard the cry of the Archdeacon screaming to us, but the roar of the waters rendered what he said indistinct, and rather added to the fun and excitement of the race.

The journey terminated without any accident at Madhopore, where we inspected the extensive and valuable canal works. Grand trunk roads, railways, large public buildings, hospitals, churches, and bridges must now be added, and a complete system of canals, carrying feltility throughout the arid plains by utilising the great rivers of India. The Royal Engineers have often been reproached for building bridges, through which the rivers refuse to flow, so that when you cross the bridge you come to the river, but, at any rate, the canals of India bear testimony to the skill and ability of these officers.

House property in India, as in other places, is a good investment if the owner is able to look after it. An opportunity occurred for me to dabble in the very

risky undertaking of building a house. Some well-wooded land, rather high up, and a little distant from the bazaar, or the native town from which your servants obtain supplies, was offered for sale. Of this I purchased seven and a half acres for the very moderate sum of £70. On this site, with wood cut down from the estate, and stone also obtained there, I built an eight-roomed house, which was very convenient, as I thought, but, as I was my own architect, I had omitted to arrange for a staircase in the original plan, which rather complicated the construction. Here I lived for two years, and let it for two or three more, and then sold it for what it cost me. The house was delightfully situated, with magnificent views of the snows and the plains, and in the summer months was a perfect residence. In the winter it was very cold, there was too much snow, and there were too many bears.

I was not very sorry at the commencement of one winter to receive a letter from my friend Sir Hugh Rose, the Commander-in-Chief, asking me if I should like to proceed as Chaplain with the Forces taking part in the Umbeyla Campaign. This campaign was rendered necessary by the continued raids and incursions, with robbery and murder, of some very warlike and independent tribes on the Afghan Frontier. These petty wars, which are so little known, and

create so little interest outside India, are by no means insignificant, and are of constant occurrence.

From Rawal Pindee we went on to Nowshera (one of the most God-forsaken places I ever saw), where the troops were to assemble for the campaign. By that ill-luck, which I have often experienced, Cowie calling first upon the Brigadier-General, was ordered for service with troops in the front, while I had the more onerous and less agreeable duty of being attached to the General Hospital. Cowie got a medal, which he proudly used to wear on his stole, but I got none.

Similarly during the Mutiny my friend Waterhouse, who was attached to the field force, but saw no more fighting than I did, got a medal, whilst I having charge of Lucknow, with hundreds of sick soldiers to visit, got dysentery, which sent me to Europe.

Of the Umbeyla Campaign I shall say little, except that Cowie signalised himself by rushing up a hill with the troops, carrying in his hand a flag, for which exploit he was loudly cheered. This reminds me of an incident which occurred in the first Punjaub War, when a certain Chaplain called W——, riding on a field of battle in rear of the troops, seeing a certain Cavalry Regiment turn tail, drew out his revolver, and threatened to fire unless the Regiment re-formed

and charged. It is said that this incident saved the day.

The conflict in this Umbeyla business was severe and protracted, and many a British soldier lies low amongst those hills.

Whilst interesting and exciting scenes were going on in the heights above, my duties at Nowshera were of a very sad and prosaic kind, visiting the sick and burying the dead. Hundreds of our brave fellows were killed and were buried in trenches, of course without coffins, and the charge that somebody had blundered in the conduct of the war was on many lips, and found expression in the Press.

One of my duties was to visit the ladies and women of the Regiments at the front, and console them as well as I could in their state of general suspense. Every day brought a report of some officer, non-commissioned officer, or private, who had fallen a victim in the slaughter that was going on above us. Indeed we could often hear the guns in the distance, and no one of those poor ladies knew whose turn of bereavement would come next.

The campaign over, and peace, with honour, concluded, Cowie and myself journeyed on to Peshawar, the most northern station of India, before returning to our respective spheres of duty. At Peshawar we were the guests of a very remarkable man, the Rev.

Loewenthel, a Polish Jew, then one of the most accomplished agents of the C.M.S. He was very short in stature, with a very large head and a volubility that was surprising. When standing and preaching in the streets of Peshawar to a mob of ill-looking Afganis, who were infuriated by his trenchant criticisms and sarcastic repetitions of the Koran, he reminded me of S. Paul, both in his appearance and eloquence. The walls of the largest room in his house were covered from floor to ceiling with bookcases, filled with every kind of book, for he was as learned a theologian as he was an accomplished controversialist. The most learned Moulvies of Peshawar were no match for his apt and witty rejoinders, and were often worsted in their encounters with him.

It was funny to see the little man mounting his tall step-ladder to bring down some book that he wanted from a shelf quite close to the ceiling. His fate was very sad; whether it was the envy and malice which his controversial manner aroused or merely plunder which was the motive cannot now be known, but he was found one morning in his garden riddled with bullets.

Whilst at Peshawar we visited the celebrated Khyber Pass. The Commissioner gave us a mounted escort to enable us to do so without danger; yet, notwithstanding this, some miscreants from the hills

fired at us as a reminder that no English should pass that way.

Peshawar, in the cold weather, is a delightful, well-watered, and well-wooded station, with its pack of hounds and usual winter amusements, and if it were not for fevers and boils, which are, rather too frequently, the result of a residence there, would be an exceedingly pleasant station.

The hills present many opportunities for love-making, and many marriages naturally result. A young lady of pleasing appearance and fascinating manners once told me, in conversation, "That a woman with her wits about her could marry anybody she liked," and when I doubted this singular statement replied, "You will see that before the end of the season I shall marry a man upon whom I have set my heart." She did not tell me the name of the gentleman she referred to, but it was not difficult, when she was seen in social gatherings, to perceive whom she meant. The gentleman in question was a remarkably handsome man, whose career in India was distinguished. He was a clergyman of good private means, connected with the Church Missionary Society. Some objections were urged by the father on the score of his being a missionary, bet when the father heard that he had private means the objections were removed, and the parties were married.

Besides the C.M.S. missionary there were agents of two other missionary bodies hailing from America, then resident in Dhurmsala. They were Dissenters of some type or other (I forget what), and had no theological differences of any kind, except one on which they quarrelled most violently. The difference was that one party would sing uninspired hymns, whether of Wesley or any other writers, while the opposing faction considered it a sin to sing any other but the Psalms of David. Notwithstanding this peculiarity they were excellent missionaries. During the cold weather they shut up their houses and went into tents with their families, marching from village to village.

On one of my tours through the district I came upon the Psalm-singing faction, who received me hospitably. They were surrounded by the villagers (who cordially greeted them wherever they encamped), grateful for many kindnesses received in years past. Indeed, it may be said without fear of contradiction that the missionaries have ever been the best friends of the natives. On this occasion I had opportunities of observing the *modus operandi* of the Psalm singers. Standing under some wide-spreading tree, the missionary and his catechist read a portion of S. Paul's missionary journey from the Acts of the Apostles, and then explained in a simple manner the Gospel

(for they spoke the lingo of this poor people correctly). This done some of the older villagers pressed forward to ask questions, which were always answered in a tolerant and patient manner. The religious service over, there followed a very interesting scene. Blind men, lame men, men, women and children with various diseases came forward to consult the missionaries or ask for medicine; they seemed to think the good men could do anything. So far as I could see the medicines of these good missionaries consisted chiefly of quinine, castor-oil, and Cockles' Pills.

Below the Dhurmsala Church was a small field, the only really flat piece of ground in the station, in which potatoes were planted. There was a fine crop, and they were in flower. As I walked down to the Church one forenoon, I was surprised to see the whole field, on which the sun was shining, a bright orange colour. On approaching nearer, I found it was covered with a mass of locusts, and in a few hours not a stalk or a leaf was to be seen. The locusts had eaten it as bare as the back of your hand. This enables one to realize the ravages of these insects described in the Old Testament. Later on during my residence in India, I was witness of something like the plague of Egypt. To the north, as far as the eye could see, the whole sky was darkened by a thick cloud of these creatures, amongst

whom the birds of the air were making havoc. The inhabitants of the neighbouring villages were busy with drums, fifes, and various other sound-making instruments, accompanied with yells and shouts, endeavouring, but in vain, to drive off the insurgent hordes.

Before quitting the subject of the hills I must not omit to say something about tea plantations, which, when I went out so India, were in their infancy, but have now extended to most parts of the Himalayas as well as to Assam. It is said that the amount of tea exported from India and Ceylon equals, if it does not exceed, that from China. It was so recently as the beginning of this century only that tea seed was first introduced from China, and a small garden for its cultivation in a tentative way established by the Governmeat of India. When the experiments proved successful many officers took up the subject, and many gardens were opened. Tea has now become a special industry of India.

One such tea plantation I will endeavour to describe. In and about the hills of Dharjeeling there are some 60 gardens, giving occupation to more than 120 Europeans and some thousands of natives. The extent of the gardens ranged in area from 100 to 500 or 1,000 acres, requiring a great deal of capital. The larger gardens are now carried on by companies. At

first the gardens were small and the sole enterprise of some private individual. Curiously enough tea-gardens, though easily worked, and very profitable, are seldom carried on by native owners. At first it was very difficult to obtain land for the tea-gardens. The natives were suspicious and conservative, and refused to part with their inheritance, and some Government officials threw obstacles in the way of the acquisition of land by the hated interloper, who might give them a great deal of trouble, and not be so amenable to their orders as the natives. Little by little the opposition of the natives was overcome, and the village communities, to whom the land suitable for tea (very often covered with forest) belonged, sold it to the European. The first thing to be done was to register the sale in the Courts with the proper formalities, for natives, particularly of the higher classes, are very tricky in their dealings with Europeans. As the land belongs to the whole village, not to a single proprietor, every member of the community has to give his assent and signature to the sale. In some cases fencing has at once to be done to prevent the inroads of cattle. Next, the planter must build his shanty or bungalow of wood or stone, as may be most convenient, outbuildings for the storage and manufacture of tea, with huts on some part of the estate for the native labourers. Some parts of the estate may be free from wood, and only

require to be dug and prepared for the tea plant; in other parts the forest has to be cleared, an expensive operation, which a wise planter will do by degrees. We will now suppose that the land is prepared. In some part of it seed is sown. In this case it takes about five years before the leaves are fit to pick. In other parts seedlings obtained from a neighbouring garden will be planted, and these may be ready for picking in about three years. All through the year there is work to be done in the gardens in clearing, digging, and preparing new ground.

The Bishop of Calcutta gave me a roving-commission to visit the tea-planters in my district, and establish a church service amongst them in central positions. One beautiful morning in April I rode along the valley of Kangra in the direction of Palumpore to visit a tea-planter, and hold service in his house.

No words of mine can describe the beauty of the scenery, or the delightful freshness and fragrance of that valley among the well-wooded hills in the early spring. My friend's bungalow was situated on the side of the hill, surrounded by chenar trees. For a bungalow it was a very picturesque erection, the pillars of the verandah were covered with roses and jessamine, and in the front of the house was a very pretty garden laid out in English fashion, and a lawn on

which Badminton (the game then in vogue) was played. Behind the house was a kitchen garden, in which every English vegetable and fruit, as well as many indigenous to India, were grown. The appointments of the house and the table were such as would be found in any small country house in England ; a courteous hospitality and a general air of comfort prevailed. After breakfast my host took me to see his garden, and explain the system of culture and manufacture.

In order that the reader may correctly understand the mode of the manufacture of tea, let us suppose that we have arrived at the tea planter's house during the picking season, which is usually in April. The ground bears the appearance of any other well-kept garden, and is divided into blocks by paths ten or twelve feet wide. The tea plants are planted in rows, about five or six feet apart, and at a little distance the whole garden looks as if it were planted with gooseberry bushes, the only difference being that the trees bear more leaf, and are kept flatter at the top, the object of the planter being to encourage the growth of leaves, not flowers or seed, which are ruthlessly plucked off, except from those trees which the planter reserves for seed.

A bell is rung every morning at half-past five to call the labourers to work, and after roll-call they are

sent in batches to their respective blocks to pick the leaves. There are men, women, and children engaged. They have a wicker basket on their backs. in which to place and carry the leaves when gathered. The picking of the leaves is a delicate operation, which requires great care, and for this women and children are best suited, having been previously shown what leaves to pick. A rough and indiscriminate picking might ruin a tree for the whole season. As everyone knows, leaves come out at different intervals, and get bigger every day. In every tree the initial process is the bursting of two small leaves from the bud, after which other leaves are put forth. It is these first two leaves which make the most expensive tea called young Hyson. Of course much of these cannot be gathered, as if this was done all over the garden there would be no more leaves for that picking, and the yield of young Hyson, though very valuable, would be small in bulk. A certain proportion only of young Hyson is permitted to be picked. The quality of tea differs in every garden, sometimes also in the same garden, as everything depends on the character of the soil, the elevation, and other circumstances (the higher grounds producing the finer qualities), moreover every garden and every tree produced two or three different qualities of tea according to the size and age of the leaf.

The pickings follow each other after an interval of about a week, the first picking producing Hyson, the second Soucchong, the third Poucchong, and so on. In many gardens other and different names are given. And in the tea of commerce so many leaves from different parts of the world and of different growths are blended to suit the taste of the English tea drinker, that the names advertised are for the most part arbitrary and fictitious. But in these gardens you can get the genuine article of any growth you wish. Of course the larger the leaf the greater the yield, and the stronger and coarser the tea. In Assam, where the tea is indigenous, and the trees grow to the height of four or five feet or more, the leaves are very large and strong, and used for colouring and strengthening other weaker teas.

When the labourers, who set out early in the morning under the charge of overseers to pick the leaf (the tea planters and their assistants riding amongst them), have filled their baskets they return to the factory, where the leaves are weighed, and the labourers paid so many cowries per basket according to contract. This goes on all day till the evening. At the factory the leaves are loosely placed on wicker mat shelves to ferment, and when the fermentation, upon which the quality and flavour of the tea greatly depends, has proceeded far enough, the leaves are placed in large

canvas bags and put into a machine like a mangle, where they are rolled backwards to give them the desired twist. This done they are taken out of the bags and placed upon iron plates, over charcoal stoves to dry. The process of manufacture is now complete, and the tea according to its quality is packed away in boxes, and sent to England for sale.

Besides Sunday, there are many holidays amongst the tea planters, and though the houses are long distances apart they manage to meet for sport and recreation, so that a planter's life need not be dull or uninteresting. The only dangers in the isolated life of the planter are black bottles and black women.

Speaking of Sunday reminds me of a curious incident which occurred during one of my tours amongst the tea plantations. The manager of this tea-garden which I was visiting was a Scotchman, and so were his assistants (many managers are of this nationality)

When I proposed holding a service on Sunday he said, "You will scarcely believe it, but we don't keep Sunday here; in fact, it is so long since I was in civilized society that I don't know what this day of the week is," but, correcting himself, he said, "You must not suppose we don't keep the Sabbath; our weekly holiday is to-morrow. "Why, that is Wednesday," I said. "May be," he said, "you see

the Coolies have to go to their villages on their market day to provide provisions for the week, so we take our seventh day then." In the first blush of the prosperity of the tea industy a great many schemes were started to place the Indian tea in the market, and bring it to the favourable notice of the tea drinking public. Among these schemes none was more remarkable than one of which Mr.—— was the author. I met him one day in the Kangra district suffering, as he said, or fancied, from cholera and several other diseases, but sufficiently well to try to interest me in the new scheme for the exploitation of tea. He had taken a great deal of trouble and spent much money in bringing out this patent. The patent consisted in extracting the essence of tea and making it up into pills, each pill being sufficient to make one cup. These pills were coated with silver, and made up in small boxes, artistically prepared in Paris. The idea of the ingenious inventor was that an army supplied with a patent pill and some hot water could have its tea at a minute's notice. In theory the plan was excellent, but when he made me a cup of tea by pouring water upon the pills I am bound to confess it was detestable. The fact was that the process had extracted only the tannin, while the finer delicious essence of the tea had been destroyed.

CHAPTER XV.

PILGRIMS TO THE GANGES AND CHOLERA.—CHILD WIVES.—A CHURCH PAPER.



UPON leaving Dhurmsala I was appointed in 1865 to the large station of Allahabad as Civil Chaplain, that is to say, I was to have charge of the civil population, while my friend Blyth, now Bishop of Jerusalem, had charge of the military.

Allahabad, or the City of God, is a large Mahomedan town, situated at the junction of the Ganges and the Jumna. It was here in the Mutiny that several officers were massacred, one of them a very Martyr.

He was only a young Ensign, a mere pretty lad of eighteen, but he had all the courage of his race, and the faith of a Christian. The fanatical mob of butchers, after torturing the poor lad, offered him his life if he would turn Mahomedan. This he refused to do, and bravely met his death.

At the time I was appointed the civil station consisted of a number of comfortable houses in large compounds, the public offices, and a Church, which, though very commodious, was detestably hot. Scattered about this station were on one side the barracks of the European Infantry, with a temporary Church near them, on the other the Artillery were cantonned, and at some distance the lines of the native Regiment, while further still was the native town, with its numerous bazaars, mosques, and Hindoo temples. The English with great wisdom have always built their stations apart from the native population and I have often known cholera to be raging in the native town, and no case to occur in the civil station,

At the junction of the Ganges and Goomtee at Allahabad there is held annually a great fair in the month of February called the Magle and Mela. This fair is attended by some 200,000 pilgrims from all parts of India. It is partly a religious festival, but, at the same time, a considerable trade is done in all kinds of merchandise. Huts and buildings of every sort are put up for the accommodation of visitors. Here also the agents of the various missionary bodies have their booths for preaching and for the sale of portions of the scripture and Christian publications. Also some police and a portion of the native troops (for the preservation of order amongst the vast crowd)

were stationed there. The first of the religious ceremonies consists in shaving off the hair of the pilgrims, performed by professional barbers attached to the different castes. It is no exaggeration to say that stacks of hair of no inconsiderable size may be seen on different parts of the ground. What becomes of it I have no means of knowing.

After the shaving the pilgrims are baptised by their priests in the sacred river for the remission of sins, and thence go to their homes, we may suppose, with a clear conscience, carrying with them small ghurras of the sacred water to baptise their elder relatives, who are unable to perform the journey. Many of them indeed do venture, and annually die on the road from exhaustion. The superstition connected with the sanctity of this water is similar to that which induces many englishmen to obtain water from the river Jordan for the baptism of their children, and need occasion no surprise. Incidentally, however, the ancient custom common in all ages and among all peoples of baptism for the remission of sins affords an excellent text, upon which the missionaries may engraft the truths of Christianity. These pilgrimages are numerous in all parts of India, and their value as producing spiritual benefits generally accepted. But for the fact that they are usually accompanied by an outburst of cholera, and that

the pilgrims carry the usually cantagion to their homes, their benefit would be more apparent.

Speaking of the religious character of the Ganges reminds me of an incident which occurred during my first year's residence in Allahabad. The Government at the time was engaged in building a bridge over the river more than a mile in length, which necessitated the erection of many piers. One of these piers caused a great deal of trouble, the scour at this point being very great. One day I called at the missionary's bungalow on the banks of the river, and found the school over which he presided was closed. In reply to my enquiry as to the cause of this closing he gave me the following explanation. The natives, he said, were under the impression that Mother Gunga, the goddess of the river, was very angry on account of this bridging, and determined to thwart it, and that the Government had decided to sacrifice a child in order to appease the goddess. The natives, ever suspicious of the actions of Government, expecting the selection to be made from the school in question, as being nearest the spot, had moved their children *en masse.*

Many such instances of superstition and suspicion on the part of the ignorant natives will occur in the course of this narrative. It is sometimes said that the missionaries of India lead a luxurious and useless

life, but from long experience I can bear witness that this is far from being the case. Early and late they are engaged in their self-denying work, with but little more than a bare subsistence at the salary of a well-paid mechanic. Sometimes they are employed in translations of the scriptures, teaching in the schools, preaching in the bazaars, and up to a late hour at night holding meetings for enquirers.

It is sometimes also said that the converts are paid, and that they are baptised too hastily and without due enquiry and consideration. I should say that the reverse of this was the case. Converts are put upon probation for months, and during this time, if they are thought genuine, some assistance may be given. The position of an enquirer in India is exceptionally hard and hazardous. He is treated as an alien and outcast, and his Bhai-bund will neither employ or trade with him. Instances are not infrequent (after all expostulations and threatenings to alter his leanings towards Christianity have proved ineffectual) of the enquirers being made away with. On one occasion I remember that two respectable young men, who had determined to be baptised against the wish of their relations, had to be brought to England to save them from the hand of the poisoner.

It has often surprised me to find the opposition, dislike, and disbelief of missionary work shown by

many officers in India. One day whilst a member of the Artillery Mess, an officer descanted in my presence of the uselessness of missionary work, and stigmatised their converts as drunken loafers, saying that Christianity only made them worse than they were before, or else that the simple-minded missionaries only received the most worthless of their race. Knowing that only facts and not arguments would be of any use, I proposed to him a simple object lesson. About two miles from the Artillery Mess was a native village, pleasantly situated amongst groves of trees, where a congregation of native Christians had hutted themselves. This village was laid out in regular streets, with a school house, and the native pastor's residence attached. The congregation numbered about 300 adults, with about as many children. The adults were the result of the great Agra Famine, when parents moved by distress either gave or sold their children to the missionaries, who, of course, brought them up as Christians. Similar instances have occurred many times in India, and such settlements form a very satisfactory portion of the native Christian population. These people found ready employment in the Government printing-press, and a considerate treatment which they did not always obtain in other employments. So much was this the case that I

always found it difficult to obtain Christian servants either for myself or others.

Indeed the native Christians greatly disliked taking service with officers, as they alleged they were not properly treated, and I must admit that young officers fresh to the country were often very inconsiderate, abusing their servants with blows as well as words. At this date the native Christians had no Church of their own, and I gladly permitted them the use of the civil Church after our own service was ended. It was to this native service that I drew the attention of the officer above referred to, to whom the account of the native Christian village, their pastor, his services, was a piece of surprising news. At my request he promised to attend the native Christian Service with me on the following Sunday.

Accordingly we took our places in a part of the Church whence we could observe the conduct of the congregation. Before the service commenced the Church was well filled with two or three hundred people, the men on the one side, the women on the other, the contrast between their white robes and black faces being very striking. The service, except that it was in Hindustani, differed in no respect from the service in an English Church. The hymns Ancient and Modern, in a vernacular translation, accompanied by the organ, were heartily rendered, and the

devotional attitude of the congregation most marked. The prayers ended, the Rev. David Mohan, the native Christian pastor, preached a very practical and simple sermon, full of proverbs and illustrations, after the custom of the East. All this time I observed that my young friend the gunner was as much interested as surprised at this (to him) very novel experience. His astonishment, however, reached its climax when he observed that the whole congregation, with few exceptions, remained to the Lord's Supper, and he modestly told me afterwards that he had no idea there were such Christian congregations in India, and regretted that he had spoken so recklessly on the previous day. Subsequently I had a conversation with the pastor. in which I asked him how he succeeded in obtaining out of his congregation so large a number of communicants, remarking that out of my congregation of English ladies and gentlemen this would have been impossible.

"Your congregation," he replied, "are not real Christians, or they would not disobey their Master's last wish and command. With us it is considered a mark of disgrace not to attend, and only those who are forbidden by me and the Christian Punchayet for some misdoing fail to attend."

I then asked him if he considered the lives of the

native Christians morally superior to those of their European co-religionists.

"Certainly," he said, "you never hear of any of my congregation committing any scandal, or poor as they are appearing in any police-court. I don't mean to say," he added, "that they are all perfect, but myself and the punchayet (or native jury) have seldom occasion to refuse them the sacrament of the Lord's Supper."

I know that this statement will be severely criticised, and probably denied, but only by persons like the gunner, who have not taken the trouble to acquaint themselves with the facts. Persons having no sympathy with missionary work readily believe any calumny against the native Christians. I, myself, have known of cases in which native Christian servants, so called, have robbed their employers, and drunk their brandy, but on enquiry I always found that these persons were not Christians at all, but, being out of employment, traded upon the name. Such cases as these have given to Christian converts a bad reputation, and, I am sorry to say, it is not uncommon to hear British officers, who ought to have known better, condemn the missionaries and all their works on such poor proofs as those of the imposters referred to. Certainly there are hundreds of congregations as

numerous and as well conducted as that at Allahabad, and thousands of children under the careful charge of the missionaries, receiving an excellent education, of which the principles of Christianity form part. In former days no doubt the missionaries (chiefly Germans), though good linguists, were deficient in the intellectual qualifications of a good missionary. All this is changed now, and Oxford and Cambridge send some of their ripest scholars into the missionary field. There was at the time of which I am writing a a senior wrangler and fellow of his College devoting his great abilities to the education of little Mahommedan boys, and with such success that the building which he occupied had to be enlarged. One day as I was passing, this excellent man, to whom nothing connected with his work was insignificant or uninteresting, was seen carrying bricks to the builders to encourage them by his co-operation in their work.

Though the Hindoos have no stated seventh day of worship and rest, as the Jews, the Christians, and the Mahommedans have, they have so many holidays, religious and social, on which they will not work, and are supposed to pray, that in one sense they are by no means the losers. Some of these festivals are of considerable length, during which all public offices, courts of law, colleges, and schools are closed, to the great satisfaction of the European officers connected

with them. One of these was called the Dewalle, a spring festival of a very Bacchanalian character. During the day the young people of both sexes become wild with excitement and drink, and throw at each other handfuls of pink powder, which stains their usually white robes in a very extraordinary manner. As the day goes on, the fun grows fast and furious. Everybody who is met is bespattered, and, so far from resenting it, seems to rejoice in his parti-coloured appearance. It reminds one of scenes at the Italian Carnival. Bands and processions parade the streets, and on some occasions, and certainly at Allahabad, the festival concluded with a rough kind of dramatic performance in the open air.

At the time of which I am writing the performance took the shape of some sort of a religious ceremony, in which offerings were made, and worship paid to the goddess Dhurga. The goddess was made to appear very angry, because some persons in the crowd apparently did not treat her with due regard and bring her the accustomed votive gifts. It was amusing to notice that these persons (two natives) were dressed up as caricatures of English ladies and gentlemen, and *such* caricatures!!! It was difficult to recognise the likeness, so monstrous was the burlesque. I noticed that the play ended with the conversion of the foreigners to the Hindoo faith. In the evening every house,

great and small, was illuminated in a very effective manner with thousands of little oil lamps, and the air rang with shouts and songs of revelry. This was what the ordinary observer noticed in passing through the streets, but at the temples pious persons might be seen bringing thank offerings to the gods for the return of Spring.

One has to go to the East, now the only Conservative part of the world, to realize the customs recorded in Old Testament history. There still may be seen the loathsome leper dwelling apart, an outcast from his fellows; two women grinding corn, with the upper and nether mill stone; women going to the well with their pitchers; long trains of camels attached to one another by a string from the tail of one to the head of the other; the man carrying his bed; the blind beggars sitting at the gates of the temple asking for alms. In the bright moonlight and star-light nights may be heard the sounds of the wedding procession, virgins with their lamps accompanying the bride to her home.

Some of these customs have their humorous side, as the following incident will show. One day my cook, an excellent artist, but mueh given to opium eating, came to me with more than usual obsequious servility to ask a favour. "What is it," I said, "Peer Busksh." "Will the lord and master of slaves," said

he, "allow me to have tomasha to-night in the compound, as my son is going to be married." I replied, "Provided that the tomasha (which means a hideous row with tom-toms and discordant instruments) didn't extend beyond midnight the permission requested would be granted." Sitting on my verandah at about ten o'clock, I was witness to a curious scene. The cook's son, a boy about sixteen, was being prepared for the marriage. Undressed by his mother and grand-mother, he was first washed from head to foot, and then anointed with unguents and scents, after which he was dressed in gorgeous marriage robes. He wore a shawl and chain of flowers round his neck, and on his head he had a conical hat with bells, like a French clown, whilst over his face he wore a veil woven of various colours. Thus arrayed he was brought forth to the group of admiring friends and relations, who with tom-toms and obscene songs made night hideous. This lasted until about twelve o'clock, when the hero of these festivities, mounted on a donkey, preceded by the tom-toms, and escorted by his relatives with torches, wended his way to bring home his bride. The next morning I heard screams and cries of distress issuing from this home of newly-wedded love. On enquiry I found that the bride-groom had been beating his wife, who had refused to do some domestic work. I remonstrated and angrily

protested that if he beat his wife I would beat him. On this I was told that young wives always require to be beaten, because they begin by trying to do as little as possible, but if their husbands are firm they are soon broken in. However, in this instance the bride was firm too, and ran away home to her parents, whence she was speedily recaptured, and as I heard no more screams I presume they compromised their differences. The bride was about thirteen.

About this time Bishop Cotton paid a visit to Allahabad, and, talking over ecclesiastical matters, lamented the want of a Church paper for the diocese. After some discussion I agreed to establish and edit such a paper, with the Bishop's support and assistance. There were at that time in the station several literary persons like the late Cuthbert Thornhill, Robert Needham Cust and his wife, Mr. (now Bishop) Bligh and his sister. These, with Archdeacon Baly and others, contributed to the success of the paper. It was no easy task. I was obliged to be my own proprietor, publisher, editor and sub-editor. Though I was a gainer and not a loser in a money point of view the post of editor was not a bed of roses. No sooner was the Church paper started than correspondents from various stations wrote to complain of the deficiencies and delinquencies of their chaplains, or of the neglected state of the Churches and churchyards.

As may be imagined these and other complaints did not endear the editor to the persons complained of, and many remonstrances were made to the Bishop against my editorship. As long as I held it, however, the number of subscribers increased until I left Allahabad, when, at the request of the Bishop, I made over my rights in the paper to him. It continues until this day the only Church paper in the diocese, but is issued now only once a fortnight instead of once a week, as it was when in my charge.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHAPLAINS AND COMMANDING OFFICERS.—SOME EDITORIAL EXPERIENCES.—DUTIES OF A CHAPLAIN.

AMONGST notable men that I knew at this time was a General B——, C.B., an excellent but fussy officer, who took an exaggerated view of his own importance. By the rules of the service all questions referring to a chaplain's duty are to be decided by the commanding officer and chaplain in consultation The incidents I am about to relate will show the kind of friction that very often takes place between chaplains and commanding officers in India, and creates a good deal of unpleasantness.

On arrival at Allahabad I found the principal pews in the Church allotted to the civil and military residents, allowing a very small number for the rest of the population. As I found that the allotted pews

were never regularly filled, and sometimes wholly unoccupied in the evening, I gave notice one day that in future no pews would be allotted except two, one for the chief civilian, and the other for the General commanding and his staff, seats, of course, being reserved for the detachment of soldiers attending the Church. This arrangement did not at all suit General B——, C.B., and he wrote me some very disagreeable letters on the subject. The upshot was that on the correspondence being submitted to Government it turned out that the Church had been built by public subscription, and therefore the claim to allot or appropriate seats by the military authorities as if it were Government property could not be sustained. The sequel showed the advantages of the free and open Church system. Not only did those who had not seats previously now attend, but officers, both civil and military, were present in the evening more regularly.

A more serious disagreement between myself and Gederal B——, C.B., occurred later on. The troops which he commanded were cantoned some distance from the civil Church, as it may now be called, which the military, by courtesy, were allowed to attend. Allahabad in the hot weather (month of June) is said to be as hot as another place, which need not be mentioned, and the doctor of the regiment considered

that it would not be safe to take the soldiers, in full marching order, for the seven o'clock service, returning at eight, when the sun is most powerful, and the men buttoned up and unnecessarily burdened, are liable to sunstroke. This was reasonable enough, but then I never could see why there should be Church Parade at all in the hot weather; why, in fact, they should not be free, as civilians are, to come or remain away just as they liked. Why should any of Her Majesty's servants be compelled to go to Church? I am sure that many of them hated it, took a dislike to the service in consequence, and used very bad language all along the road.

At one station I remember, where a voluntary parade was permitted, more soldiers attended than if it had been compulsory, and this service became very popular. But if for purposes of discipline a compulsory parade was considered necessary, why in the world should the men be marched buttoned up to the chin in a uniform utterly unsuitable to the climate, and burdened with many pounds of ammunition. In reply to the General's request that my service should be altered from seven a.m. to eight a.m. I said, "That, recognising the reasonableness of the request, I would give the soldiers a service at their barracks at an earlier hour." This proposal did not suit the General, and, to my surprise, in the order book, which came

round to me as usual, the General directed that the troops should attend Divine Service at Trinity Church at five a.m.

This was contrary to regulations, and was mistake number one. As it did not matter to me whether I held the service in the Barracks or in the Church, the service took place at the time appointed, but without a choir. It was unreasonable to expect that a volunteer choir of gentlemen and ladies could be ordered to attend a service at five a.m. Yet the General chose to be indignant that the brave defenders of the country should be mulcted of the musical part of the service. Accordingly, he reported the matter to Government, with some strong strictures on my conduct, and was a second time snubbed for his pains. I have noticed these two instances of disagreement between myself and the General as typical of quarrels, which continually took place in those days between chaplains and commanding officers,

It is well known that singers and bell-ringers often give the clergyman a great deal of trouble in England, and such things are not unknown in India. I have already spoken of the fracas with the Allahabad choir, and I will now tell the story of two of my organists. The first I had was an Irishman, with very red hair, and a very red nose. He

was a very good musician, but so eccentric that his conduct proved the truth of the proverb, "See a fiddler, see a fool." He was not absolutely dumb, but he was usually monosyllabic. He never contradicted me, but he never, on any occasion, carried out my wishes. I think he was the politest and most deferential man I ever met, and as he only bowed and smiled when I scolded him for want of attention to my wishes it was impossible not to be highly amused.

At last his vagaries in connection with voluntaries and accompaniments became so numerous and grotesque that I was obliged to give him the usual notice to leave in three months. Long before this time had expired he absconded, and I was only made aware of his little game by a visit paid to me by the chief jeweller of the place, asking for the address of my quondam organist. The story which the jeweller told was this. He said, "Mr. Mahaffy called at my shop, and said he was engaged to be married to a rich widow in Benares and required some jewellery as presents. Believing his story, and knowing that he held a responsible position under you, I let him have a jewelled watch, a diamond engagement and wedding rings, also brooches and bracelets to the value of £160. He promised to call and pay me after he had returned from Benares, on a visit to his lady-love,

but that was a week ago, and I have never seen him since." Expressing my surprise at his imprudence in trusting a man who had only £80 a year as organist with such an amount of jewellery, I told him I believed the widow was a myth, and that having given him notice ten days ago, he had probably obtained the jewellery to raise the wind for his passage to Australia or some other colony. On hearing this statement the jeweller's face was a study, and on comparing dates we found that on the very day that I gave him notice, Mr. Mahaffy, in his Sunday best, and with his most deferential smile, had hoaxed the jeweller with the story of the widow and his proposed marriage. Needless to say the personality of the organist never again appeared in Allahabad, and, like the cat's picture in "Alice in Wonderland," only the memory of that smile remained.

My next organist was an equally good musician, very humorous, and less eccentric, when he was sober (but then he wasn't very often sober). He belonged to a very musical family, and in a drunken fit had enlisted in the —— Regiment. Hearing him sing a comic song, called "The little grey man," at one of our penny readings, playing his own accompaniment, I obtained the Colonel's permission for him to be detached for duty at the Church, as my organist, and finally bought his discharge. This was a mistake, as

I soon found out. Fairly sober when in the ranks and under discipline, he became incorrigible on obtaining his freedom. And at last he was so frequently drunk that I had to lock him up in a cottage near my house in order to secure his proper appearance at service.

His last exploit was most amusing. I had given him a holiday to go and see a friend in the town, with strict injunctions that he should touch no drink and return home early. He gave me his assurance, of course, that he would do so. He did return early, but as drunk as a lord, and singing a comic song on the back of a huge nag, about sixteen hands high, which I found he had bought for five rupees as a joke at the Government cart sale. I was very angry with him, and he rode away with a jaunty air, singing as usual, and I never saw him again, so I lost my "prisoner," as he was called.

The life of an Indian Chaplain, given the difference of climate, is not very unlike the life of an English clergyman; he has no parish, it is true, but he has a district and out-stations, which correspond to outlying hamlets of an English Vicar's charge. He is much more independent, and less supervised. His Bishop may not be able to visit him more than once every three years. There are no Rural Deans, and

his nearest clerical neighbour may be, and probably is, a hundred miles off. The Government of India only supplies chaplains to large military or civil stations, but for smaller stations not able to afford the luxury of chaplains the society called the Additional Clergy Society supply clergymen. The Government orders its own Chaplains to supply the necessary services for out-stations, granting travelling allowances for the purpose. Some Chaplains have two or three out-stations to serve, which they are ordered to visit every month, every quarter, or half-year as the case may be. I had only one out-station at Allahabad, which had this peculiarity, that nearly every officer had a native wife *en cachet* in their Zenana compounds. It may well be imagined, therefore, that the advent of the Chaplain was looked forward to with rather mixed feelings, and that the congregations were small and select.

The Judge at this out-station was a man of unblemished integrity, but of somewhat eccentric habits. It used to be said it took him four hours to dress after his daily bath, which took him two. Whether this was correct I do not know, but certainly the result was worthy of the effort, for he was always as well dressed as Count D'Orsay, with the courtier manners of the last century. In the Mutiny he had courageously defended his station, and saved the

treasure chest, and only left his post when ordered to do so by the Governor.

An amusing story is told of this defence. When the mutineers attacked the station, he fortified the public offices or Cutchurry. Barricading the flat top of his house by ramparts, made of official documents, placed in sacks, and piled one on the top of another. These were either destroyed or lost. When the country settled after the Mutiny many of these papers (some of great value) were asked for by the Government. The only explanation given by the eccentric judge was that they were used in defence of the Treasury, cynically adding that he found a good tough Darrie Case, well supported by forgery and perjury, the best bullet proof protection. This explanation was scarcely satisfactory to the Government, and called forth a very serious wigging.

Not very long ago, I found my friend residing in a German watering-place, and went to call upon him. To my great amusement, I found him (the time being three p.m.) just out of his bath, and still undressed. Every chair in the room was covered with articles of dress to suit his fastidious taste, and I was told that it was his constant habit not to appear fully dressed until about six p.m. In India he was rather better, for then his elaborate toilet could be accomplished by four p.m. How much magisterial work he got through

during the day maybe imagined, but the Government was never satisfied.

I must note one exception to these dilatory habits. Every Sunday morning he was seen walking to Church, always a little late, dressed to perfection, the most aristocratic, distinguished person present. If he was not the best of magistrates, he was without doubt one of the *best* of brothers.

At Allahabad, as at other stations, it fell to my lot to build a Church, a school, and a parsonage, and the trouble I went through in building this last I shall never forget; I am afraid my successors did not thank me for the result. The house, picturesquely situated amidst mangoe and other trees close to the Church, was built under the supervision of the Department of Public Works by a rascally contractor, and was so shamefully constructed that more than once I kicked down the outer walls with my foot, and although suitable enough for a residence in England, was so dwarfed in its dimensions by the stinginess of Government that it acquired the soubriquet of "the oven."

Allahabad was, as I have already said, a very hot place. One day, having reproached a witty member of the High Court for his irregularity at Church, the following laconic conversation took place.

Wit: It is too hot, Padre."

Padre: "It is hotter down there."

Wit: "I doubt it, *nous verrons*."

Padre: "Let us hope not."

About this time (1865) there was founded in Allahabad *The Pioneer*, now the leading newspaper in India. It was founded by a a man who had several chemist's shops in India, and embarked a considerable capital in this venture. Its first editor was a brother Chaplain of my own, known from his rather broad Church views as "Julian the Apostate." He was a man with a fertile imagination, a facile pen, and a large experience of Indian affairs, and proved a very successful editor. Once when I enquired of him "How he obtained so much knowledge of an obscure Indian subject?" he replied, "There are few subjects of which I do not know something, and none of which I know much." Parson though he was, he was a very humorous dog. Sitting opposite to him at dinner one day at Government House, I heard him tell a lady (quite recently arrived from England) who had asked for some mustard, "When you want mustard, my lady, you must say 'Toll de roll dirydo.'" This he said quite seriously, the only excuse for this joke being that *Ru* is the Hindoostani for mustard, and *do* the imperative for give.

During the editor's absence for a few months holiday in the hills, I had editorial charge of the

paper, and was particularly struck by the number of articles and letters from high Government officials. One of these, on the subject of the improved condition of soldiers in India, was by no less a person than the late Lord Lawrence, Governor General.

CHAPTER XVII.

A MIDNIGHT MARRIAGE AND A MID-DAY FUNERAL. A VISIT FROM BABOO KESHUB CHUNDER SEN.



ARRIAGES in India may be performed at any time between sunrise and sunset. I was once asked to perform one at midnight. A certain lady, the wife of a Major General appeared at my parsonage shortly after I had retired to rest, and asked for an interview. When I appeared in the drawing-room, where she awaited me, I was favoured with the following explanation of her visit. It appeared that Miss W—— (her daughter) had been engaged some three years previously to an officer of the Royal Artillery, who for name we will call A——. The course of true love, as usual, did not run smooth. For some reason or other, with which I am unacquainted, the match was broken off. When a decent interval had elapsed the young lady engaged herself to Mr. B——. The mother, who apparently

avoured Mr A——, wrote incidentally to acquaint him with the new engagement and intended ear y marriage to Mr. B——. Then this curious thing occurred. Mr. A——, whether moved by pique or the resurrection of a dead love, wrote to the young lady to renew his engagement, and came down to Allahabad in order to see her, and receive her answer. It appeared that both gentlemen were in the same hotel, and that day the young lady had decided to cast off her last lover and marry the old one.

It appeared moreover that Mr. A—— had taken his passage by the P. and O. steamer to England, and that no time could be lost. The mother therefore asked me to perform the marriage at once. This I refused to do, but on looking at the railway time-table and finding that the train did not start until seven o'clock, I agreed to stretch a point in their favour, and by marrying them at 5.30 a.m., to allow them to snatch a hurried breakfast before starting on their wedding tour. I afterwards learnt, with little surprise, that this wedding had not turned out well, and I think, from what I afterwards learnt, Miss W—— would have been better advised to say "No" to the lover with whom she had broken, and remained constant to Mr. B——, to whom this desertion was a serious grief.

My duties as chaplain often brought me into queer relations with Roman Catholic priests and dissenting ministers. Here is an account of one incident. One day in the middle of the hot weather, a day on which it is almost impossible to go out without danger of a sunstroke, a day on which the wind seemed, like the blast from a fiery furnace, to frizzle the very skin off your face; on one such day I say, about eleven a.m. my bearer came to tell me, as I sat in my easy chair, in a darkened and kuskus tatty cooled room, that a funeral had been waiting since eight o'clock a.m at. the gate of the cemetery, which was a mile and a half distant. As I had no appointment to attend a funeral on that day I was at a loss to know what it meant, and could only gather from the native messenger who had been sent to call me that the large party assembled at the Cemetery, after waiting in vain for a clergyman, had sent to beg me, as a personal favour, to come to their rescue. Refusal was, of course, out of the question, notwithstanding the want of due notice.

On arrival at the Cemetery I found the party, though relieved to see me, indignant and out of temper at being kept waiting so long in the sun. One of them was known to me, and after I had performed the religious ceremony over the grave in that shady and well cared for Cemetery, explained to

me the reason for my presence. It appeared that the deceased, a respectable clerk in one of the public offices, was a Roman Catholic, not very regular in his attendance at Confession or Mass, who, moreover, had enraged the priest by dying without receiving Holy Unction. When, therefore, the priest was summoned to attend his funeral he replied, saying, "He went his own way without my assistance when he was living, let him do so now he is dead. I refuse to bury him." I could relate many instances of the oppression and tyranny of Roman Catholic priests over the minds and bodies of members of their congregation, but I forbear.

The incident was so unique that I thought it my duty to make it the subject of a report to the Bishop, and to ask for his advice. Were chaplains of the establishment obliged to bury every corpse presented to them at the Cemetery, whether members of the Church of England or not? This was the question I asked. It seemed to me a real grievance to be bound to read our beautiful Burial Service over the bodies of men whom their own priests had, for good reasons, refused to bury. Sometimes it might be that the cases were more serious, and that the priests had refused to bury, not for mere lack of the last Sacrament, but that the deceased had died in mortal sin. Would not such a service, performed by an

English clergyman, bring his office into contempt, and show the superiority and reality of the claims of the Roman Catholic Church? To this letter the Bishop replied (after consulting counsel) that the chaplains of the establishment were bound to bury everybody who had died in their district when requested to do so. This surely is one of the legitimate grievances of an Established Church.

I was so dissatisfied with this reply, that some time afterwards, when lunching with the Archbishop of Canterbury at Addington, I brought the case before him in the following shape. "Suppose," said I, "that I was asked to bury the body of a man, whom I had known as an incorrigible drunkard, who had died impenitent, what would be the action of your Grace if I refused to do so. After a moment's consideration the Archbishop replied, "I do not know what the civil law might say on the subject, but I so far sympathise with your difficulty, that as far as I am myself concerned I should support you in your refusal."

Talking of funerals reminds me of the custom which prevailed amongst widows of Eurasians attending the obsequies of their husbands. At the commencement of the service they were usually supported (as if too weak to stand alone) by two female friends, with smelling bottles and pocket-handkerchiefs. As

it proceeded they all three faintly wept, but at the point where the body was lowered into the grave it was *de rigueur* for a cry to be heard, and the widow to be seen falling back into the arms of her supporters, and this quite independent of the fact that husband and wife may have led a cat and dog life.

During the time that I was at Allahabad, there came to the city, for the purpose of delivering a lecture, the well-known reformer and apostle of the Hindoo faith, then in the zenith of his popularity, Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen. At my invitation he came to stay with me during his visit, and I had, of course, many opportunities of learning his views and studying his character. His consistency has been somewhat disputed since the marriage of his daughter, but at the time I knew him he seemed to me a very honest and devout man. The inconsistency referred to was in connection with his strong denunciation of what are known as infant marriages. When, however, an honourable and advantageous offer of marriage for his daughter, who was only *thirteen*, came from a rich high caste Rajah, he consented, and from that time lost much of his prestige. In the conversations which we had together one or two things may be noticed.

We were discussing the essential doctrines of Christianity, and he said, "My chief difficulty is the

doctrine of the Incarnation, and the consequent dogma of the Deity of Jesus Christ. The Brahmo Somaj Church (as *he* chose to call it) has repudiated all the Hindoo Incarnations. I have just given up as irrational and mythical eleven Incarnations, and you ask me to accept another, less irrational perhaps, but not less miraculous." Recognising, as everybody would, the Baboo s difficulty, I endeavoured to meet it in the following manner.

"Suppose," said I, "a tradesman were to receive over his counter (as is frequently the case) several spurious coins, imitation, say, of rupees, would he, therefore, refuse to accept any rupees that in future might be offered to him?"

"Certainly not," said the Baboo.

"Well, then," said I, "Is it philosophical to reject the Incarnation of Jesus Christ because you have found other Incarnations spurious. On the contrary, as the fact of a real coinage gives value to spurious imitations, so a false Incarnation must rest on, and be accepted because of, a true one. That is to say, there is a great truth in the doctrine of the Incarnation, which accounts for the stories and myths of Incarnation all over the world. What you have to do, is to consider this truth, when you are examining the dogma of the Incarnation as presented by the Christian Faith."

"There is something in what you say," said the Baboo.

Passing to other subjects, I then asked him "what he considered were the prospects of the conversion of India to Christianity?"

"I cannot say," he said, "time alone will show; it may come very quickly, and if some high caste Rajahs of great wealth and influence were to espouse the cause, a great movement would take place through the length and breadth of India. One thing I am sure of," he said, "and that is this, that the bald unbeautiful Christianity presented by German missionaries and Dissenters will never attract our impressionable and ceremony loving people. It is much more likely that the ritual of the English High Church party might do so."

The lecture given by the Baboo was numerously attended, and contained his well known views against idolatry, caste distinctions, early marriages, and the non marriage of widows, together with an account of the doctrines of the Brahmo Somaj. Of these I shall only say as I heard him dilate on the Fatherhood of God, the Divinity of Christ (a divinity something less than deity), the influence of the Holy Spirit, and the value of faith, prayer, fasting, and almsgiving, I said to myself, "This man is not far from the Kingdom of God." This also was the view of the philanthropic

Bishop Cotton, while Bishop Milman, whose book on the Atonement is well known, and who was a theologian rather than a philosopher, thought the Brahmo Somaj religion, the half-way house between some religion and none, and had no sympathy with the movement.

It is interesting to me to remember that four of my brother chaplains with whom I was intimate at Allahabad have been promoted to the Episcopate.

Cowie, domestic chaplain to Bishop Cotton, now Bishop of Auckland, New Zealand, was an excellent soldiers' chaplain, and probably makes an equally good bishop. Few bishops can boast so patriarchal a beard.

G. F. Popham Blyth, for some time domestic chaplain to Dr. Milman, now Bishop in Jerusalem and the East. Like Zacheus, he is short of stature, and, I believe, thinks that height gives weight. Be that as it may, he is an able little man, and his book on the "Great Forty Days," which I used to see him write on backs of letters and envelopes in an utterly incomprehensible hand, is no mean contribution to the subject. In a confessedly difficult post, he will no doubt fulfil the hopes of Archbishop Benson, who nominated him.

Henry Mathew is quite an ideal Bishop. Probably no man has influenced more people for good in India

than he has. Archdeacon, now Bishop of Lahore, he is beloved and respected by all who know him. I believe he has published no work, but his sermons if he could be induced to publish them, would be worth reading.

Last, but by no means least, comes Canon Jacob Dr. Milman's domestic chaplain, now Bishop of Newcastle. He will long be remembered by the chaplains as an excellent friend and adviser. The administrative talent which he displayed at Portsea will find greater scope in his new sphere.

CHAPTER XVIII.

APPOINTMENT TO CASHMERE.—THE NAUTCH DANCE.—AN INTERESTING JOURNEY.



IT was in the Sixties that Kashmir was added to the list of chaplains' stations. Kashmir, the gem of the Himalayan valleys, had not a large English population ; but some scandal was caused by the conduct of the young officers, and the Bishop decided to post a chaplain there as a restraining influence. It was customary once or twice in the season for the Maharajah to give a full-dress entertainment to the visitors—a grand feast in truly oriental and barbaric style. Some of the dishes were more curious than palatable, being flavoured some with otto of roses, and others with garlic. There was plenty of wine, and afterwards the Nautch dance. It is usual to associatiate this dance with everything that is unseemly ; but nothing more tame or monotonous could be imagined. The dancers are over-dressed, and they writhe about in rhythmic

movement to a tune played on tom-toms. Dance and tune will continue all night without change. It was afterwards that the unseemly scenes had occurred which had come to the knowledge of the Bishop. I was appointed to the "Happy Valley" for six months.

The journey was not so easy of accomplishment then as it is now, there being no railway to Murree, and no tonga into Kashmir. But travelling in the dholey, and marching with tents over the hills was far more interesting. I know nothing more delightful than the march over the hills. The scenery is beautiful, and the mountain air so invigorating that it seemed laden with a delicate essence of champagne and the fragrance of *mille fleurs*.

We usually started about seven o'clock in the morning. There were some five or six servants, and about 30 coolies or porters, for the carrying of the tents to the next station. They started first. The cook, and table servants with food for the mid-day meal, went on half way. While we were having our coffee and chupatties the packing of the tents began. My bearer was quartermaster-general, and I looked after the commissariat. Then the march commenced. When half the journey was done we found lunch ready. Our chief table servant had a very fine sense of the picturesque, and we sat down

under a spreading chenar or plane tree, near a stream or spring. After lunch we rested or read, smoked or sketched, while the servants packed up and went on. About three or four we halted for the night; and arrived to find the tents pitched and everything in readiness. It is quite curious to see the regularity and comfort in which you can travel in this way; and the excellent dinners that can be prepared with the minimum of utensils. Everything had to be cooked in the open air with wood; and with the fewest pots or pans. Yet every day we had soup, fish or game (bought from the country folks), curry, sweets, varied by fowl, goat flesh, or mutton, with the spiced beef and tinned supplies. Eggs, butter and chickens were procurable everywhere; a man being provided by Government at each halt for procuring supplies for travellers. As the sun set we retired to our tents to rest in primitive fashion. So passed our days, each day's march varied by new views of the snow-clad peaks of Kashmir; new paths through forest and glades, new cascades and waterfalls.

The first march led us to the River Jhelam, the Hydaspes of the Greeks. At this time the rugged torrent had not been bridged, and the crossing in a heavy ferry-boat was rather risky. When half-way across a rope was thrown from the boat to men on shore; but if this was not caught, as happened once

in my presence, the boat went down stream, banging against the rocks. It was about the worst and most dangerous ferry I ever saw.

At Dulai we saw the ruins of a grand old Mogul serai. And as we sketched it we felt, as we had often done before, that these old Moguls were grand old fellows, and knew how to enjoy life. At the date of their greatest prosperity and power they were masters of Kashmir, and as soon as the hot weather commenced at Delhi (the seat of their Government) the Court moved by easy and slow marches, for the comfort and convenience of ladies of the harem, to spend the summer in the beautiful palaces of Kashmir. It was on this account that these grand old serais were built, which, even now in their ruins, gave one some idea of the riches and pomp of the Mogul Emperors. These serais or hotels, which were originally built for the protection of the traveller, looked like small forts. They were entered by a large gate. In the centre was a well, and space for tents to be pitched, and for camels and other animals to be tethered. Round the walls inside were a series of small rooms.

It was in these serais that the processions of the Delhi Court halted on their summer journey from Delhi to Kashmir. The readers will remember an account of one of these courtly Mogul processions

described in the poem of Lalla Rookh. Along our route we came across numerous instances of bridges, which seem to have anticipated the cantilever principle. They are made of large logs of wood, one projecting over another, and where they almost meet at the centre, are crossed by planks. These bridges are picturesque and safe, and last as long as the wood of which they are composed (we sketched some of them). The sangar bridges also are quite safe, and the jhulas may be so also, but they neither look it, nor do they feel so to the traveller who crosses them for the first time. They are rather, but only rather. like suspension bridges, sometimes made of rope, but also as often made of bamboo. They have none of the solidarity and sense of firmness of the suspension bridge, for they swing about in the most alarming manner, and the rapid river seen through the ropes or twigs of bamboo flowing below makes one dizzy. When a strong wind is blowing, or when the jhula is fixed higher at one end than another they wobble about in a very uncanny manner, and I have often seen both native and European sportsmen, who knew no fear when scaling the most difficult mountain crags and passes, quailing at the sight of these jhulas.

At one place near Lui there is a much more awful kind of bridge, which has only one rope, and, of

course, bags a good deal in the centre. It is crossed by a forked piece of wood, to which is attached a thin rope loop. Into this the traveller gets and sits down (a very painful position). Seated thus, he shoves himself off from the rock, and, when he reaches the centre, he hauls himself to the other side hand over hand. It was very curious, and crossing it looked a very nervous kind of business.

The march from Uri to Rampore is the most charming and beautiful on the route, and passes through forests which afford a pleasant shade. On this route we passed the Temple of Pandu Ghur* (probably the oldest in Kashmir). There are many of the same architecture, such as those at Martand and Awantipur, and all are called by the name Pandu Ghur. There is, of course, a tradition to account for these ancient temples, whose architecture is so different from anything, either Buddhistic, Hindoo, or Mahomedan.

The tradition is that 3,000 years before Christ, or thereabouts, there were five brothers (Pandu means five) called Pandus, who were friends, and that these half gods and half men built them in a single night. Whatever their date, they are splendid specimens of building. The stone of which they are built is

*This Temple has since been carried to London Colonial Exhibition.

massive and well preserved, the design good, and the carving exquisite.

Starting on our last stage to the Happy Valley, we reached the summit of the Baramoola Pass, and saw stretched before us the object of our march—the Vale of Kashmir—the splendid Jhelum, the Sopor, and Woolar Lake, the Tukhti Sulieman, or seat of Solomon, with the snow-clad peaks of the Nundi Davi, and the rest. To us, who saw it for the first time in the witching month of May, after a long and rather fatiguing march, the view was simply enchanting. It was not of the earth at all. I never saw anything anywhere the least like it. Hills and valleys, snow-clad mountains, as in Switzerland, Darjeling, or Simla, I had seen before, but this view of Kashmir excels them all. First, there is something ahout the atmosphere of the valley which gives to every object in the distance a quite supernatural aspect. You would expect to see angels moving about, it is so supremely refined and brilliant, with an opal radiance in the air. Then, from this height, you see a valley unlike any other; you see it in all its length, about 100 miles long and some 20 broad.

Long before we arrived at Baramoola, where the river journey would begin, we were beset by men and women gesticulating, entreating, and insisting that we should take his or her boat. We had to select three

boats, one as a kitchen and for the servants, one for myself, and one for my friends.

These boats, called doongahs, are long and narrow. some fifty feet long, by six feet broad, drawing two feet of water. They have a thatch of matting to protect the traveller from the sun, and curtains of the same material to give privacy and shelter from rain and sun. My boat was divided into two parts; in the after part was my bedroom, while the front was used as a sitting-room. The crew usually consists of four persons, men and women, who with their families live all the year round in the hinder part of the boat. I entrusted my head servant, a very trustworthy man, with the business of selecting the boats, which he did with some difficulty. These boats are usually hired for some twelve or fifteen rupees a month, they rarely have sails, but are propelled down stream by long heart shaped oars and pulled up stream by a stout long rope, a labour in which the women as well as the men take part. It reminds one a little of canal boat travelling on a fine day in splendid scenery in England. I think no more delightful mode of travelling for a holiday can be imagined. In that climate during the summer every day is fine.

The deck of the boat is arranged as a sitting-room, with easy-chairs, tables, and a couch, a Persian rug is under your feet, books and periodicals, and the

friendly pipes are by your side. Silently, save for the chatter of the boat folk, the gondola of the Jhelam glides along, a veritable *dulce far niente* kind of existence, and with such companions as I had an ideal life, never to be forgotten—never to be repeated.

It was a lovely morning (May 7th, 1861) when we embarked on our journey to Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir). The Jhelum, where it flows through the valley, is neither swift nor strong, and we were hauled along without difficulty. Our crew were a man and his wife, stalwart and handsome Kashmiris, a girl of twelve, and two pretty children. The children gave us endless amusement. It was a favourite sport for the mother, early in the morning, to throw the youngest child (certainly not more than two or three years old) into the river, and then jump in her self. At first it gave us quite a shock to see a mother commit what seemed so murderous an act, but when we saw the little one, like a frog, swimming to meet its mother, and then struggle out of the water on to her back while she swam about, our fears were changed to admiration.

We were constantly amused as we slowly floated along on our Eastern gondala, not only at the dress and costumes of the natives whom we saw on the banks or met returning in their boats to Paramoola, but also at the extraordinary readiness

for quarrelling which these Kashmiree Mahomedans possessed. Kashmir is one of those unique countries, where a vastly superior race in physique and warlike qualities is, and has been for generations, under the heel of the Hindoo, who, though intellectually superior, is more inclined to peace than war. These Mahomedans, unlike their brethren in other parts of the world are most abject cowards, the result of the oppression and subjection under which they have for so many centuries laboured. It is not a figure of speech to say that one of the Maharajah's ill-armed soldiers could chase a thousand. In the matter of quarrelling, however, they appear to me to reach a height which is quite unapproachable by any other nation.

Our boatman's wife was a woman of extraordinary beauty, as indeed most of the Kashmir women were. Well dressed she would have attracted immediate attention as the belle of the London season. She was about 5ft. 6in. in height, and perfect in form and feature, her eyes most lustrous, and her eyelashes fell long and beautiful over her splendid complexion. Like her sisters in other lands she was a born coquette—more need not be said. In consequence of the attentions of other boatmen and of her own easy acceptance of them, there were often rows on board, which were not pleasant, and once I threatened to

leave the boat or report their conduct to the Vizier if they did not amend their ways, or quarrel a little less publicly.

At last we reached our destination, Srinagar (the City of the Sun) and capital of Kashmir. It is built on both sides of the Jhelum, with the Maharajah's palace on the right bank. The chief features of this city (said to have been built about the 6th century), are the seven bridges which span the river. The river is some 90 yards across (its depth varies). Formerly there were stone embankments, dating from the times of the Moghuls. Some remains are still to be seen, and one is surprised to see built into the sides or walls parts of pillars or carved capitals of Hindoo temples. On these bridges, or on some of them, there were rows of shops, and the shops, like the houses, built of wood, were inclined in all directions, and presented a very singular, though picturesque, appearance. The cause of this want of perpendicularity, we heard, was the succession of earthquakes, here very frequent, which tilted the houses now on one side, now on another. Most of the houses are three or four storeys high, and, though made of wood, and leaning very much from the perpendicular, are still very strongly built. To add to their picturesqueness the pent roofs are covered with earth, which, during the greater part of the year,

is green with grass, or bright with many flowers, such as the poppy, the marguerite, amd anemones.

The Maharajah's chief palace and seat of Government is at Jummoo, which is the ancient and original province of the family of the Maharajah, who are Rajpoots. The palace built on the riverside is very large, and has some fine and highly decorated rooms in the florid Moorish style, but there is an incongruous collection of inartistic looking buildings, which seem to have been added on from time to time. Still, with its quaint leaning wooden houses, rich with the colour of age, and their roofs brilliant with grass and flowers, with picturesque bridges crossing the noble stream, with the spires of Hindoo temples and minarets of mosques peeping out amongst clumps of fine trees, with a sky nowhere brighter, and surrounding mountains nowhere more beautiful, it is a most in-

Srinagar from some points may be said, like Jerusalem, to be the joy of the whole earth. I said from some points, for if you enter the city by the canals that run through it, your nose will be offended, and your eye hurt by sights of the most disagreeable kind. Disease of some kind or other is very frequent, and cholera is never for long absent from the city. For this reason, amongst others, the bungalows for visitors are all situated outside and above the city. They are built on the bank of the river. amidst

orchards, in two groups, one for bachelors and one for married people. Of course, like the rest of the buildings in Kashmir, they are of wood, and the accommodation they afford is of the most primitive and nominal character. The windows are not glazed, but filled with lattice work. In cold weather these bungalows would be uninhabitable, but in the beautiful summer weather of this almost perfect climate, when all that is wanted is a roof to shelter one, they are quite sufficient. Furniture they have none. The traveller usually carries with his tent as much as is necessary, but that is not much, but really in that lovely scenery no inconvenience such as would have been unbearable elsewhere seemed to matter, and besides it was not customary for the visitor to remain long in Srinagar. He is too anxious to commence his excursions in the valley.

Among the visits from some of the native officials was one from an official who brought us the Maharajah's gifts. *Imprimis* there was for each of us one very long-legged lean sheep, ditto one very miserable cock, ditto a river trout of doubtful freshness, also some rice, honey, sugar, vegetables, and charcoal. All this with much ceremony was presented to us, and we had then to write our names in the official book acknowledging receipt of the dolley. Its value might have been about 10s. I know it

would be charged to the Maharajah £1. In the same way a dolley of the same character was given us on our leaving the valley.

No sooner had these officials left us than we were surrounded by native merchants offering their wares for sale, shawls, silver goods, copper and papier-mache work, besides these there are leather workers, and dealers in precious stones. Then came shekaries or native sportsmen (game-keepers we should call them in England), who know the best places for sport. These men are for the most part very reliable and useful, and carry testimonials (called chits) from their previous masters. Some of the chits*, by the way, are very curious. This was one, "I will back this man to lie and cheat against any other man in India, but he is a good shekaree." This was signed by a well-known sportsman, who had employed him for years.

It was very difficult to get rid of the importunities of these various Kashmir tradesmen. They sat round us, now and then offering their wares for sale, and as unfortunately for us there were very few Europeans in the city at this time to besiege, they did not leave us until the sun was setting. It did not seem to them to matter whether we bought their wares or not; as a matter of fact, after the first hour, when we had been

*Hindoostani for written character or testimonials.

obliged to look at them, we took no notice of them, and busied ourselves with unpacking and getting into our bungalow. While the other visitors are provided with any bungalows that are vacant the president, chaplain, and doctor have one each reserved for them year by year.

My bungalow (as chaplain) was not much better than any of the others, excepting that it was rather larger, and with more shade around it, an important consideration at Srinagar. It contained, as I have said, absolutely nothing in the way of furniture, and even when we had placed our tent belongings in it seemed a very bare and forlorn looking habitation. However, we managed to hire a couch, an easy chair or two, some rugs, and so gave it a more home-like appearance.

The president that year was Major Cracroft, of the Indian Staff Corps, the well-known violinist, and a most genial and hospitable host. He had brought up with him a grand piano, and as became his position and means, much more furniture, and managed to make himself very comfortable. To see that piano struggling across those hills under some 100 porters was a sight not easily to be forgotten. Its carriage must have cost a small fortune, but as the Major and his wife were very musical, the piano was absolutely necessary to his happiness. Very happy musical

evenings (to which the Society of Srinagar was occasionally invited) did we often spend during that summer.

The mention of the Major's grand piano reminds me of a characteristic story which I heard some years afterwards. When it became usual for ladies to visit the valley (which it was not in the fifties) the Maharajah thought he should like a piano sent up for his palace. Accordingly, he gave orders to his Calcutta agents to send up as good and big a piano as they had in stock. In due time a very fine grand piano reached the Maharajah's agent in Murree. He was totally at a loss what to do with this monstrous package, and knowing nothing about pianos, solved the difficulty by cutting it in two, and in this way dispatched it to Srinagar. What become of it or him after this barbarous deed I do not know.

The Church service was held in a large room in the upper part of the Residency. As may be supposed, the fittings were of the most simple and unecclesiastical character, but I was fortunate in securing for it, before I left, a lectern and reading-desk; also a harmonium and set of hymn books. With some embroidered scarlet cloth for an altar hanging we managed to make the room look a little like a church, in which, during the season, a considerable and rather distinguished company worshipped. That season, in

addition to the Marquis of Huntley, the Marquis of Blandford, and Lord Gosford, several M.P.'s, and well known globe-trotters, were present, while, later on, the Bishop of Calcutta and his sister visited the valley.

Having arranged for the decent performance of Divine Service, my next effort was directed towards making the last resting-place of my fellow countrymen more like a cemetery than a bear garden. I found it overrun with weeds and long grass, the graves looking as if they had been desecrated. Some were open, as if animals had been burrowing into them. Headstones there were none, and stones, such as they were, were lying about anywhere rather than on the graves. I wrote an official letter to the resident complaining of the condition of the graveyard. This was in due course forwarded, with a strong letter from Major Cracroft, to the Secretary of the Maharajah. In reply, the Vizier or Prime Minister, in gorgeous apparel, called in grand state, and after the usual salutations, etc., which make up more than half of such visits, assured the Resident that the great desire of the Maharajah was to do whatever the British Government desired, and that the graveyard should be put in order at once. It had been an oversight to allow it to remain so long in its present condition. Words, only words—week

after week passed—nothing was done, and nothing was intended to be done. Again I addressed the Resident. In reply the Vizier waited upon me. The same protestations and assurances were repeated. Then I took the bull by the horns, and requested to be allowed to do the work myself. On no account. The Maharajah would bear all the expense himself, etc. The work should be put in hand at once. In vain I waited. In vain each day I demanded why the work was not begun. Sometimes there was no stone (stone abounded I know), sometimes there were no workmen. At last, by something like bribery and perseverance, I had the churchyard surrounded by a fence, a lych gate erected, every grave properly protected by a flat stone, and trees and flowers planted.

When I had been in Srinagar some little time, the Bishop (Dr. Milman) paid his official visit to Kashmir, being so far as I know the second Bishop who had ever visited the valley. Great preparations were made for his visit. The largest bungalow was placed at his disposal and elegantly furnished from the palace. The state barge, with its scarlet canopy, with forty sowars in scarlet uniforms, and smaller royal barges went down the river with great splendour to meet his Lordship and do him honour. First went the Maharajah's ministers in their barge, then the Resident and his

friends, myself amongst them, then quite a small fleet of boats. The houses on the bridges, and on either side exhibited much bunting, and the whole scene was most picturesque and exhilarating. During the Bishop's visit, and in his honour the Maharajah gave the society in Srinagar many entertainments, which, much as they amused some, must have been quite a new experience to the Bishop (Dr. Milman). This Bishop, who lost his life in his earnest endeavour to do two days' work in one, was spoken of by Samuel Wilberforce (the well-known Bishop of Oxford), in whose diocese he had been known as a hard-working pastor, as the "St. Augustine of the age."

Amongst these entertainments was a grand review (held, of course, on a Sunday) of the brave soldiers of the Maharajah. To say that they were a grotesque mob, rag-tag and bob-tail, would do faint justice to this grand army. I am not sure, but so it seemed to me, that the Maharajah had bought up indifferently the second-hand uniform of several British Artillery and Infantry Regiments with which to rig up his battalions. But even this description does not give quite the due effect. The uniforms somehow got mixed, so that sometimes a soldier represented half an artillery and half an infantry warrior. But if the rank and file seemed strange, one could not repress a smile at the get-up of the officers, who in much war

paint of a most bizarre and incongruous character strutted before us, giving their orders to the troops in English. Notwithstanding their appearance, it must be admitted that on parade these soldiers went through their manœuvres in a very creditable manner.

Another entertainment was a festival on the lake, known as the fete of roses. It was lovely weather, and an almost endless crowd of boats with flags and flowers, each boat filled with lovely Kashmir women, beautifully dressed and glittering with jewellery, made a brave show.

One day the Bishop and myself went to a service in the great (Moslem), Mosque of Srinagar. It was Friday (their day of worship), and the sight of the multitude assembled there to worship will not easily be forgotten. The mosque, which was very large, and capable of holding perhaps 2,000 people, was entirely made of wood. The pillars that supported the roof were hugh trees, rudely carved, and as straight as if built of stone. When we arrived the worshippers, all facing Mecca, and led by their high priest, were at prayers, which reminded me of our Litany, sung to a sort of Gregorian chant. The responses were numerous, and the devotion most earnest. Whilst on their knees, in rows, a poor blind man threaded his way amongst them, holding in his hand a brass lota (a sort of drinking vessel), muttering, "For the love

of God give to the blind." As he passed everybody gave something; thus was prayer and almsgiving joined together in a very practical manner.

The Bishop and myself made excursions to the chief places of interest in Srinagar and the neighbourhood. The most prominent of these, because standing some thousand feet above the level of the city and 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, is the Takht-i-Sulieman, or the Throne of Solomon, a hugh hill, on the summit of which, said to have been built B.C. 220, is a temple. Situated in the centre of the valley the scene there is very grand, and owing to the extraordinary clearness of the atmosphere one can see to a very great distance. The temple formerly belonged to the Buddhists, but is now Hindoo. Another peculiar feature of the landscape are the floating islands, which, curiously enough, are often stolen by being removed from their moorings. They are artificially made by means of aquatic plants, and are used for the culture of the melon. Pleasure gardens also made all around the city. The most beautiful is the Shalemar Bagh, made by the Emperor Jehangier, which was the trianon of the of the old Moghul Emperors. Moore refers to it in his Lallah Rookh.

We also visited the places in which the Kashmir shawls are made—mere sweating dens they seemed to

us. The chief of them are under the control of the Maharajah. Children as well boys and adults join in the work, but they hardly earn enough to keep body and soul together. At this time the industry was in full swing, but now the trade has languished.

Having bidden farewell to the Bishop we made some excursions up the river. At Pandruttan, once the capital of Kashmir, we saw a famous shrine of Buddha dating back to B.C. 262. Higher up the river is the large town of Pampoor, where saffron is extensively cultivated. All the land is supposed to belong to the Maharajah, who claims two-thirds of the crops. The taxes here, too, are collected by Sepoys at the point of the bayonet, and many stories of oppression and hardship were told to us. Still, nature has been so bountiful, and food is so cheap, that the natives can live well on four shillings a week.

Another ancient capital of Kashmir is Avantifore, where also are some famous ruins. At Kambal, where the river is narrow, we left our house boats, and taking our tents started for Islamabad, a large but poor place. From here we visited the ruins of Martund, where there is a temple dedicated to the worship of the sun, which impressed me very much. It is certainly one of the noblest of architectural remains. Near here are to be seen masses of shingley conglomerate with sea shells, left by the ancient lake

which once filled the Valley of Kashmir. There are also wonderful caves in the mountains which are places of pilgrimage.

Other pleasant excursions we made, and found the life in Cashmere very pleasant indeed. During all this time I returned to Srinagar every Sunday to hold services, so that we did not go far away. We had several curious experiences, once being belated for the night on the hills, and finding the shepherds very hospitable, and another time having an adventure with a bear. Our life here came to an end all to soon; and we had to journey back to the plains. This time we travelled by way of the Jummoo, by special permission of the Maharajah. It was not much worse nor much better than the way by which we had entered Kashmir; but it was remarkable for a stone way across the hills, then in a terrible state of repair, and now, I am told, almost impassable. However, we crossed in safety, and I was once again back to work in Allahabad.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PUNJAUBIS.—WORSHIP IN AN OLD TOMB.—INCIDENTS OF MY WORK AT LAHORE.

AFTER a furlough of two years in England, during which I held the living of St. Paul's, Norwich, presented to me by the Dean and Chapter (perhaps the first clergyman who ever had a living presented to him on furlough), I returned to India to fulfil the time of service necessary to qualify me for my pension. On arriving in India I found myself posted to the important civil station of Lahore. I had thus held in succession the most celebrated cities of my presidency (out of Calcutta), viz., Lucknow (the capital of Oude), Allahabad (the capital of the north-west provinces), and now Lahore (the capital of the Punjaub). As these were the seats of three important Governments, there were there many European officials of high position, clerks, shopkeepers, railway employes, &c. The work was there-

fore more like that of an English parish, that is to say, more important and more interesting. To *me* it was particularly interesting to live in a new province, that of the Punjaub, with its race of noble warriors, and to study a new religion (that of the Sikhs), and new customs. Here I remained from 1870 to 1876, and had the satisfaction of setting on foot and finishing some very important works.

Lahore is a very large and handsome city, more famous in Runjit Singh's days than it is now, but still a place of great importance and wealth.

Though the Punjaubis (thanks to the wise and excellent administration of the Lawrences and others) were faithful and loyal to us during the Mutiny, and helped to save India, they are the race from whom, above all others (in certain conditions), we might expect most trouble. Physically and intellectually, they are a fine race. I don't think they know what fear is. They make most excellent soldiers, and their infantry and cavalry are amongst the best, the *cavalry* perhaps the *very* best in India.

During the time I was there several riots took place, not of very serious character, but sufficiently serious to show the feelings of the people, and so serious that, if they had not been met at once (as they were) by wise and firm statesmanship, they might have endangered the peace of India. It is

quite idle for any one to suppose that the English rule is so firmly established as to defy all opposition. We gained India by the sword, we hold it by the sword, and any laxity of discipline in the native army, or weakness in any direction, might probably be taken advantage of at any moment by our enemies (of whom there are many) to stir up a rebellion.

When all looks most prosperous the secret chupatte or smeared mango tree may be the signal of a rising, and, though it is very unlikely that it would be successful (indeed, now it is most unlikely), still it is absolutely necessary to live on guard, and relax no precautions. I say this, well knowing how prosperous India is under British rule, knowing how life and property are (in a way unknown before) safe in our hands, and knowing also how well disposed the natives of India are to us. But I never met an officer, either civil or military, who pretended to understand a native. His mind and heart are not only a sealed book, but a falsified document, and being, as we are, the conquerors, and largely the supplanters of the Mahommedans and Sikhs in power and place (and these are the warlike races), it is not in the nature of things to expect perfect peace and good-will to continue as the normal and permanent condition of India. All the same, a lady and her child, or a valuable horse and groom, might, and

often did travel, from Bombay and Lahore without difficulty or danger.

One of the most interesting sights was to see the cordial and friendly relation between the English and Sikh officers. I believe the Sikhs really loved their officers, admiring the courage, honesty, and truthfulness of the English. In games of skill they strove together with very equal success, and in horsemanship and tent-pegging the natives were generally more succcessful.

The Punjaub is a more fertile province, watered (as its name implies) by five rivers. The Ravee, which flows through Lahore, and provided us with excellent fish. The Jhelum, which we have seen in Kashmir. The Sutlej, a very rapid and violent river when in flood. The Indus, the longest of them all, rising at the back of the Hindoo Kush, and running a course of some 4,000 miles; and the Chenab. No one can tell the trouble and expense these rivers have cost us in the matter of bridges. Not once, but several times, one or other of them have been swept away in a single night by the river in flood. But rapid, fitful, and changeable as they are in their selection of their bed (often changing it every year), they are the source of great fertility. In many places in the Punjaub their waters are utilised; great canals tap them to irrigate

the country, which, *without* water, would be one vast sterile desert; *with* it, a blooming garden.

The climate is decidedly hot, not a wash-house heat like Calcutta, but a fearful blazing heat, like that of an oven. And of course it is impossible in the hot weather to go out, or to engage in any active work unless well protected. Still I was very well all the time I was there, and I venture to give this advice to all those who think of going out to India. Don't give in to the climate, try to live as much as possible an English life. Employ the head and hands. Take plenty of exercise morning and evening, and, above all, use a very sparing diet. Avoid strong drink. For a long time I was a teetotaler, drinking only milk and soda-water. I never drank anything stronger, as a rule, than claret and soda-water, or beer and soda-water. I am convinced that not the climate, and not disease, but imprudence in over eating and drinking are the ruin of English constitutions.

The gardens about the houses in Lahore are very productive, and filled with well-grown trees. They will produce in great abundance and of good quality all the most delicate and prized vegetables of England, strawberries, pears, potatoes, etc., only they are ripe about Christmas Day. In the hot weather they supply an abundance of Eastern fruit and vegetables, of which the Cape gooseberry, the bringal, the mango,

and custard apple are the most to my taste. There are many others, of course, the jack fruit, for instance, beloved by the natives, but which Englishmen don't generally like.

I had in Lahore, as in other parts of India, a large bungalow, in a well-stocked garden, which might have stood for the scene of that delightful book of Phil Robinson's, "My Indian Garden." This garden was, with my favourite Arab horse (which used to come round every morning of its own sweet will to be fed at the front door with bread and sugar), my favourite recreation. It was irrigated (and without irrigation would not have produced what it did) by a Persian wheel. This wheel, turned by two bullocks, was a never ceasing cause of wonder and delight to me. Near it, and over it grew a large peepul tree, giving a grateful shade, and on its branches chattered and twittered an endless variety of parrots and other birds. The bullocks, in their dull monotonous round, and their idle driver, felt the beneficence of its shade, and of the cool water drawn from that apparently exhaustless well. Into many channels throughout my garden, directed by my gardener, as he required it, that fertilizing water flowed, producing for me an abundant crop of vegetables and Lucerne grass for my horses.

But that wheel had its drawbacks. One of these was that, hidden by the shade of the peepul, my servants, on one pretence or another, would gather and idle, and were not readily to be found when I wanted them, but another and more serious drawback was that it made a most terrible creaking noise by night and by day. Much I pondered in my mind how to stop this horrid creaking, which I found was characteristic of all such wheels. At last a bright idea struck me, and I went an once to put it into effect, To grease a wheel of the size and magnitude of my garden-wheel with oil was out of the question, but I found some very good clay, and pushed this into the points of friction, and to my great delight the creaking which had distracted me for many a hot sleepless hour ceased. I did not long rejoice. Soon my gardener complained that sufficient water was not given to the garden, and that the plants suffered in consequence. I supposed at first that the fault lay with the oxen, which perhaps had grown as lazy as their driver, and I deputed a faithful servant (no friend to the bullock driver) to discover where the fault lay. He reported to me that the man slept for many hours during his time of work, and, of course, when he did the bullocks ceased their round, and no water flowed. What was to be done? "Take away the clay," said my bearer, then the tell-tale

creaking will keep the man at his work, for when it ceases we know that he is not at his post or doing his duty. This was true, and, to my very great regret, I had patiently to bear the old noise, which is of all noises the most irritating and execrable.

To turn from my garden to the Church ; the place, which had been used by the European community as a place of worship since the annexation, was the tomb of a dancing girl.

A pathetic story was told of the romantic love of a young Rajah for a beautiful dancing girl, whom the king, his father, had put out of the way, and for whom the despairing lover had built this tomb. Besides the fact of its being the tomb of the fair dancer, it was in every way most unsuitable for its purpose. It was dark, oppressively hot and close, and so constructed that the preacher could not be seen by all the congregation. When the punkahs were put up for the hot weather, the effect was somewhat ludicrous ; when in the pulpit I could see my congregation only at intervals. When the punkah was moving from me I saw them, when it returned I did not see them, and they in their turn could not see me. Under these circumstances any attempt at eloquence or being impressive was made difficult, if not impossible. No words of mine can describe what it was like, either inside or out. Only those who have seen a small

mosque with four towers and cupolas, surrounding a central space, covered by a larger cupola, or dome, can understand what this place was like.

I found on studying the Church record book, that various attempts had been made from time to time to raise money by voluntary subscription or to get a grant from Government for the purpose of erecting a more suitable place for Divine worship. Hitherto these efforts had failed. Moreover, I found that the old tomb, where so many worthies, from the Lawrences downwards, had worshipped, had become quite endeared to the permanent residents. But after a time, and, like the rest of my brother chaplains, and chiefly urged thereto by the suggestion of the Bishop (Milman) and his genial Archdeacon (Baly), I began to agitate for a new Church.

The usual preliminaries having been taken, I next addressed myself to the Secretary of Government to find out from him what the Government would give towards the new Church. A plan had already been obtained, as a result of a prize of £80 offered for the best design for a church suited to the Indian climate. The estimated cost was £20,000. As I had considerable experience of dealing with Government by letter, I ventured to ask for an interview with the Secretary to the Punjaub, telling him why I asked for it, and placing the facts before him.

I was most courteously received by Mr. T——, and after salutations (as the Easterns would say) we began to discuss the subject of the Church.

After much beating about the bush, this was about the sum and substance of the reply that I elicited from Mr. T——, who was a most prim and dapper little man, the very ideal of a secretary. "What any Government may be able to do, at any time, for any purpose, it is always difficult to say, but when the subject is a grant for a Church, *not* for the many natives of the country, but for the few Europeans (their conquerors) of money drawn from the natives, the difficulty is much increased. But," said Mr. T——, in a tone of voice as pleasant as if he were going to grant my request, "this I may say, that if the voluntary subscriptions of the community seem adequate, and the financial condition of the Government (say *next* year) permit, then (with a most emphatic *then*), the Government will take the matter into its most careful consideration." Then he paused, and when I had sufficiently recovered from my surprise and astonishment at this more than Gladstonian obscurity and verbosity, we both laughed.

This was the kind of answer that for many years had been returned. Everyone complained, numerous articles appeared in the papers, some from natives, taunting the Government and the English community

with their manners in not building a Church of their own, but, cuckoo-like, worshipping in a dancing-girl's tomb. It was all in vain. With every new chaplain the agitation for a Church was renewed, and, in my turn, I tried my hand. Enemies and friends alike said I was a good beggar, and so, after a year or two, and endless trouble, delay, and annoyance, I had the satisfaction of laying the foundation stone of the fine Church, which is now the Cathedral of Lahore. It was laid by Archdeacon Baly with considerable pomp and circumstance, the Lieutenant Governor and Lady Davis and all his staff, the Volunteers in uniform, with their band, and the Masons in great force assembled, for they dearly love a grand ritual function.

When I left Lahore only the foundations of the outer walls, some six or eight feet deep, had been built, at an expense of £2,800. This seems a large sum to sink in foundations, but for so large a structure, and considering the nature of the ground, it was not, I believe, excessive. When, however, a Bishop was appointed for the new diocese of Lahore, carved out of that of Calcutta, Dr. French was not satisfied (Low Churchman though he was) with the very handsome structure, capable of holding 800 people, to be built, at a cost of £8,000, but set to work to enlarge the Church (by which much of the work already done

was wasted), and to make out of my Church something like a Cathedral for his Lordship, at an expense of some £20,000. I confess that I was astonished, not only that a good man (who cared nothing at all about externals) should have been dissatisfied with the building, but also that he should have thought it right, in a country like India, to spent so much in brick and mortar.

The dancing-girl's tomb served well enough in the cold weather for a Church, and, with an organ I had got out (making the third or fourth I had imported into india), the service at that season went well. We had a Lieutenant Governor, a Secretary of State, and two ladies (one of whom is now wife of a celebrated M.P.) in the choir, whose voices were a treat to hear.

The most crying evil at Lahore, as at Allahabad and Lucknow, and one of which no one seemed to be aware, or, if they were, they didn't care, was the condition of the poor Eurasians. They were more numerous at my new station, more degraded in character than I had ever seen them elsewhere. They lived in the same sort of huts as the natives, and, with the exception of wearing a kind of European dress, and speaking what is known as chee-chee English, were as the natives, though I am bound to say worse in almost every way. They had all the vices of both races, and few of the

virtues of either, and with their aristocratic English, French, and Portuguese names were a disgrace to us. Many of them could find no employment, indeed, they were not fit for such employment as they were willing to take.

The best of them found work in the Government offices, or the offices of the railway companies, etc. The rest were so ignorant, and so idle, and so dissipated that they were fit for nothing. Going round my parish, in order to make myself acquainted with my work in all its bearings, I found nests, warrens of these degraded people. For the adults it was plain that I could do but little, but my heart bled for the children. I saw at once that if any good was to be done, it was not only education that was wanted, but boarding-schools to take them away from their surroundings, which were altogether evil and demoralizing.

This was rather a large order, for not to mention expense attendant upon so large a scheme, there was the objection (which all such people have) to part with their children at all. It is rather singular that the lower the intelligence of parents, the stronger is this parental instinct.

However, the thing had to be done. I had had some experience both at Lucknow and Allahabad in establishing free schools for this class of Eurasians,

but here was something entailing much greater expense and responsibility. The first thing to do was to draft a plan and estimate for boarding fifty children. The next was to find a house and furnish it, and the third was to find a suitable matron and teachers. The house I found without much difficulty. It was a large dilapidated kind of place, belonging to a native, who, when he knew what I wanted it for, and also that Lady Davies was to be the patroness of my scheme, almost gave me the building, and promised to adapt it for me in the way I wanted. So far, so well. The next step was to obtain sufficient funds and promise of support to carry on the work for at least five years, so as to give it a fair start.

The Government behaved most liberally, promising a monthly grant of money. This was largely supplemented by subscriptions from all sorts and conditions of men, and contributions from the Church offertory. An excellent and practical lady then at Lahore undertook the furnishing, which, of course, under the circumstances, and in a hot climate like the Punjaub, was not elaborate, and I made a contract with a Khansamah to supply food for my young flock at two rupees, eight annas (or five shillings) a week per head. I was fortunate in securing a very clever widow as matron, who for a home and love of the work undertook for a small salary to do what was

required. The teachers were not so easy to obtain, for special sympathy and love, as well as intelligence, were required to bear with the little undisciplined ones. The discovery of one teacher, whom I appointed superintendent, was somewhat curious. Poking about in one of the numerous serais (native hostelries) which abound in Lahore, in search of a pony, I came upon a most disreputable looking man, whom I found to be an educated gentleman, much out at elbow, and much the worse (though recovering) for the effects of drink. I talked with him about my scheme, in which he took great interest, and finally I installed him as superintendent. I think kindness, and the feeling that he was once more trusted, together with the sense of responsibility, had a great effect upon him for good. He became a most respectable member of society, a regular attendant at Church, and a most valuable ally in my scheme, to the success of which he in no small way contributed. Alas! after keeping sober for some four or five years, he was cut off by cholera. He left me as a souvenir (the souvenir of a man of considerable parts and excellent disposition) a curious New Testament in Dutch, Greek, and Latin. Date *1604*.

The difficulty, as I anticipated, came from the parents. When I opened the school they met me with a thousand objections; only a few came for the

first week, and then only as day pupils. This was not what I wanted, so I refused to take any after the first week except as boarders. I made liberal rules about their going home, and, to make a long story short, I eventually succeeded in sweeping into my boarding-school the whole of the Eurasian children, boarding, feeding, clothing them, and making decent citizens of them at a rate quite, I am afraid, impossible now. I hear now (1894) the school I established is largely increased, and prospers under the wise management of Mr. Mason.

There was at this time a large population of railway employees living at a considerable distance from the Civil Church at Anarkullee, for whom it was necessary to provide a place of worship, and the ministrations of a clergyman. I took advantage of the Bishop's visit to place a scheme before him to set this on foot, and with the generous help of the Railway Company this was at last effected. I was sorry to sever my connection with the railway employees, with whom I was on very friendly terms, but it was a satisfaction to me to have the duty properly fulfilled, and my time thus released for work more distinctly my own.

It was often very painful to me to notice the distress and disease brought on by intemperance. The heat of Lahore in the hot weather was so intense

that some excuse should be made for men, whether drivers, guards, or stokers on the trains, or mechanics engaged in the railway works, who had to labour with the thermometer over 100.

Many excellent men, with the best characters, who had come out to India on a three years' engagement, were often dismissed for this vice into which they had fallen. They either soon succumbed to *delirium tremens* or the climate, or joined the disgraceful degraded army of loafers. One man, a very superior workman, told me that he often drank two bottles of brandy a day, explaining that one small glass of brandy to one bottle of soda water was a drink so mild that it could affect nobody, and so cooling and refreshing that it was a great temptation, so that 24 pegs in the 24 hours was his frequent allowance. Thus, though he perhaps was never drunk as we should see some people with half that quantity in England, his health eventually gave way, and he died a victim to the climate and the want of self-control. Often was I called to visit some one whose imprudence had brought on sickness, or dismissal from the service, the sale of their goods, and the break-up of once comfortable homes. To do something to remedy a state of things so deplorable I started the first Lahore Temperance Society. One morning as I was passing the men's quarters I witnessed a strange

sight. An auction was going on. After all the furniture in the house had been disposed of the auctioneer came out to sell some less valuable things in the compound. One of these was a very ordinary bedstead, on which was sitting, in tears, a native woman, said to have been the mistress or wife of the deceased. To my surprise she and the bed were knocked down to a bidder for some small sum (perhaps about ten shillings), but I really forget the amount.

There was at Lahore a great need of a superior school for the sons of head clerks and others in the station. This absence of educational advantages was in those days much felt by parents who were unable to send their children to England. Since then, however, many schools in the plains and Bishop Cotton's schools in the hills have supplied this want. I had some difficulty in obtaining a suitable headmaster (a University man), who should also act as my curate, because I could offer no endowment, and the salary depended upon his personal success. However, a very able, conscientious scholar was secured, whom everybody liked anywhere except in the pulpit. I did not often ask him to preach after the first specimen he gave us, but, when he did, it was a severe exercise of thought to follow him and discover what he meant. If he had preached in Chinese he could

not have been more unintelligible, and the worst of it was that his sermons were excellently delivered in a sweet and distinct voice, and contained passages of beauty and depth of thought. He was, however, a very successful schoolmaster, and under him the school prospered. Ill-health drove him home.

My next curate was a very different man. He had been a popular curate of a fashionable Church at Brighton. To say this is, I think, to infer that the ladies had spoilt him. Of course, he was good-looking, a pretty sort of man, with a silky beard; he was also very High Church. We soon managed to disagree. The disagreement was about the eastward position. I never took it in those days, partly because I was not accustomed to it, and did not see the necessity of changing, and partly because I should have offended a great many good Christians quite unnecessarily, for whom there was no other Church.

My curate one day informed me that after mature consideration he could not conscientiously take the north position, or in his own words he could not worship properly facing the south. Of course to a man so peculiarly constituted arguments were wasted. In other ways he was a very feeble Christian, and though a very good and well-meaning young man was not a success in the school.

Amongst other preachers who occupied my pulpit was Dr. French, who afterwards became first Bishop of Lahore. Dr. French had spent many years in India as a most excellent and devoted missionary. No man's character stood higher amongst natives and Europeans, both for the consistency of his religious life and his learning and scholarship. At the time I mention he had come up to Lahore for the purpose of establishing a Theological College for the education of a native pastorate, in which he was well seconded by some able professors, so that the clerical staff was very strong in Lahore. Dr. French sometimes preached for me, a somewhat dry, long, but very good scriptural sermon of the orthodox kind, with the result that my congregation, composed of highly educated men and women (very impatient of sermons of all sorts), threatened to strike if Dr. French was asked to preach again. Whether he was more tolerated when he became a Bishop, I cannot tell. It is interesting to note that, excellent man as he was, he was not a success as a Bishop, and soon resigned to follow once more the work to which his life had been devoted, viz., missionary work.

Everybody loved him, and deservedly. When a chaplain, weary and ill in body and mind from the plains, applied for leave to the hills, this excellent man would reply by hastening to the post to take the

work himself (if he had no chaplain to send), and thus enable the sick chaplain to go on leave.

Other preachers, less learned, but more interesting, from time to time occupied my pulpit. Amongst them a Cowley Father, who held a mission for ten days at Lahore. This worthy man lived in one of the minarets of the dancing girl's tomb, where he received penitents and inquirers. He was a most earnest and excellent preacher, and drew large congregations every day, and often twice a day.

I did not agree with much he said. Some of his statements and illustrations were strange, and I thought incorrect. I shall never forget his description of hell. It was most blood-curdling and appalling. Dante's Inferno was not in it, nor could the brush of Martin have done anything more lurid. It quite created a scare amongst the Eurasians of the place. One statement of his I had never heard before, it was that the bread and wine after consecration were effective for the cure of bodily diseases!

Before leaving my Church I must mention a very curious marriage that took place there. The bride was a lady of many summers the sister of a civilian in high position, and the bridegroom a widower, no longer young. One day the brother of the bride came to me to get the licence, and asked me to dine with him that night. At dinner some officer said

to him quite casually, "I say, when is your sister to be married," to which he replied in the most nonchalant manner, "Really, my dear fellow, I don't know." As a matter of fact, he had the licence in his pocket, and had arranged for the marriage to take place the following morning. At the appointed time bride and bridegoom, with her brother and the Lieutenant Governor as witnesses, came to the Church, and the wedding took place. There was no announcement in the papers, and no wedding breakfast. After the wedding the bride and bridegroom drove from the Church in separate carriages to their respective homes, and for a week at least lived apart. When they got tired of this very poor joke they gave notice of the wedding and went and lived together. What a talk there was!!! I suppose this is just what they wanted.

This reminds me of another equally curious iucident. A friend of mine (certainly some 50 years of age) made the acquaintance of a lady, the daughter of the Dean of ——, also well advanced in years. In due time they were, to the satisfaction of all concerned, engaged, and legal preliminaries arranged for the wedding. When lo! one fine morning they eloped to be married secretly in London. A sensational paragraph appeared in the county journals. The thing was an eight day talk, and then forgotten

When Mr. T—— was asked why he had done so eccentric a thing he replied, "Oh, anybody can get married, but an elopement has some fun in it." I may be allowed to doubt this explanation, and suggest that the elopement plan was adopted to avoid a wedding breakfast and the customary speeches.

CHAPTER XX

AN OUT STATION.—INCIDENTS OF THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—LAHORE MISSIONARIES.

BESIDES the charge of the civil station of Lahore, which represented my parish, I had an out station (an outlying parish, as we should say), only it was distant some 100 miles. This I had to visit once a month, for which I was paid very ample travelling allowance. This out-station was half-way on the line of rail between Lahore and Multan, and was called Montgomery, in honour of the Chief Commissioner of that name. It had been created when the railway was opened, chiefly by the energy and zeal of the Deputy Commissioner, Mr. B——, as the old civil station was not central. Apparently a free hand had been given him in the building of the new station, and if the reality had at all corresponded with the hard, every day facts of life, it might have a great success. But cities are not built, at any rate they are not peopled, when built on a new site in a

desert plain, by the decree of any man, however influential.

Montgomery was no exception to this rule, for the natives refused to live in it. For this there was some excuse. It was destitute of shade and almost of water. In this very unpromising place, the Deputy Commissioner began his ambitious scheme. His city, that was to be, like Jerusalem, was built in the shape of a square, and laid out in the neatest geometric pattern. In the centre was the Church, at one end the gaol, at the other the hospital, while the police quarters occupied one side, and the public offices the other side of the square. Near the Church were built a few houses for the officials, and a bazaar for the natives. The site of the walls of the city were marked out, but not built, but the four gate-ways were erected, looking, as may be supposed, ridiculous and pretentious. Sir Robert Montgomery, when he visited the place for the opening ceremony, looking round on the vast expanse of desert, is reported to have said in praise of the site, "There seems to be much *land* here, whether the natives will eventually leave their old villages to live in this new city, I do not know." At present there are only the Deputy Commissioner and his clerks, the doctor, the district superintendent of police, and the superintendent of

the gaol, in all about a dozen Europeans and Eurasians.

The rather uninteresting station had to be visited once a month by the Chaplain of Lahore, for which, in addition to his pay, he received from the Government three annas a mile for travelling allowance. Arrived at his destination he was usually received by the chief civil or military authority, as the case might be, by whom, in his absence, the service of the Church of England was usually read. I made my first out-station visit in the hot weather, a memorable visit on many accounts. The manager of the Punjaub Railway, in order to facilitate the conveyance of the mails from the Punjaub to Sindh, arranged that the trains should start at twelve noon. Travelling through the hottest part of the day I arrived at my station at midnight, a very inconvenient time. To add the inconvenience of this arrangement, the train was kept out in the sun all the morning prior to starting, and was literally like an oven. I was amused to find that our enterprising Director General of Hospitals had caused a thermometer, and the following notice to be placed in each carriage :—

"Advice to Travellers. When the thermometer ranges about 112 it is dangerous to Europeans."

The advise, I presume, was that the travellers should get out of the carriage as soon as possible, and not travel

until the weather was cooler, but what amused me was that on the day I started, and I daresay many days before, the thermometer stood *above* danger point. Yet it never seemed to occur to the good Director General to enquire into the matter, nor the manager to discontinue running trains at a time and season so dangerous to health. It was therefore with many misgivings, but fortified by a sense of duty, that I commenced my journey. The heat seemed to increase as we proceeded. To open the windows was to let in a wind that burnt your face; to keep them closed was stifling. In an adjoining lavatory was some water, with which I hoped to cool my burning head. Alas! this water was almost too hot to bear your finger in. To add to the grotesque absurdity of the thing, and also showing that my experience was not unique, a native docter passing down the line of carriages as we reached each successive station asked, "Is anyone sick in this carriage?" This question was not an unnecessary one, for at least at one station a dead man was taken out who had died *en route* of apoplexy, while others were so overcome by the heat that they had to be taken out and treated by the native doctors. Fortunately, I escaped with nothing more serious than a severe headache.

Feeling very angry with the railway officials for their ill-arranged time-table, and anxious for the well

being of the travelling community, I wrote an article for the *Civil and Military Gazette* under the somewhat sensational title of "The Journey of Death." This article was, of course, somewhat highly coloured, and at once drew the attention of the authorities to the subject. It was copied into almost every paper, and drew from the Government a letter of inquiry, and finally a protest against this absurd arrangement of trains. In the end the time-table was altered and the train started at six p.m. instead of at noon. It is scarcely necessary to say that the station rejoiced, but the manager, a burly Scotchman, looked upon me, I am afraid, as an enemy for ever afterwards.

Arrived at my out-station, I found that the Deputy Commissioner, who had courteously invited me to stay with him during my visit, had sent a buggy for me (a buggy is a gig with a hood). A cold collation and some cooling drinks were prepared, and very welcome they were. At the time of which I write the younger civilians were all competition wallahs, a very different class in every way from the old Haileybury men. I daresay they were better informed, and in some instances much abler men, but they were deficient in the instincts of governing, at any rate; they were, and have been ever since, far less in touch with the natives than the older civilians. I say this, fully recognising

the great ability with which the Government of India is administered by the competitive civilians. The Deputy Commissioner at this time was in appearance an insignificant and common-place looking young man, who could neither ride nor shoot, accomplishments which native gentlemen value much. He had by his ability and studious habits obtained a high place in the competitive examination, and was now the ruling authority over an immense district. His views, it must be admitted, were what are called advanced, and many interesting conversations we had together. In religion he was a Positivist, but a reverent student of Holy Scripture, and as such he thought it his duty to attend the service held in the little Church. He not only did this (a good example to his subordinates), but also helped me much by playing a sort of organette, to which we could sing the Canticles and hymns. He was always most courteous and hospitable, and I was very sorry to hear of his death some years afterwards.

Two incidents occurred while I was chaplain in charge of Montgomery, which may be worth noting here. They were quite different in character; one was the marriage of a Government clerk, the other the annual pilgrimage to the Shrine of a Mahomedan saint in the neighbourhood.

The Government clerk, a very poor specimen of the Eurasian class, though a very good clerk, had been for some time living with a Kashmir woman. It was said that he had gone through some form of Mahomedan marriage with her, but now wished, for some reason or other, probably to curry favour with me, "to be married in Church," as he phrased it. The licence was duly paid for, and the time fixed for the ceremony. but no bridegroom appeared. The bride was there with her "best woman" I suppose I must say, but the gentleman was conspicuous by his absence.

I remained for some time in the vestry, waiting until the rest of the wedding party should appear. Then, losing patience, I went into the Church to enquire. The bride first said that her lord and master was coming directly, and looked out of the door down the road as if expecting him. Then she explained to me that they had anticipated the wedding breakfast, and that her lord was beastly drunk. At this point a brother clerk came in with apologies, reporting that the bridegroom would, he thought, be ready in the afternoon, as they had had him under the pump for an hour, and dosed him with soda-water until the stock had run out. Then the bride burst into tears, and declared she would never marry him. Our would-be bridegroom had not recovered

by the afternoon, and the wedding had to be postponed for a month until my next visit, when, very repentant and sheepish, he, with the bridal party, appeared, and they were married.

The annual Mahomedan festival took place during one of my monthly visits, and I made arrangements to stay a day or two longer to be present. I have, at this distance of time, quite forgotten the name of the saint, or the reason for his canonization. I remember, however, that he was much venerated, not only in that neighbourhood, but throughout the whole country, and, of course, credited with many miraculous deeds performed by him during his lifetime. But the one superstition that gave importance to this festival and brought pilgrims far and wide to the Shrine, was one so ridiculous and absurd that nowhere but amongst a superstitious and credulous people could it have been entertained. This was the belief that all those who passed through a very narrow gateway that led to the Shrine before the sun was in mid-heaven were assured of salvation. It can, therefore, be readily imagined that there was a great concourse of people, and a tremendous rush to pass this portal. It is no exaggeration to say that there were present some thousands of people (probably 50,000), who had journeyed great distances. These were encamped in the desert ready for the gong to sound at sunrise,

which was the signal for the pilgrims' march to begin. In former days, before proper police arrangements had been made, hundreds of persons were crushed to death in their delirious haste to get through the gate before noon. Indeed, I believe these misadventures added value to the successful pilgrim, and sanctity to the place. To avoid such accidents additional police were in attendance, and a long avenue (leading up to the arched gateway, with barriers here and there) was formed of posts and rails in order to diminish the rush and pressure of the crowd. Notwithstanding all these precautions the desire to possess the coveted certificate, and therewith heaven, caused the death of many, and serious injury to more. At this festival there were, of course, gathered a great many others besides the Mahomedans anxious to make the desired pilgrimage. There were missionaries preaching to the crowds, distributing tracts or holding meetings for inquiries. There were also all the accessories of a large fair, horses, cows, merchandise of all sorts. With their many coloured tents, and gay costumes, the crowd presented a very animated appearance, and such of them as stood round the missionary were most attentive and orderly.

One would suppose, before knowing the character of the native of India, that on such an occasion as this, when a turbulent and superstitious crowd was

present, it would be unsafe for foreigners to be present, much more to preach a different religion. But I have always found that natives (Hindoos more particularly) are very tolerant of all religious teachers, and love to discuss theological questions. On this occasion, and one other that I remember, there was a row, and on both occasions the cause was the same, viz., the injudicious treatment of the subject. When the zealous missionary (with a zeal not always according to knowledge) limits himself to the account of his own religion, and to a description of the beautiful character of Christ, he is listened to with respect and attention, but when, as is too often the case, he loudly and in a wholesale manner denounces all the gods of his hearers as false, and all their customs as absurd, he is not unlikely to meet with great opposition. It was not thus that St. Paul preached on Mars Hill.

Amongst my other duties at Lahore, one of the most interesting and important was that of visiting the Europeans in prison.

I have already spoken of the army of loafers in India, which in 1857 could not be less than 2,000, often men of ability, some of whom had filled important situations. These loafers were of all classes and occupations, officers in the army cashiered for misconduct, railway employees, soldiers who had taken their discharge, sailors who had deserted their ships,

men from the colonies in charge of horses, and adventurers of all sorts, and from all parts of the world. With very few exceptions they were habitual drunkards, so demoralized by idleness and drink, that they did not hesitate to steal. In their drunken fits they maltreated the natives in the bazaar or villages through which they passed, demanding money or food. In a word they were not only a disgrace, but a danger to us. Sometimes they committed murder.

In the prison of Lahore, specimens of every class were to be found. They were not all equally criminal; indeed, some were not criminal at all. They were only drunken and idle. Drink or some result of drink had brought them within the meshes of the law. When sober, they were very decent, well spoken, and well behaved fellows. It was difficult to know how to deal with them, for in India, with only native police and warders in the gaol, any kind of discipline was almost impossible. And in the hot weather, with the thermometer at 100 (and it was in the hot weather as a rule that they came into gaol) all idea of hard labour for the prisoners was out of the question. But difficult as it was to deal with European prisoners in a climate injurious as India, it would scarcely have occurred to anyone to treat them as the prison authorities of Lahore actually did. I had to visit the prison twice a week, and in point of

fact did so oftener (if any case demanded my special attention).

Many of the prisoners I recognised as loafers, who had from time to time appeared before me in my capacity of relieving officer, when Chaplain of Allahabad or Lucknow. I was so much struck, and I may say amused, by the condition of the European prisoners at Lahore, that I wrote an article in the local paper, which, like that before referred to, attracted some considerable attention. It was headed "A pleasant and inexpensive retreat during the hot weather." "Whilst dwellers in the plains," the article began, "are hastening to Simla and other hill stations a quiet and inexpensive retreat has been discovered near at hand. Here away from political or religious controversies, that distract, and domestic anxieties that disturb the mind, quiet and rest may be obtained. The hostelry, if not palatial, is commodious, and many comforts and some luxuries are supplied. The physical ailments (results of excessive indulgence or nervous excitement) receive an attention at once helpful and assiduous, and the bodily wants are amply provided for. Nor are the mental needs unconsidered. Sensational novels and up to date magazines are supplied. Reclining on his couch, with ice drinks by his side and the refreshing punkah over his head, book in hand, the life of our recluse may well excite the envy

of even more honourable toilers. He is freed from all pecuniary anxieties. Fears and apprehensions common to most mortals are studiously kept from him, and, like the prisoner of Chillon, he almost regrets when the time comes for him to leave this pleasant retreat provided by a beneficial Government, and so on." The reader will, no doubt, ask, with astonishment, "Where was this model retreat," and the answer is, "The Lahore Gaol."

With a little exaggeration and a few rhetorical flourishes the description was quite correct, *and* naturally attracted some attention.

The supreme Government communicated with the local Government on the subject, and I am afraid the Director General of Prisons caught a wigging for such want of discipline. As a result, the iced drinks and punkahs were discontinued, some sort of labour was ordered, and the prison manager and chaplain were directed to supply a selection of works, which was not to include sensational novels. Of course, the article caused a good deal of talk, and I was more than once chaffed on the subject.

During my chaplaincy the Prince of Wales and suite visited the Punjab and Kashmir. In Lahore, as indeed throughout India, no efforts were spared to make the visit of H.R.H. a pleasure and success.

Balls, entertainments, and illuminations were the order of the day.

During the Prince's visit there was a durbar (a levee for native princes and noblemen). This durbar was held in an evening, and at it rather a curious incident occurred. I was standing quite close to the Court circles, and heard the remarks which were made whilst native princes and chieftains, in slow procession, appeared and were presented, making the usual offering of gold, which the Prince just touched, as a token of the tribute due to the Queen. His eye wandered over the vast buildings, and up to the gallery, and at last he said, tired of the function and the monotonous appearance of men's faces, "Where are the ladies."

"Ladies," the Lieutenant Governor (Sir H. Davies, a very able but not very genial companion for the Prince) replied, "Ladies are never present at native levees."

Upon hearing this the Prince gave his commands for the ladies of the station to be summoned. In a very short time we saw trooping into the gallery the ladies of the place, who had, up to this time, been watching the fireworks and illuminations.

I am bound to say this innovation was very welcome to all present, and added much to the pleasure and interest of the supper that followed.

Amongst the ladies invited was my little friend, Mrs. W——, wife of a Major in the 92nd. This lady, when, at the command of the Prince, invited to the durbar and supper, promptly replied, "Is my husband asked," and when she found that he was not invited she courteously declined.

Some days after a very grand ball was given in the Montgomery Hall, to which one and all subscribed to do honour to the Prince. How many hundred pounds it cost in candles alone I dare not say. However, that was neither here nor there, it was good for trade and pleased everybody. At this ball about the first thing the Prince did was to send an Aide-de-Camp to ask Mrs. W—— to dance. During the evening H.R.H. said "He much respected her conduct in declining to come when her husband, by an oversight, had been omitted." As a reward (I suppose) he danced with her three times.

At this ball occurred one of the funniest incidents I think I ever witnessed. A certain General on the retired list, whose domestic arrangements were not beyond reproach, had sent in a very handsome subscription to the ball, and accordingly a card of admission was sent to him. It was surmised by the Committee of Management that the General would not only come himself, but bring a Miss L——, his governess, and a sharp look-out was ordered to be

kept at each door, in order that if she came she should not be admitted. I happened to be in the secret, and was amused, whilst sitting in the gallery that surrounded the ball-room, to see the General in a most gorgeous cavalry uniform, every inch (there was about six foot four of him) a soldier, with this obnoxious woman on his arm, walk straight up to the Prince and introduce her to him. Then there was a scene; the stewards from all sides rushed up to the General, and on some pretext of wishing to speak to him in private, quietly got him (by what means I know not) to leave the ball-room. I suspect the old General was not sorry to do so. He had, notwithstanding their precautions, beaten them all, entered the room (how no one knew), and done exactly what he wanted to do.

Amongst the suite of the Prince of Wales was Canon Buckworth, with whom I had the good fortune to become acquainted. The Canon, to the great delight of my congregation, preached for me, and when his attendance on the Prince permitted it, drove about with me to see the environs of Lahore. On our drives we passed through villages, which were quite innocent of the sanitary inspector's visits, and in some such way the Canon used to account for his attack of typhoid fever, which laid him low, and detained him a prisoner in Lahore for six weeks. It

was a great disappointment to him to be unable to accompany the Prince and the rest of the suite, but necessity has no laws. For six weeks his cousin, Mr. Leslie Probyn, and myself took it in turns to nurse him through the night from eight p.m. to eight a.m., each taking four hours at a turn. I think I found the getting up at midnight the most difficult. However, the Canon was a good patient, and very grateful to us for our nursing.

It was very pleasant to note the attention that was shown from the Royal Family, telegrams and sympathising enquiries arriving constantly. I think the Prince of Wales telegraphed every day till he was out of danger. A more excellent priest and man does not exist, and I may add that his voice is as sweet as his disposition. Few tenors either on or off the stage could equal him. When I returned to England, one of his first letters to me was one in which he offered for my acceptance a living in Yorkshire, which had been placed at his disposal by a friend.

The society in Lahore was very mixed. The military element was not so much in evidence as in a garrison town, but the Punjab being a non-regulation province, there were a great many more military men in the Commission than in the older and regulation provinces. Very able and excellent officers they

made, and I suppose no better could have been selected for the administration of a newly conquered country. When a country is settled I presume civilians are better suited for the administration, as a military man by training is likely to be too *zubburdust* or arbitrary, as they say in India. At the time I am writing of the Commissioner, the Deputy Commissioner, and some other high officlals were military men, and even in later years the Lieutenant Governor was so also, and the men who had left the greatest mark in the province were military, Sir H. Lawrence, Colonel Edwards, Colonel Nicholson, the two Abbots, &c.

In the seventies the society was divided into the members of the Government (whether civil or military), the railway authorities and servants, the shopkeepers, and last by the Eurasians, as clerks of this society. The three judges of the Chief Court were the most talked about (if not the most interesting). Two of them were Bengal civilians, and the senior an English barrister. They were all pleasant and agreeable persons, and of considerable culture, but as judges they were not distinguished. The natives who are extremely fond of litigation, and excellent judges of character, spoke of them by three far from complimentary words, which, as I cannot spell them, and never saw written, I had better omit, but the

general purport of them was that "*one* could not make up his mind," "another made up his mind *wrong*," and "the third had *no* mind to make up." After the judges must be mentioned the barristers and pleaders. These were very numerous; some of them were cultivated English gentlemen; some of them were of a very inferior stamp, and some were native born Eurasians, who, with some gift of the gab and smattering of law, had received a pleaders' licence. The ablest man amongst them, who, since my time, has been called to the Bar in England, and occupied some of the best posts open to him, was, to his credit, be it said, an entirely self-made man (the son of a private soldier), and educated at the excellent Henry Lawrence School for soldiers' children in the hills. He had risen from being a clerk in a Government office to be chief pleader of the Court. No doubt, born in the country, his knowledge of native character and the native language gave him considerable advantages, but more his great learning and clear head, coupled with a character that won everybody's respect gave him success. He has since my time been created a K.S.I. The Punjab has been remarkable for the very able and conscientious men who have administered its affairs since the annexation, and I doubt whether the character of an Englishman for integrity and truth stands higher

anywhere than in Punjab. The brothers Sir Henry and Sir John Lawrence, Sir Donald Macleod, Sir Robert Montgomery, Sir Henry Davies, Sir Henry Durand, Sir Robert Egerton, and Robert Needham Cust are names to conjure with, respected, even beloved, by the natives. In the Mutiny there was found a shrine and a kind of idol, which had many worshippers, and would in time have been quite a cult, sacred to the memory of the saint-like Nicholson, whom even to-day the natives of the Punjab never cease to praise.

Amongst the curiosities of Lahore may be mentioned an interesting experiment undertaken by a very clever officer of the Royal Engineers to build an arch without a centre scaffolding. There, in his garden, was the futile result of his experiment. Two walls in the shape of an arch, which he hoped somehow to build on till they met in the centre, then to be rendered firm by a key-stone. Just when it seemed likely to succeed the building gave way, and the key stone never got into place. It was curious that a really able man of the scientific Engineer Corps should have imagined such a feat possible. But it seemed, like perpetual motion, to have a strange fascination for him.

Missionary operations were in full progress in Lahore, chiefly, of course, in the way of schools, but

also, when opportunity offered, in preaching both in the towns and villages of the Punjab. The most important society was the American Presbyterian, which as of longest standing had the largest schools and most influence, and also because at this time it was managed by a man of great eminence both as a scholar and as a consistent Christian. When I first visited their schools, consisting both of native boys and girls of all creeds, I was very much struck to hear them singing some hymns of a most spiritual nature addressed to Christ. To me it seemed incongruous, almost profane, to hear these little heathen using such language, but I was told they were all regularly instructed in Christian religion, no one making the slightest objection, and it was hoped that the singing of these hymns would familiarize them with the facts.

The Church Missionary Society had also its agents. At this time Dr. French (afterwards Bishop of Lahore) and the Reverends Hooper, Hughes, and others started a theological college for the education for the ministry of native candidates. The presence of these devout and excellent men was a great influence for good, not only amongst the native, but amongst the English community. It had been for some time felt that while the spiritual work of preaching the Gospel to the heathen must be done by foreigners, pastoral work and the building up of the native Christian

Church, to be efficient, must be done by native clergymen ; hence this college. But the curious and interesting thing about it, showing not only the liberality of Dr. French, but also the liberalizing character of work abroad, was that Dr. French and his colleagues proposed to educate for the ministry not only members of their own community, but candidates sent up by other missionary societies, such as the Presbyterian and Baptist. That a plan so broad and liberal should have succeeded at all is noteworthy, and also speaks volumes for the confidence of the other societies in Dr. French, that they should have entrusted to his care for their theological education, students intended for quite different and to some extent rival churches. I believe that Dr. French most carefully taught the chief dogmas of the Christian faith without entering upon any controversial subjects. This could only be done, of course, by large hearted and liberal minded men, to whom the spirit of Christianity was everything, and the form of little account, but that it could be done at all is suggestive of what might be done in Board Schools, if the orthodox Nonconformists would unite with the Church of England in insisting upon the dogmatic teaching of the creeds, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, as well as the reading of the Bible. Certainly more devoted and excellent men than those I met with in the Punjab

belonging to the Church Missionary Society could not be found.

One of these was a man called Gordon, who lived entirely for his work, isolating himself in the villages, and almost shunning the society of his countrymen in his complete absorption in missionary work. This was all very well in theory, but it is very injurious to the health of Europeans in practice. It is absolutely necessary that the missionaries or any other European should have certain comforts (luxuries they would be considered in England), which it is quite impossible to obtain in the native villages. Thus it came to pass that one very hot summer we heard that the devoted Gordon had succumbed. The great heat and want of proper food, rest, and appliances, which he could have had in the stations, had produced a fever, which carried him off. When the globe-trotter sees, as he may often do, the missionary driving about in a buggy, living in a good house, and a subscriber to an ice and mutton club, he is apt to return to Europe with quite false notions of the manner of life of the missionary clergy.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE IMPERIAL DURBAR.—MY FRIENDS AT LAHORE.—INCIDENTS OF OUR DAILY LIFE.



URING the time I was Chaplain of Lahore was held the celebrated Imperial Durbar. Nothing quite like it had ever been seen in India, or perhaps in the world since the celebrated assembly on the plain of Dura, to which Nebuchadnezzar called the Kings and Princes of the countries he had conquered to attend.

It was a patriotic idea of Disraeli, when Prime Minister, to consolidate the Government of the countries which we had conquered or annexed in India by proclaiming the Queen Empress of India. Scouted as the idea was by the certain little Englanders of the Radical School, it at once took root amongst the natives of India, and strange as it may appear, the name and the fact have done more to please and attach the Princes and chieftains to our rule than almost anything we have ever done. As a

result, most, if not all, of the great feudatories have placed their troops at the disposal of the supreme Government in case of need, and are now for drill, etc., brigaded with our own in various parts of India.

It would probably never have occurred to anyone else but Disraeli, whose genius was essentially oriental, to suggest such a policy, and certainly to no one could the carrying out of it have been more appropriately confided, than to Lord Lytton, whose mind was far more Eastern than European. Enormous must have been the trouble and expense which the assemblage of all these princes cost.

They came from all parts of India, from Cape Comorin, in the south, to Kashmir in the north, and included the Princes of Burmah and the Straits Settlements. There they were, with their troops, some more, some less, their curiously ill-dressed suites and retainers, their elephants and carriages. Barbaric show in every guise and form of splendour, and grotesque equipment were there fully displayed. And the sight will never be forgotten. The vast plain had been carefully laid out for the camps of the various princes, whilst the camps of the Governor General, the Lieutenant Governor, and Chief Commissioner of India on one side, and of the Regiments of Cavalry, Artillery, and Infantry on the other, made a most imposing *coup d'œl* as seen from the top of the

English Church. It is estimated that something like one million were present. Native princes are extremely sensitive about precedence, and have intense rivalry amongst themselves. The traditions of caste and high birth govern all their conduct. Thus our Foreign Office had much to do to arrange matters, and settle the number of guns each Prince was to have as a salute of honour, and the number of paces the Lieutenant Governor should advance to meet each Prince (according to his rank) on his making his first call, and the seat he was to have in the Imperial Grand Stand.

All these difficulties were at last overcome. I do not remember that any refused to attend when called, though the trouble and expense must have been for many of them enormous. But they love display and rivalry, and certainly at the Imperial Durbar they could gratify it to their heart's content. I was not then on duty, and in strict order ought not to have been there at all, but as my station was almost denuded of parishioners, and desiring to see what I knew would be a unique show, I took French leave for a few days in order to be present.

Hotels were full, tents there were none to be had, but a friend kindly put me up, and so enabled me to see something of this imperial function.

I have said that after endless diplomatic difficulties in the adjustment of rivals claims, the independent Princes, Rajahs, and Chieftains had been persuaded to grace the pageant with their presence. A very curious, grotesque. and motley gathering it was. The enormous camp extended for miles in every direction, and there were seen such uniforms, costumes, and equipages as could not be met with out of their own provinces.

All was hurry, scurry, and confusion—a tumultuous crowd of every race, and a very Babel of languages from every part of India. In camp itself, however, order prevailed.

Each chieftan had his allotted space, which was covered with tents, from the bell tents of the native soldiers to many coloured shamianas of the chief and his state officials. All was bright with flags and banners. In each camp were cavalry, elephants, or camels, guns, and carriages of the most original description.

One carriage of a native chief would have done honour to a Lord Mayor's procession. It seemed made altogether of gold or silver gilt. Another was certainly of silver. They looked imposing, but their design baffles description. The howdahs and trappings of the elephants, studded with precious stones and jewels, were magnificent.

The weather was superb. Everybody seemed in the highest spirits and good temper, and hospitality were the orders of the day. At last (only the day before the Imperial Proclamation) all the invited Princes had arrived, and the secretaries of the different Governments, or the residents of native states were busy showing the Princes their places, and rehearsing the programme for the important function. In the centre of the camp two pavilions were erected, each divided into sections, marked and numbered. These were semi-circular or crescent in form, facing one another, with the dais for the Governor General, and the herald in the centre. The pavilion for the Europeans was divided into sections marked A, B, C, and numbered cards of admission, coloured according to the section, were presented to each visitor. The other pavilion was set apart for the Princes, and was sumptuously furnished with velvet covered chairs, etc.

Out of each private *box* (to use a not unsuitable word) was hung the flag of each respective State. The pavilions were splendidly decorated, painted white, picked out with silver and gold. The dais was gold, with red hangings. The chair of state had been brought from the palace at Delhi. Here stood Lord Lytton to read the proclamation, attended by Lady Lytton and the state officials, while, observed by all, was the herald, a mighty man was he, a certain

Major B——, about seven feet in height, and the finest figure I ever saw.

Before the proceedings began, and while the splendid and unique assembly were taking their places, one had time to take in a general survey of the most magnificent spectacle that the world has ever seen. On one side the enclosure occupied by the two pavilion were hundreds of richly caparisoned elephants, which, swaying to and fro as the crowds surged against them, at one moment seemed panic stricken by the strangeness of their surroundings, and crushed several people, while flanking them were the troops of the native Princes drawn up with their banners flying. On the other side were the English cavalry and infantry regiments—troops to be proud of.

As the native Princes, Rajahs, and suites came in and took their seats, we could observe their splendid jewels. The head-dress of one Chieftain seemed ablaze with diamonds, while as the Gaekwar of Baroda, a pretty boy of eleven, passed me on his way to be introduced to some ladies of the Court circle, I could not help admiring his beautiful gold embroidered dress of bright green velvet, profusely decorated with jewels. When all were seated, the Governor General's splendid brass band played the National Anthem, and amid a very babel of cheers Lord Lytton advanced to his place.

Silence being restored, he read in English, in a clear voice, but quite inaudible to me, and I should think to others, the Imperial Proclamation, by which the Queen graciously accepted the title of Kaiser-i-Hind (or Empress of India), and promised to all her subjects liberty, toleration for all religious creeds, and the blessings of good government. I do not know the exact words used, for if I ever heard them I have forgotten them.

The reading of the proclamation ended, the herald (very magnificent in his court uniform, blew a shrill blast, and then in a voice quite in harmony with his stature, gave out the proclamation in the native tongue. I could see that the natives heard, and were much pleased.

Then followed the most interesting and curious part of the ceremony. The Viceroy reviewed the native armies; these may have been composed of very fine men, as indeed we knew many of them were, but a more odd-looking, oddly-dressed set could not be seen. Some of them marched past fairly well, and their cavalry and artillery called forth much praise. One regiment was so odd as to baffle description, both in gait and garb. It marched past, each man as he walked raised his knees as high as they could go. More extraordinary still was the spectacle when the

Rajahs, on elephants or in gold and silver carriages, passed by, accompanied by retainers, dressed in every variety of rags and costly robes, and riding upon prancing steeds or half-starved nags.

And now came the review of the British troops. This must, I think, have been a revelation to the natives (and was probably so intended) of the solid strength and greatness of the ruling Power. Generals and commanding officers, indeed the whole service, down to the youngest drummer boy, seemed to vie with one another in an unconscious effort to show to the assembled natives the power of England, represented by her splendid troops. I certainly was proud of my nation when, from European and native spectator alike, a perfect chorus of approbation broke out at the magnificent march past of the Royal Horse Artillery Brigade.

One of my friends at this time was a very remarkable man, alike in appearance and character. He was a German "Pfarrer," and being a very learned scholarly man, with a great gift for languages, he was sent to Lahore to translate the Grunth. The Grunth is the sacred book of the Sikhs, written in Pustoo (a dialect of the Punjab). The Sikhs are reformed Hindoos, and the author of this book (the founder of their religion) is in some places worshipped. At any rate, the sacred book, kept and read in Anritzars

Gold Temple, is held in deepest reverence. My friend, who had a commission from some German University to edit and translate this book, had, of course, to learn the language (not any easy task for a man well advanced in years), and also, if he would do his work satisfactorily, to learn all about the habits and customs of the people. He lived with me for some time, so I had an opportunity of seeing something of his method, of the steadiness, perseverance, and orderliness of the German character. Early every morning his munshis, or native teachers (of whom he had many), came to read with him, and remained with him for the greater part of the day. It was a long and tedious work. I am not quite sure if he ever finished it, but I *am* quite sure, from what I heard of it, that except to the learned it is of no value at all.

It seemed to be composed "of wise saws and modern instances," which have been served up by moralists in all parts of the world during the last 3,000 years. But whatever its value to Europeans, its value as a religious and restraining influence with the Sikhs is very great, while its contribution to the great subject, the religious benefits of the world, is not slight.

Nine out of every ten Englishmen as a rule picture India to themselves as overrun with snakes. Snakes,

they seem to imagine, infest your bed, crawl under your carpet, and make themselves unpleasantly visible when least expected or desired. Now, snakes are certainly not subjects to trifle with; their sting or bite is, for the most part, fatal, and every year thousands, I forget the exact number, are carried off by snake-bites. But then it must be remembered that the natives, who are the chief sufferers, are so bitten when working in the fields or jungles, and also that they habitually sleep in the open. My experience is that snakes are very seldom seen by Europeans. I have come across them perhaps half a dozen times during my residence in India. Once I discovered one in my bath-room (whither the brute came for coolness) just as I was getting into my bath, but my spashing frightened him and drove him away. On another occasion I was conducting a lady from the drawing-room into the dining-roo m, when she gave a scream and we saw a rather large snake escaping under an ottoman, where we soon attacked and dispatched him.

Talking of snakes reminds me of an incident that occurred at my hill station of Dhurmsala. My guallor or cow-herd was one day brought to me bitten by a snake, and in an awful fright. I got two of my most reliable servants to take him by an arm, one on each side, and gave strict orders that he was to be walked about without cessation until the virus had been got

rid of. It was quite pitiful to see the poor fellow gradually overcome by the narcotic effects of the bite, and almost falling asleep as he walked. Piteous also were his cries to be allowed to lie down and sleep, but I knew that to allow him form a moment to doze would end in the sleep of death, so I was cruelly insensible to his appeals, and had him walked about until all danger was over. The next day he was as well as ever. He told me that while watching the cows he had trodden on a small whip snake. There are also some very large water snakes, and when seeing them with their heads above water in the rivers of India, or in the lakes of Kashmir, I have been reminded of the stories of the sea snakes, which a few years ago used to be current.

Lahore was a very pleasant place in the cold weather. The station was then very full, particularly about Christmas, and Lady Davis (the wife of the Lieutenant Governor) set a good example of hospitality and genuine kindness, so that with riding parties in the morning, picnics and lawn tennis, with afternoon dances to the best of bands in the public gardens, we were all kept very much alive.

Shalimar Bagh, a lovely garden about five miles from Lahore, was usually chosen for our picnics. It was an ideal place, and every convenience in its

marble pavilion could be found for the necessary arrangements. But Shalimar, shady and well-watered, and a pleasant place enough in the day time. was only seen at its best on bright moonlight night. On certain occasions the Lieutenant Governor, the military, or civilians gave a station party there, which meant a ball and supper. At these times the gardens were illuminated, as only Indians know how. Thousands of little lights hung round the lines of the building, thus throwing it into relief, or lighting up the jets of water in the water course that led to the pavilion. In the grounds Chinese lanterns hung on the trees, and gaily dressed ladies, and officers in the various uniforms of the British and native army made a gay and festive scene. This is the rosy side of the picture, and this amount of life in the cold weather, with its gaieties and its varieties, is that which is generally remembered by old Indians, when they return home, and speak in such enthusiastic terms of the delights of life in India.

But there is another side to this picture. I am afraid I cannot adequately describe the miseries of the hot weather. First there is enforced idleness of at least ten hours in the day, when no work out of doors can be done, while to do any work at all during the intense heat requires a great deal of young energy and health. Then to this oppressive and exhausting

heat, seldom less than 90 degrees Fahrenheit or 100 in the best arranged houses, must be added the persecution of mosquitoes. These terrible insects make martyrs of all new comers, especially of young healthy people, with a preference for fair plump persons. Woe betide you if you scratch the stings, as you make a sore, that in the hot weather does not easily heal, and may turn to a very serious wound.

No curtains will altogether keep them out, and punkahs, however well swung, are apt to stop at intervals during the night or day, when the Coolie snatches a brief respite from his toil in sleep. Oh, when those punkahs stop, then the victim suffers! He bursts out into a profuse perspiration, and his face and hands are attacked by his enemies, who all night have been chanting their murderous lay, and now have their opportunity.

Here I must tell a funny story, which caused some talk in Lahore in the Seventies. At this time I had three coolies, who were all stout hearty young men, very good, I daresay, for any work in the day time, but not good for night punkah Coolies. Old Indians always choose old men. They don't require so much sleep, and keep awake better; besides, as the work is light, and as the old can do very little else, it is a kindness to give them the punkah to pull. Well, on this occasion I had three young men, and had for the

hot season rigged up a strong mat hut to protect them from the sun when at work in the day-time. At night they pulled my bedroom punkah from the verandah of my room. The best conditioned coolies will go to sleep sometimes, and a cessation of the punkah at night, when the thermometer often stands as high as in the day-time, entails a misery which is very great. Various methods are resorted to in order to punish the delinquents. It is said of Bishop Cotton that he used to throw a pitcher of cold water over them (this is not in his biography, I am sure), a very effective mode of waking them, and as they have no clothes on to speak of, it is innocent enough, if rather unepiscopal, and not writ in canon law. Some impose a fine on the Coolies (a very much worse method), and as the wages of the Coolie is, or was, only eight shillings a month, without any food, it seems cruel to deduct anything out of this pittance. They manage to live and rear families on this sum, but how, I cannot tell. Others, generally young officers, shy boots or other handy missiles at their unfortunate heads, or give them stick. It is not wise to do this, for the native has often such an enlarged spleen, or other chronic internal diseases, that he, as often as not, will die of shock if he is ill-used.

I hope I never ill-used my servants. I often had to punish them, but still I had excellent servants, some

of whom remained with me for years. My plan was to take no notice of trifles, except to tell my headman to warn the culprit. But when a serious fault was committed I called a punchayat, viz., a native jury of five of my own servants, who investigated the offence. When they gave their verdict, which they always did very fairly, I punished them myself as I was punished when a boy, by taws on the hand, which did not hurt them much, but made them laughed at by the other servants, which they disliked very much. A native cannot bear sarcasm, nor to be called names, though he is a past-master in the art himself. Well, my stout Coolies offended me often by going to sleep, causing me such great misery that I said to them, half in joke, that if they neglected their duty in this way Shaitan (the devil) would visit them. No doubt they believed me.

Some days after this I woke up in an agony of perspiration and mosquito bites combined. Animated, I have no doubt, by the most unchristian feelings I went into the verandah with my fly-flap to wollop the sleeper. As it happened they were all asleep on their faces, and thus in a most eligible position for me to administer toko, and leave no injurious effects.

Flap, flap, flap, one, two, three, went my flabulator (not a very heavy one), and I trotted into bed.

Waking with a start, and seeing no one, they cried out, first one and another, "Shaitan! oh Shaitan," continuing to shout Shaitan until the whole of the station watchmen (one is attached to each house) took it up and halloed "Shaitan" in their turn.

I was fairly scared by the row, for a more hideous noise never was heard. From so many quarters did the noise proceed that it became difficult to say whence it arose. When the row began I went into the verandah to enquire the cause, and was told quite gravely "That it was just as I had said, that the Shaitan had come." I was also informed that they could no longer stay in the service of a master who could at will summons the Shaitan. This was awkward, because punkah Coolies were difficult to obtain, and if these Coolies left me my bungalow would have been boycotted, and I should have never been able to replace them. I quieted them by saying "I would call him no more if they behaved well."

But this was not the worst part of it. Old colonels and civilians next morning wanted to know what all this disgraceful row was about, and came to me to enquire. I told them my servants were frightened by a Shaitan, either real or imaginary. Then the poor Coolies were summoned to the Cutchcurri, and fined for their conduct. In self-defence they said "The Padre had summoned the Shaitan, and that in their

fear they had screamed out." The Deputy Commissioner I think must have discerned some joke, for he afterwards remitted the fine.

Lahore is one of the most eastern looking towns I know. As soon as you leave the European quarter, with its commodious creeper-covered bungalows and trim gardens, and enter the town, with its narrow streets and excellent bazaars, where almost everything you want may be purchased, and every colour and costume the lover of the picturesque could desire, meets the eye, you feel you are in the midst of a purely oriental world. This is more noticeable in some of the great festivals of the native population.

I shall never forget on my first arrival at Lahore being taken to see one of these festivals. It is called Mohurnum, and held very strictly by one section of the Mahomedans.

My readers know, I daresay, that the great Mahomedan community is divided into two rival and opposing sects, called the Sunees and Sheaks. Very bitter are the altercations amongst them, leading to riot, and often bloodshed. There is a long hereditary feud between them connected with the succession to the Caliphat, the merits of which I never fully understood. The festival in question belongs to the Sheaks, and is held to commemorate the deaths (they

call it the martyrdom) of the two brothers Hussan and Hussain.

The Mahomedans keep both the fast and the festival very strictly. They fast quite conscientiously day by day for forty days, from sunrise to sunset. When it is all over they break out into great festivity.

On the last days of the fast with great pomp they proceed from the city to some burial-ground, and bury Tazzias or Taboots; these are toy-like bamboo structures, covered with a good deal of gold and tinsel, to represent the mosque or tomb of the brothers.

On the occasion in question I met a great procession, many thousand strong, coming out of the city gate. First came wild-looking men beating tom-toms, and uttering plaintive cries. After them came men with bared breasts, which they beat until they bled. These last uttered more cries—then came others weeping and wailing *(all hired, I was told)*, and after them a splendidly dressed horseman on a white steed led by several natives on each side. The horse was as grandly and as gorgeously dressed as his master. Then followed retainers of sorts, and in about the middle of the procession was carried on poles the principle Tazzia, a very handsome specimen, which they were going out to bury.

Oftentimes when party feeling rises high, this procession is stopped and attacked by the opposing

parties. The bigotry and ill feeling between them is much the same as that between Orangeman and Papists, and kept up much in the same way by these arrogant and pretentious processions.

Before leaving Lahore, I should like to say a word about some of my friends, whom I knew there, and who showed me great kindness and assisted me in my work. I cannot name them all, because I made so many during the seven years of my chaplaincy. And if I only mention men in high places, it must not be inferred that I did not receive both kindness and assistance from others less well placed in the social scale, for amongst the clerks in the public offices I had many friends, amongst others Trotter and Davis, and a large Bible class of young clerks, in whom I was much interested, many of whom are now dead. But more excellent or conscientious servants than these no Government could possess.

The Punjab has been quite famous for its great men, who for the most part were religious men. Amongst them (not to mention the two Lawrences, Colonels Edwards and Labie, Sir Robert Montgomery, Sir Henry Davis, R. N. Cust, and Sir Robert Egerton) must first be mentioned Sir Donald Macleod. He had retired before I arrived in Lahore, but I had made his acquaintance some years previously. He was a Scotchman, and supported the Presbyterian

Chapel and mission, but he was a large-minded and really good man, who loved and sympathized with all that was good; benevolent almost to a fault, his vices leaning to virtue's side. He was so tolerant and easy going as a Governor. that had it not been that a love for him, and a high sense of duty prevailed amongst the officers of the Commission at this time, I am afraid the administration would have come to grief. When the irregularities of one of his officers were brought to his notice (a very able officer who always acted on his own responsibility, spending money and undertaking new enterprise without consulting his superior officer), Sir D. Macleod would say "Oh yes, it is all true, but then he does a great deal of good, and gets through a great deal of work."

Of course so excellent a man was much imposed upon, probably by everybody to some extent, most of all by his native servants, who, being keen observers, as all natives are, got the exact measure of his foot, as we should say, and though serving him well (to all outward seeming), cheated him right and left. The Lieutenant Governor had the best mutton club on the station (in order to get good meat it was necessary to have these private clubs and farms). It was a matter of notoriety that the Lieutenant Governor kept the worst table, and that if you wished to dine well you must dine with somebody else—his servants

selling his good things, for which they made him pay quite exorbitant prices, to the khansannah of other houses. In his time no house was so noted for its hospitality and the constant succession of guests as that of the well-loved Chief Commissioner, loved by the natives and Europeans alike. Peace to his soul. He was killed by a stupid railway accident many years ago.

Another officer of the Punjab administration was a man of a different character and disposition—a certain Mr. C——. He was one of the most able men of his time, a considerable scholar of wide and acute observation, a conscientious and hard-working officer, neither sparing himself nor anybody else. It is recorded of him that when he succeeded Sir D. McCleod as Judicial Commissioner he found the office much in arrears, and in three months, by diligent work, cleared the file, and left this note, "This office is now quite clear of arrears for the first time for three years. He had the reputation of being very penurious, which those who knew him best felt was a great misconception of his character, but he was a severe, and perhaps cynical critic of other men, and intolerant of all work not conscientiously performed. Hence, as may be imagined, he made many enemies, and was somewhat unpopular. His one failing, which he was the first to admit, was a great want, not of moral, but

of physical courage, and fear of any infectious disease. This caused him to leave India before he had completed the term of service that entitled him to a pension, or before he had attained the highest post in it. He told me himself this characteristic story. At the battle of Chillian Wallah, he rode by the side of Sir John Lawrence. Sir John was in high spirits, and as brave as a lion, while my friend was almost out of his mind with fear. and as the cannon thundered, and shot and shell hailed about him, he could scarcely sit his horse, and was as much unnerved as a child.

Years ago, before it was usual for the Lieutenant Governor and others to spend the hot weather in the hill stations, Sir Donald McClead had collected a great amount of information from commissioners, deputy commissions, and doctors about a certain hill station, but could not make up his mind whether to sanction the expenditure necessary to make the new hill station or not. Mr. Cust, when he took over charge of the office, read over the reports, and having done so wrote :—"This worship of high places and hill stations will be the curse of the Government. Let there be no more of this" (or words to that effect) thus killing a favourite scheme with a word. When I think of those early days, when so few persons left the plains of India either for England or the hills during the whole of their service, and think now of the

thousands who go to the hills every year, or home on three months' leave, I wondered how they managed to exist all those years in the heated plains without any change. Now there are railways to the top of almost all the hills, and it is as easy to get into a cool climate and lovely scenery as to reach the seaside from some island home in England. All the same India is not what it was. In the days when there were no hotels for travellers, and no hill stations to escape to, men made their bungalows on the plains really comfortable, and worthy of the name of home, and there was so much genuine hospitality and friendliness that I daresay they did not mind the heat.

There were two other men whom I must not omit to mention, both remarkable. One was Dr. Leitner, of whom it was said that he could either invent, discover, or learn any language in two months. Be this as it may, whether as principle of the Lahore College or editor of the *Civil and Military Gazette*, or as member of the municipality, he was equally efficient, and gained the lasting regard of the native population. The other man was Kipling, the master of Lahore School of Art, whose son has, in so remarkable a manner, come to the very front rank as a writer. Mr. Kipling did much for art in the Punjab, and was altogether a very able, accomplished

man. How his son, who was a boy when I was chaplain, ever acquired his intimate knowledge of barrack life and the Irish character as he did (for he lived in the civil lines and not near a barrack) is to me inexplicable, but then what can genius not do. At the same time that I admit his genius I must take exception to his false presentment of Indian society.

Cholera is never altogether absent from Lahore, or from Mean Mir, which last is said to have been built on the site of a disused cemetery. This fine station is so unhealthy, that it would long ago have been given up, and has only been retained, so it is said, in consequence of the fine Cantonment Church, which cost a very large sum of money, and is perhaps the best in India. One summer we had a very bad attack of cholera, the troops were ordered out into camp, and Mr. S—— (the chaplain of Mean Mir) and I were ordered to visit the camp, some five or six miles off. In order to do this we had to cross a river (not very deep at this time), perhaps a foot or so. It was a very hot day, and S—— and I were jogging along quite leisurely, chatting as we went. When we were at about the middle of the stream S——'s horse slowly and deliberately lay down and rolled, and my friend got a very considerable wetting. He looked so angry, and made use of such very strange language to his horse that I could not resist an

immoderate fit of laughter, which almost unsaddled me also. This made my friend more irate still, till the situation becoming too funny he laughed also.

In India, as in other parts of the East, one is often reminded of passages and illustrations found in Holy Scripture. There you see continually a man carrying his bed, two women grinding at the mill, the upper and the nether mill-stone. Here is another. I had gone out for a day's shooting into the district. As I passed near a native village, one of the many dogs, the property of no one in particular (which these villages support) came out and following us was very persistent in its attacks To rid ourselves of the nuisance I shot it. Some of the villagers came out, and, hoping to get buckshish, remonstrated. When I had shot the dog, my bearer pointed to a vulture very high in the heavens, only like a speck, but we had not been talking many moments to the villagers before the air was black with vultures and carrion birds of every description, and soon the body of the dog was picked to the very bone. It was a marvellous illustration of the saying, "Where the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together."

At the end of 1876, I left Lahore, where I had been so happy, and usefully employed in establishing

and carrying on many important institutions. But my health had so much suffered by the heat that the Bishop wished me to take charge of the hill station of Darjiling (a blessed change).

CHAPTER XXII.

EXPERIENCES AT DARJILING.—TOURS AMONG THE TEA PLANTATIONS.—A BUDDHIST MONASTERY.



N the lower slopes of the Himalayas, in the province of Bengal, bounded by Sikhim and Bhootan, is situated the sanatarium of Darjiling at a height of seven or eight thousand feet above the level of the sea.

It was purchased some years ago, with some outlying territory, from the Rajah of Sikhim, and from its splendid scenery and excellent climate has now grown into a place of considerable size and importance.

It is the nearest hill station to Calcutta, and promises, with the present railway facilities for reaching it, to become, at no distant date, a formidable rival to Simla as a summer resort for Calcutta officials, merchants, and their families.

When I arrived there at the beginning of 1877 there was already the Church, the house of the Lieutenant

Governor, the Grammar School (known as S. Paul's) various public offices, a club, and shops; also many bungalows and villas, standing in their own grounds, nestling picturesquely amongst trees on the side of the hill. The station was built almost entirely facing south, having the lofty snow-crowned range, of which the giants of the world (Kinchingunga and Mount Everest) form part of the background, while immediately below the station are a series of undulating hills covered with oak, elm, fir, and rhododendron, with intervening valleys, until the line of vegetation ends and cold granite and snow begin.

Land in the valleys and on the hill-sides has been purchased from the natives by private individuals or public companies for tea gardens (the chief industry of the district is the cultivation of tea).

In my day there was no means of reaching Darjiling, except by Palkie Dak, a very tedious but not unpleasant mode of travel. The staging bungalows on the road where I stayed for rest and refreshment were unusually good, specially one (the name of it I forget) which was quite renowned for its curries and chutney.

Now a toy railway lands you in the very centre of Darjiling, within a few hours from Calcutta. All along the road up the hill you see or pass the bungalows of tea-planters, with their trim well-kept gardens.

At Kursiong, and at another spur, there are quite nice-looking English churches, built of stone and well appointed.

In the absence of the Chaplain, who may only be able to visit them once a month in turn, the service is usually read by some leading and respected tea-planter. At Kursiong a Mr. and Mrs. Wathen have for years been in charge of the Church there, and have spared neither time nor money in their care for the interior of the Church and churchyard. It is only just to mention the name of the Rev. T. F Mazuchelli, who, when Chaplain of Darjiling did so much for the churches of both places while his accomplished wife has raised a monument to herself by her beautiful book "The Indian Alps," illustrated by her own hands, which treats of this lovely country and its people.

The station of Darjiling may be said to be divided by the upper and lower Malls, above and below which in their own grounds, surrounded by trees, stand the villas and bungalows of the residents. These malls are cut out of the side of the hill, and are railed off for protection. On the upper mall is the Church, the house of the Lieutenant Governor, the public offices, and gardens. On the lower mall is the native town, an oddly-arranged set of stone and wooden huts, containing the homes and shops of the natives, a

very dirty and picturesque specimen of the "genus homo." Here I saw for the first time an entirely new race of the natives of India, from the provinces and towns of Sikham, Bhootan, and Thibet. They are a very fine race, as far as strength is concerned, and are accustomed (both men and women) to carry large and heavy burdens. They are chiefly a broadset and short race, with almond eyes of the Malay type. Good-natured and obliging always, they seem to have a perpetual grin on their broad open features; but they can be cruel and vindictive when enraged. They are chiefly engaged as porters, some take service with Europeans, and some work in the tea-gardens. Like all hill tribes they have their hill tartan and pin to fasten it, such as I have seen in Scotland, and take snuff, much after the manner of Sawney. This tartan is woven by the women, and worn by both sexes as a kind of cover-all, and if I must speak the truth, covers a great deal of dirt. They are a dirty race, and at close quarters decidedly offensive.

My first business on reaching Darjiling was to secure a good house near the Church. This I was fortunate enough to find, and no more magnificent view could be seen than that from my shady balcony, looking over the valley, and on to the grand snow-crowned mountains which I have before mentioned.

Sir A. Eden was Lieutenant Governor of Bengal at this time, a very efficient officer, and exceedingly hospitable. To him I owed much, for the kind assistance which he gave me in every work. Lord Ulick Browne was Commissioner, Sir John Edgar Deputy Commissioner, and Mr. Paul Assistant Commissioner. With these able officers my relations were always of the most friendly character. In the hot weather my station was full, and was very gay with the usual round of hill amusements, sports, picnics, and dances.

A good story is told of a worthy Deputy Commissioner of Darjiling, who was very fond of his ease and comforts, though in many ways an excellent officer.

It was his custom after his bath to use a good deal of violet powder, no doubt soothing to the skin in a hot climate after the friction of the rough bath towel. On one occasion his valet, a smart keptcha boy having forgotten to replenish the powder-box at Johnny Doyle's store, and thinking that one powder was as good as another, supplied the article from a very original source.

When the Deputy Commissioner, emerging glowing from his bath, applied his powder, he noticed with surprise and alarm a series of explosive effervescences whenever the powder met any moisture on his skin. In great wrath the valet was called in, and at last

confessed that the Deputy Commissioner was using Eno's Fruit Salt.

As in other places one of the first things to which my attention was directed was the want of a good girls' school. I had fortunately made the acquaintance in Allahabad of a very capable woman, and as soon as I had looked about for a suitable house I wrote to her offering her the post of teacher, and commissioning her, if she accepted my offer, to secure a suitable person as matron. Miss C—— did accept, and not only obtained the services of a very suitable person as matron, but also sent for her sister to assist her in the work. Under their care the school flourished beyond my expectations, and when I left had to be moved to a more commodious house.

My duties as Chaplain of Darjiling were very varied and onerous. I had two services, often three in the station church, and one at Jellapahar (the military depot some two miles distant). In addition I rode every Sunday after morning service to Kursiong (20 miles) for service at 3 p.m., and galloped back to be in time for the evening service at 6. Besides this I had to visit some outlying stations, one 80 miles off called Jalpigoree. At the military depot of Jelapihar there was no Church. The service was held in a very tumbled down sort of a theatre, with a drop scene of the usual kind as a background for the altar. Besides,

nymphs in various attitudes, and somewhat *decolletees*, adorned the walls, with an effect on the mind of Tommy Atkins the reverse of desirable. This at times was most disturbing to them and to me, and with the co-operation of Captain Greenstreet (my sub-deacon), an officer of the Royal Engineers, as efficient in his profession as he was excellent as a Christian), I began to bully the Government for a new Church, or a grant towards building one. I use the word "bully," perhaps importune would be more suitable, for I had learnt by long experience that nothing less will loosen the purse strings of the accountants general. I received the usual official replies. First they would consider my letter, then it was doubtful whether Jelapihar would be retained as a military station. Then a request that I would for the present rest satisfied with the building provided by Government for the purpose. (They did not dare I suppose, to use the word theatre). I then changed my tactics, and began to collect money in the station for the new Church, which I determined if possible to build, and at the same time wrote officially asking for a site.

Captain G—— and I then walked over the ground together to select a site that could by no possible chance be needed by the military, nor could be objected to on stategical principles. Having done

this we commenced to build, and in about two months, with the help of the soldiers (many of whom were masons or carpenters), had completed our little church from the design of Captain G——. It was, of course, small, consisting of nave and apse, with one-light windows, and capable of holding 150 men.

When it was finished we received a letter informing us that the Commander-in-Chief, when he visited the station, would report upon a site for the new Church. Had I not previously known the Commander-in-Chief I should have felt very anxious as to the result. But all's well that ends well. Had we not taken the bull by the horns, so to speak, the little Church might never have been built at all. Red tapeism is rather worse in India than at home. The Church was afterwards consecrated by the Bishop of Calcutta (Bishop Johnson), who was much pleased with it. It was a great boon to the soldiers, by whom it was constantly used as a place for private prayer. This very satisfactory chapel only cost £200.

I suppose every place, particularly small places like English villages and Indian stations, has each its "character," some eccentric individual, who, partly by constitution and partly by environment, developes some peculiarity or vice, which makes him spoken of as "the character." Nor was Darjiling an exception to the rule.

The first season, 1876, had been very gay at Darjiling. The Lieutenant Governor (Sir Ashley Eden), a deservedly popular Governor, had set the ball rolling in various entertainments and amusements, and the big wigs and little wigs had followed suit with commendable excellence. I had done my share of paying and receiving visits. I had, as I have said, finished the soldiers' little Church, and worn out at least one pony by my Sabbathical gallop to Kursiong to take the afternoon service there. Now, at the end of September, the station Church (usually well attended) showed that the exodus to the plains had set in, and with a few more days all the swallows would be gone. In the hill country of Darjiling were settled, as I have said, many tea-planters, their wives and assistants.

The Church was too far off for any but the very nearest to attend, and return the same day, while constant absence from the gardens, where the master's eye was always necessary, could not be thought of. Under these circumstances I represented the state of the case to the Bishop, and requested that he should give me an order to visit all the plantations (such an order to carry travelling expenses at the rate of eight annas a mile). The Bishop readily agreed, and Sir Ashley having recommended the proposal to the Government, sanction was obtained. I cannot

adequately describe the pleasure this plan of itineration during the cold weather gave me. My station was comparatively empty, so that I could easily be spared to visit the outlying Europeans. The weather was delightful, the scenery superb, the splendid range of the snow crowned hills; the valleys with the eucalyptus or the bamboo, or higher up with oaks, birch, and firs; everywhere rivers and brooks of delicious laughing water, all this is a joy to me for ever.

And when I reached the tea planters' bungalow, situated so as to command the best view of the place, the welcome and hospitality were of the most exceptional kind, and made me very much in love with human nature. On these tours there was always some sport with gun or rod, some visit to gardens and factories to examine the crop or the manufacture. Each day ended with a dinner, which, though given in the wilds, would not have disgraced the *chef* of a Parisian club. Many were the stories of interest I heard of brother planters, or, better still, of the local traditions and legends of the place. Most superstitious were the natives of these hills, a simple laughing idle race, but not bad fellows, and with good management excellent workers.

A curious story was current in my time, showing the irregular manner in which ecclesiastical functions

were performed. At the out-station of H——, Mr. J. S——, an old and respected tea-planter, was churchwarden, and had charge of the Church and the arrangements for service. To his old bearer had been committed for years the task of preparing the holy table for the Lord's Supper. Mr. J. S—— was on the occasion in question absent from the station on leave, and his place was supplied by a planter not so conversant with Church matters. Accordingly having received notice of the chaplain's intended visit, he ordered his bearer (a very unecclesiastical person as it turned out) to prepare the Church for the Padre Sahib. Pir Buksh had no idea what to do, and therefore went to a brother Mahomedan tc consult with him on the subject.

Both of them had heard that on these occasions a clean white cloth was spread on the table with bread and wine. This suggested the whole arrangement Imagine then the vexation of the chaplain and churchwarden, and surprise and probably amusement of the congregation to find knives, forks, plates, and cold chicken, as well as bread and wine. On one of my out-station visits I had to cross a somewhat high pass in order to reach a planter's bungalow, which was in the valley beyond. When I had reached the crest of the hill a tremendous thunderstorm came on. I have seen such storms, both in the plains and at

sea, but I never saw or heard anything like this. The storm seemed close over my head, and rolled and re-echoed from mountain to mountain, and from rock to rock. The lightning was simply frightful. It reminded me of nothing so much as the handwriting on the wall of the Babylonian Palace. Yes, there in the blackened and angry sky seemed written in letters of fire the wrath of offended nature. Awful as it was, it was also so splendid that I stood awestruck to gaze and watch the coming and going of these fiery messages of the Heavens. But worse was to follow. The forked lightening at which I had been looking with wonder, mixed with awe, was succeeded by enormous flashes of sheet lightning, which played over the ground on which my pony and myself were advancing. This was too terrible; I daresay it was quite harmless, but to find one's self walking amongst the heavenly fires was truly appalling. There was no escape, I could not advance or retire. My servants, in a fearful panic behind me, believing, I daresay, that the last day had come, had thrown themselves on the ground and covered their faces. My poor pony stopped when I did and looked back at me with a look in his eye so full of misery and wistful longing for some explanation that I went up and patted him, and spoke to console him. I found that he was trembling from head to foot, and had veritable tears

in his eyes. It was a terrible storm, and as I look back on it *now* I realize the danger, but *then*, with the exception of my being half drowned in the downpour of rain that followed, neither I nor the pony were much the worse.

One pleasant result of these tours amongst the tea-planters (apart from the friendships made) was the fresh interest aroused in church work. Soon temporary churches were built, and committees formed for the purpose of raising a fund to endow or, at any rate, pay a chaplain. Moreover, it was very pleasant to see on the great festivals of the church the faces of many of my terai and hillside planters.

The life of a tea-planter at first is pleasant enough. It is free and wild, with plenty of sport and out-door exercise, but it has its disadvantages and temptations. The climate of the Terai and some of the valleys is very injurious to European constitutions, and the isolation often leads to vicious habits, from which the planters do not soon extricate themselves. But these are no doubt the exception, and many a youth has not only made his way out there, but succeeded in making a considerable fortune. Here is one instance out of many. Mr. S—— was a private soldier in a marching regiment, who by good conduct and ability had risen before he took his discharge to the rank of sergeant. After his discharge he obtained a situation,

first in a store, then on a tea-garden, and by diligent attention to his duties, and a good knowledge of his work, had won the confidence of his employers. Thenceforward his advancement was rapid. First he was appointed manager of the garden he had worked in as assistant, and as by his management the results to the company were financially profitable, he was asked to take the oversight of several adjoining gardens. Having saved money, he began to buy shares in some of the gardens, and finally bought land and commenced to lay out a garden of his own. At the time I knew him he was said to be worth £20,000, and quite in the prime of life. After fourteen years on this tea-garden, he determined to take a trip home, whether on matrimony bent I knew not. There was on the garden as one of his assistants a very nice young fellow (son of an Irish nobleman). This young man said to Mr. S—— as he was leaving, "As you are going to Ireland, you should go and see my governor, I am sure he will be very glad to see you and give you an Irish welcome. He must have made a very good impression in the young man's home. No doubt his name and character had been made known by letter before his arrival. At any rate, to make a long story short, he returned to India with a bride (and a very nice bride, too), the daughter of the noble house of L——.

On my return from one of these tours amongst the tea plantations I visited the Buddhist Monastery of Pobany. Like other monasteries, the site had been chosen with commendable prudence. It was not indeed in a fertile valley, with abundance of game. and by a stream well stocked with fish, but most suitable to the circumstances of an unsettled and barbarous country. It was perched on an almost inaccessible hill overlooking and dominating (no doubt in the days of its power) the fair valley below. It was a vast and not inharmonious looking building, containing rooms for more than 100 monks and some nuns (if report be true), besides large cellars for storing the corn and provisions, which the people in the valley brought up to them as rent. I understood that the monastery was well endowed, having in the course of centuries managed to acquire rights over the most fertile fields of the surrounding country. At any rate, there were marks of comfort and even some luxuries to be seen at the monasteries. The monks, as become monks, were fat and jolly looking fellows, well dressed, and well lodged. They very kindly invited me to spend a night with them, as their brethren on Mount St. Bernard and other monasteries in Europe do. I could not afford the time to stay the night, but they gave me a very abundant meal in the middle of the day of dishes which it would have

puzzled Soyer himself to explain or prepare. Before the meal came off, however, I was permitted, as a priest myself, to witness one of their daily services, and afterwards to inspect their temple and service books. The temple has no pretensions to architectural beauty, or indeed to any distinctive style. It is somewhat of a pagoda, with a long verandah or balcony in front. approached by massive steps; behind is the temple, having no windows except towards the front. Though a Buddhist temple (Buddhism proper knows no idolatry), yet there were not only several images of Buddha, which I am assured the people worship, or at any rate pay the same devotion to, that they would to any Hindoo shrine and idol. But there were in addition several small images of well-known Hindoo gods. The walls, moreover, were rudely painted, but in a firm and bold style, and in very brilliant colours, with pictures representing some of the Hindoo legends, showing how much Brahminism which had expelled Buddhism from India had influenced Bhootan (as no doubt elsewhere). This we might expect, for Hindooism, as compared with Buddhism, is a very real and natural religion, appealing to the fears, weakness, and emotions of mankind, a religion for the poor and ignorant, while on the other hand Buddhism is too vague, too refined to be a very workable creed.

Indeed, experts even to-day are somewhat at a loss to determine with any exactness what the Buddhist creed really is. Whether, for instance, they believe in the existence of a God or the immortality of the soul. But whatever views may be held of their creed, there can be no doubt that the moral tendency is of a very high order, and of a noble and elevating character, but, alas, in my experience it has no more influence in the daily life of the masses than the beautiful teaching and example of Christ has upon the illiterate and vicious in the slums of the East-end of London.

Passing round the temple and taking note of the pictures and images, some of the former quite too realistic, I saw to my surprise and amusement that two of Bass's beer bottles, with a marigold in each, had been honoured by a place on the high altars. With their red labels they looked very much out of place as altar vases. When I had finished looking round the temple the service began, and I sat by the dean of the monastery (or whatever his proper title was) during its continuance. The books, all in manuscript, were, I was told, very old, beautifully written, and in some places illuminated, and reminded me of the old service books of Europe. The Dean informed me that the books containing the Buddhist religion were so numerous that they weighed tons.

The service began by the blowing of a shell, which makes a very shrill sound, and is both in the morning and evening a call to worship. The musicians of the choir (some half a dozen or more in number) then began to blow their horns, beat their small drums, and strike their triangles. A more dismal row (music I can scarcely call it) I never heard. The horns which they blew were at least ten feet long, made of brass, and produced a kind of prolonged screech. After this musical overture came the chanting of the liturgy, interpolated every now and then by the sereech from the horns or a little by-play on the tom-tom. I must allow that the liturgy was reverently set to a kind of Gregorian tone, the priest using what seemed to me, and no doubt was, a kind of rosary with beads. Some of them had besides a praying wheel in their hands, which they continued to rotate during the service. These praying wheels (of which I secured one for ten shillings) are of different sizes, some are very elaborately carved in wood, or if made in metal are embossed. For the most part they are worked by the hand, everybody carrying one, no matter what they may be doing. The larger ones are either hung on boughs of trees to be turned by the wind, or, what is more advantageous, placed in running water and so turned. They contain inside rolls of parchment on which are written

the solemn Buddhist invocations, "Om Mani Padmi Hum," which is translated "Hail to the jewel in the Lotus" (*i.e.*, Buddha).

And the Buddhist in using it believes that as often as he turns the wheel and makes the M.S. rotate, so often is he offering a prayer to Buddha. This mechanical kind of religion is not indeed confined to the Buddhist, and though no doubt there are amongst them sincere and devout souls, according to their lights, as there are in every religious body, yet this praying by the wheel and the office of the rosary must have a very deadening effect upon the spiritual emotions. There is no effort of the mind, no exercise of faith except the most formal required. Yet this is the creed of more than 200 millions of our fellow creatures. In the presence of such a fact we may all bow our heads and be silent with a great hope in our hearts.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A TIGER HUNTING EXPERIENCE.—MY FAREWELL TO INDIA.

ONE of my out-stations was some 80 miles distant, which I was instructed to visit twice a year. This I did at the beginning and end of the cold weather. At any other time it would have been unhealthy if not dangerous, and, moreover, I could not in "the season" be spared for my more important work at Darjiling. In order to reach Julpigoree, which was in the plains, I had to descend the hill spur, on which Darjiling is situated, and pass through the Terai across the Teesta (a rapid unbridged river) as best I could. It was on one of these journeys that I came across a python for the first and last time.

I was riding at a brisk trot down a sward-covered lane, cut out of the Terai forest, when my pony suddenly pulled up, and in doing so nearly shot me over his head. When I recovered myself I saw that, like Balaam's ass my steed had a very good

reason for his hasty conduct. Right in front of us lay what seemed to be, as seen in the gloaming, the trunk of a tree. I endeavoured (but in vain) either to make the pony leap it or go near. Dismounting, I saw to my horror that whatever else it was, it was no tree trunk, but the body of an enormous animal of the snake tribe. Neither head nor tail were visible, only the centre of the body. I could therefore judge that the animal was of great length. I retired some little distance in order to discover his head, but for the thickness of the wood I could discern nothing. I then threw stones at the brute, in no very easy frame of mind, I must admit, as I knew neither its power nor its habits. I was quite prepared to mount and gallop away if necessary. I was much relieved when the brute slowly drew its huge body into the wood. I did not, as you may imagine, stay to enquire where he went, but galloped past as fast as I could go. I presumed that the beast was so gorged with some late feed that he was too lazy to do me or the pony much harm.

On arriving at some village with an unpronounceable name, I found the elephant awaiting me, which the Government had provided for my use, It was a huge beast with a young one running at her side. She was a most amusing and playful little calf, and up to all sorts of tricks at the expense of her monstrous

mother. They seemed quite happy together, and enjoyed themselves in their own way without much regard to me or the driver. For instance, the mother in passing a tree would tear off a branch and playfully use it as a sort of fly flap to beat her daughter and us alternately. And the daughter would retaliate in modes equally diverting but inconvenient. On this journey we had to cross the Teesta, a deep river about half a mile broad. It was interesting to notice the instinct of the great best trying the bank to obtain a solid footing before she plunged into the stream. She tried with her large feet some twenty yards of the bank up and down before she was satisfied, and then slowly and gracefully (for an elephant) lowered herself into the river. Elephants swim uncommonly well, but of course they offer a large surface to the river. The elephant knew better than to swim straight across a stream running at many miles an hour, but, making use of the current, swam in a slanting direction to the other side. About half across (the day being warm) the elephant (her calf swimming quite close by her side) disappeared under the water, leaving only her trunk in the air above the water. Seated on the howdah, the water did not reach me, but it covered half the body of the mahout (the driver of the elephant). To find onesself in such a curious position in the middle of wide expanse of water for the first

time is not pleasant, and I asked the driver what the elephant meant by these strange antics, and if there were any danger. Before he could reply the elephant had sent a shower of water all over us. The driver replied "That in hot days the elephant did this to cool herself, and that there was no danger. However, I need scarcely say that I was not sorry when we landed on *terra firma* on the opposite bank.

Before we reached the end of our journey we were to experience another sensation of quite a different character. All at once, as we were jogging along in a very comfortable manner, the animal for some reason (not apparent to us) became frightened, and took to its heels as fast as it could go, faster than I had any idea elephants could go. Had any wood been near through which we had to pass, it might have been a very serious matter, as we should have been brushed off his back by the branches like two flies. However, there was no wood near, so there was no danger of that kind, but her rapid movements loosened the ropes fastening the howdah, and as a result I was deposited on the ground. Then the elephant stopped, and we were enabled to make the howdah fast again. It then appeared that the instinct of the elephant was not at fault, for we soon perceived that a rapid fire of the long dry grass blown by the wind was passing over the route we had

left. The elephant had smelt it before we could see it, and had made this rapid detour to escape the danger. It was curious to see the calf at this time, running so near her mother as almost to impede her progress.

Arrived at the residence of the magistrate of Julpigoree, and giving instructions about the service to be held in the cutcherry (there was no Church) for the following day, Sunday, I heard with dismay that a tiger hunt had been arranged, and that the principal part of my flock would be absent. For obvious reasons this was much to be regretted, I went therefore to the magistrate, and appealed to him to put off the hunt until Monday. He said that it could not be done, That day he had received notice that a man-eating tiger, which had done great mischief in the outlying villages, had been marked down, his *kill* (or victim, a cow) having been found, and that it was necessary to go at once, or the tiger would have consumed the carcase and have gone. However, I pleaded so urgently that the good-natured magistrate, after consultation with the native who had brought in the "Khubbar" (news), said "Well, if you will guarantee that we shall find the tiger there on Monday, I will consent. So it was arranged. I confess it was a good deal to ask for. Lord Lytton's brother-in-law and several officers of rank

and some noble globe-trotters had come to the station on purpose to have some tiger shooting, and the Rajah of C—— had sent out his elephants and beaters, and was himself to take part in the sport. On Sunday we held our service, making the cutcherry (or puplic office) as church-like as possible, and a very good congregation assembled. Several babies had to be baptised, and some Christian drummer-boys married. On the following Monday morning, about 8 a.m., we mounted our horses and rode to the place where the "kill" was to be found. It was only some ten miles from the station, and was a sort of dingle or copse, full of small trees and undergrowth of no great extent, just an ideal spot for a tiger to have his dinner, but not very easy for elephants to get through. What struck me as so strange was that the place was surrounded on all sides by small villages, certainly not half a mile distant, and that where this wild and dangerous beast was supposed to be in hiding there were men and women cultivating the ground and oxen ploughing, etc. Arrived at the hunting ground we found the Rajah of C—— and his elephants there and ready for work. Some of the elephants were posted in the outskirts of the wood, so as to stop the tiger if he managed to escape into the open from the guns of the sportsmen who were to beat the cover. Some six of us abreast, a little distance apart, began to march

through this little wood, but the tiger lay so close that we passed without seeing him, though the elephant gave some indications by trumpeting that he was not far distant. We came, however, upon the mangled body of the cow. "The tiger is not here," I said to the Mahout. "He is not far off," he replied, "and will not leave the carcas for some time." Somewhat surprised I said, "How do you know that?" "Because," he replied, "as soon as the tiger has quite finished his meal the vultures and birds of prey, who are all round us, as you see, perched on the trees looking and waiting for this turn, will at once fasten upon the body, but not a moment sooner." Having passed from one end of the cover to the other we turned back, taking rather a different track. About the middle of the wood the elephants on the right began to trumpet, and looking through some brushwood indicated by my mahout I saw the head of the tiger, his ears well back, and his ferocious teeth showing. Others had also seen him, and we soon heard the reports of guns. The beaters on the outside of the wood now reported that the tiger had left the wood, and was going full speed into the open, escaping scot-free from a somewhat promiscuous fire. What was our surprise, however, to learn that the tiger had returned and re-entered the wood, loth I suppose to leave so toothsome a morsel. On we went,

when a loud and terrible roar met our ears. In another moment I saw, quite close to me, the huge beast make a spring upon the head of a neighbouring elephant that was a little in front. In an instant two guns were levelled at his head, and he dropped as dead as a stone. It took only a short time to bind him on the back of a spare elephant. We then mounted our horses and rode back to breakfast, to which we did full justice after our exciting morning's sport. Judging tiger-shooting as we are most of us accustomed to do from the appearance of the animal in its cage, we naturally think it must be very dangerous, but to the practised sportsman, seated in his howdah, well out of the reach of the fiercest tiger with a well-trained elephant, there is no danger at all, at least to the man in the howdah. The mahout indeed does sometimes get mauled if the sportsman is not a good and quick shot, or if the elephant is not well-trained. Of course, accidents continually occur when tiger hunting is conducted on foot. This is a most dangerous and foolhardy sport, but it used to be said of a school fellow of mine, who was about as brave as a tiger, that he would pursue a tiger into his rocky lair and pull him out by the tail.

One morning, on my way home from Julpigoree, I saw, not very far from the roadside, two fine tigers trotting along quite unconcernedly. They seemed from

the height in which I sat in my howdah only like big cats, and gave me no alarm. Tigers, as a rule, are more anxious to escape, and are more afraid of man than he is of them. The case of man-eaters is different, and when tigers have their young with them or have been wounded they are of course very ferocious, and will no doubt attack anyone.

I must not omit to mention the bamboo bridge across the Teesta. I had not to cross it, because my faithful elephant did that for me, and I am very glad I had not to do so. I saw natives doing it. It seemed a most perilous feat, and for any one inclined to giddiness in the head fatal. From bank to bank, over a roaring rapid river, was suspended in the air two slight cables made of bamboo and cane. These were joined together (to form a footway) by other bamboos planted across. About four feet above the footway, on one side only, was another cable intended for a hand-rail to guide the unsteady steps of the adventurous traveller. To tell the truth, the natives who had to cross it to get to their villages, often encumbered with loads, did not think much of it, and I must admit that I never heard of any accident, but to see the frail structure swinging with the breeze was a most uncanny sight, and then the thought would occur, what if one of those bamboos was rotten and should break! Some time before I left Darjiling to

return home on furlough the good Bishop of Calcutta (Bishop Johnson), who has done much as an organiser for the Church in India, specially in the re-arrangement of the diocese and the appointment of chaplain for the tea-plantations, came on his annual visitation to my station. During this visit the arrangement for a chaplain for Kursiong was entered into by the tea-planters. There was at this time at St. Paul's School a very promising young master whose name was Cox, Just before I left the station he told me that his father, Sir George, well known as a writer on Greek mythology, &c., would very much like the chaplaincy of Kursiong, for which I was empowered while at home to select a chaplain. It seemed to me very unlikely that so eminent a man as Sir George would be contented with the small parsonage, the small salary, and the toilsome work involved in visiting the planters. But his son informed me that his father, having been born in India, and having a son and a daughter there, would much like to revisit it. After consultation with the planters and the Bishop it was arranged that I should see Sir George on my return to England. I did so at my club in Whitehall. I then fully explained to him all the circumstances of the chaplaincy, rather to deter than to encourage him at his time of life (over 60) to make the experiment. However, the desire to see India was too strong, so

out he went, only to be dissappointed as I expected, and to return in a very short time.

With much regret I took my leave of my work and friends in Darjiling, who presented me with many momentoes of their regard. Amongst other things a book of ferns which had been gathered in that region. The day I left, I remember, the station was looking its best. The hill-sides were covered with trees in full bloom.

One hill in particular, on the way to Kinchingunga, seemed as if on fire, and contrasted with the brilliant wall of snow behind it was very striking. This singular effect was produced by the large red rhododendron trees, with which the hill was covered, being then in flower. In the distance there rose those everlasting hills, towering like citadels, and almost lost in the heavens, so immense, so overpowering in their beauty, and yet so silent. I could scarcely tear myself awav, and went down the hill to Calcutta with a heavy heart. It was true I was going to the old country (England), but then I was leaving India, where I had so many friends, and where I had been so happy—leaving her *for ever.*

Arrived at Calcutta I was the guest of the good Bishcp, and many a pleasant and interesting talk we had as we sat in the palace verandah overlooking the Cathedral and Government House. I made over my

beautiful black Persian cat to the care of the Bishop's gentle sister, and the Bishop gave me, as a parting gift, a large easy Chinese bamboo deck-chair for the voyage. Thus, after twenty-one years, some of the incidents of which I have endeavoured, in a plain and unvarnished manner, to describe, I left India.

I will end this volume of reminiscences by the following letter, which I received on the morning of my departure from Calcutta :—

The Palace,
Calcutta.

My dear Baldwin,

You will have received your "*bene decessit*" which I signed this morning, but I must add a private note to express to you how sensible I am of the good you have done during 20 years as chaplain in this diocese, Many institutions are indebted to you for their first establishment, and in every station you have left behind you some monument of your labours. Blessed with a vigorous constitution and sanguine temperament you seem to have never flagged, and I trust the Church at home may supply you with some suitable sphere in which you may employ your energies. I wish you heartily farewell, and may God be with you and prosper yon in your going out and coming in.

Believe me,
Yours truly,
EDWARD R., Calcutta.